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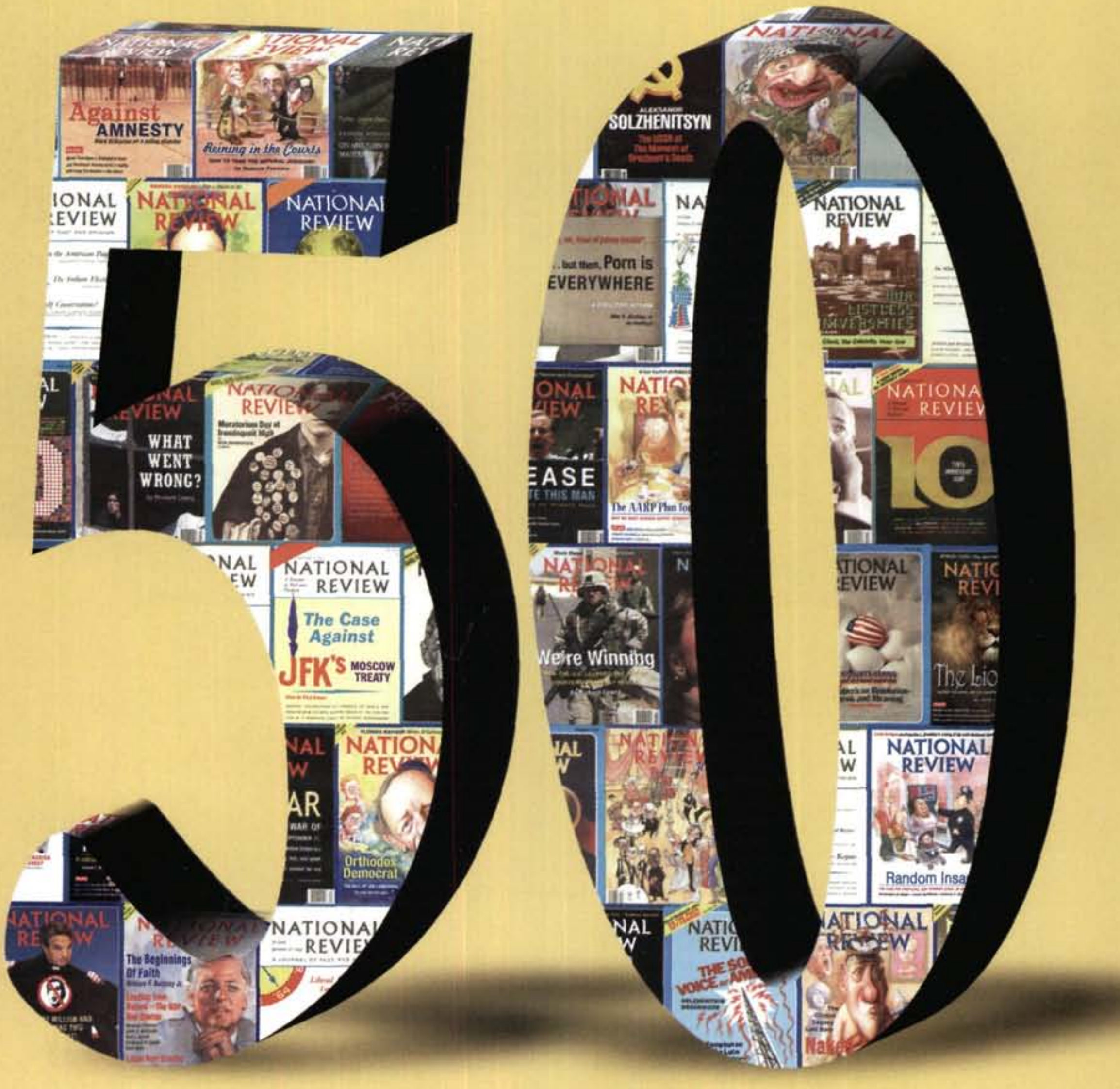
SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

NATIONAL REVIEW


Against AMNESTY
Reining in the Courts
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. . . but then, Porn is EVERYWHERE
WHAT WENT WRONG?
The Case Against JFK'S MOSCOW TREATY
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The Beginnings Of Faith

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS BY ADAM BELLOW, RICHARD BROOKHISER, MIDGE DECTER, MARK HELPRIN, PAUL JOHNSON, CHARLES R. KESLER, ROGER KIMBALL, LAWRENCE B. LINDSEY, MYRON MAGNET, DANIEL J. MAHONEY, KENNETH MINOGUE, CHARLES MURRAY, JOHN O'SULLIVAN, RICHARD PIPES, RAMESH PONNURU, DAVID PRYCE-JONES, ROGER SCRUTON, MARK STEYN, TERRY TEACHOUT, JAMES Q. WILSON **& MUCH MORE**

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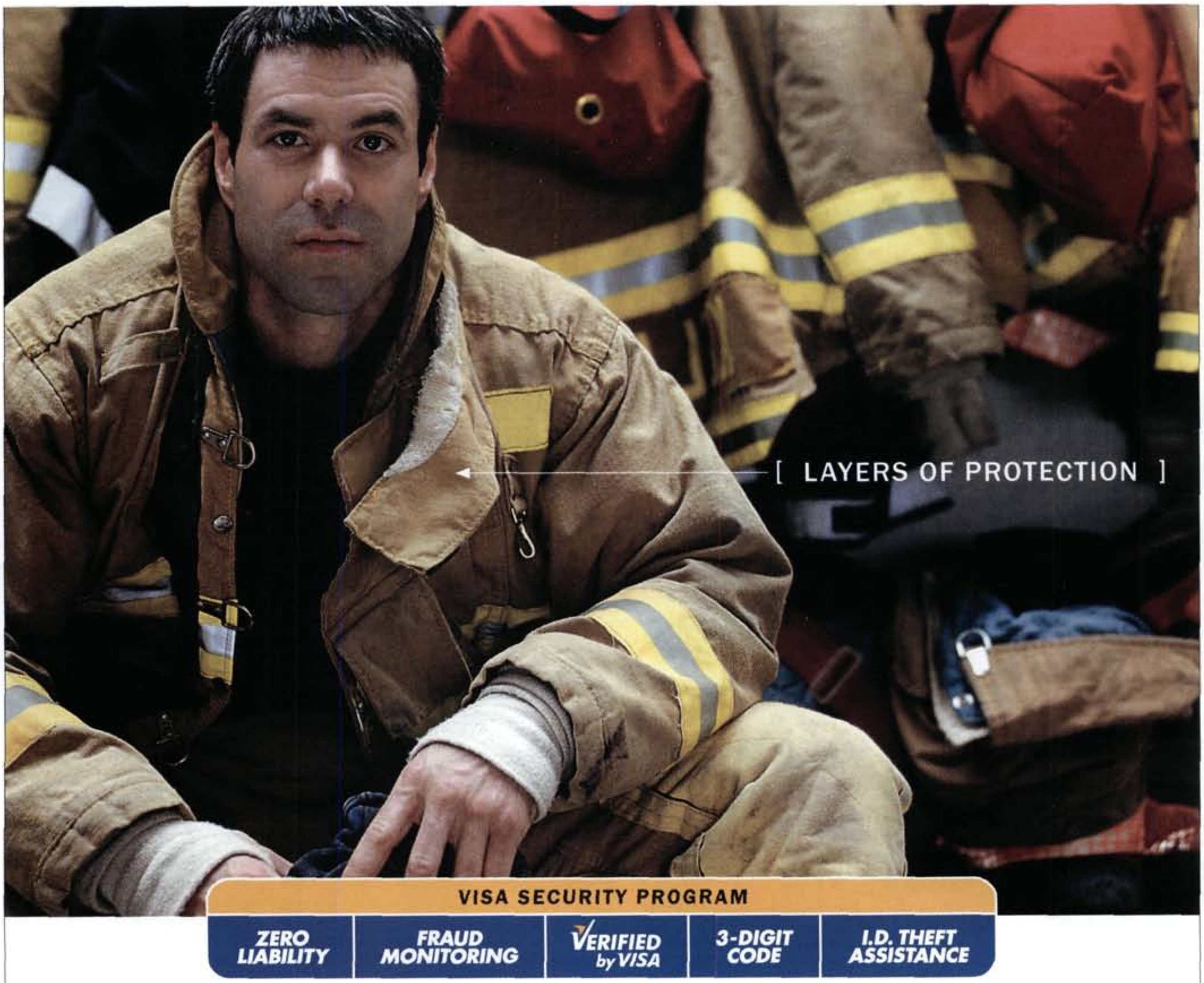

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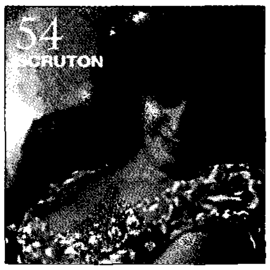

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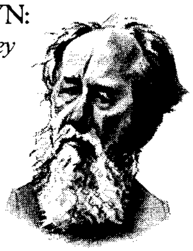

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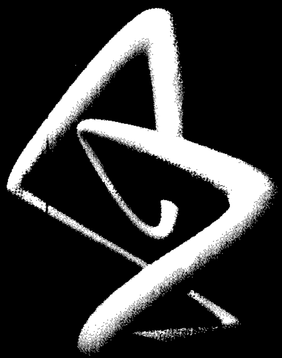

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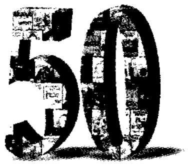
The Mother of All Anniversary Issues

THE 50th anniversary of National Review is a very big deal, and you're holding in your hands a big-deal issue. It runs to 120 pages, includes multiple sections, and boasts a cast of thousands. Actually, about 70—that's (roughly) the number who have contributed. Do you want a little overview?

The issue begins, essentially, with The Week, our editorial section, still called "The Week" even though we became a biweekly in 1958, three years after we started publication. Your Notes & Asides is very special: WFB publishes the remarks he made at our anniversary gala in October. (We had another gala about five weeks later, in celebration of WFB's 80th birthday. Stay tuned for material on that in our next issue—a non-anniversary one, but still distinguished, we hope you'll agree.)



Then we have ten ideas for "increasing liberty in America"—some of our clearest thinkers give those. The ideas range from school choice—a no-brainer, you would think—to a national ID card, a bit more controversial among conservatives. Then we have a feature hailing 15 unsung, or unheralded, conservatives of the last 50 years. We could have hailed innumerable more. Our publisher and CEO, Ed Capano, said that *his* favorite unsung conservatives were the readers and donors who have kept NR afloat for this half-century.

Then we give you ten essays—ten essays, on various (fairly weighty) subjects, by ten eminences. That is followed by a section called "What NR Has Meant to Me," in which 20 individuals relate … well, you know.

Then it's time for "Fun 'n' Games," a piece by Priscilla Buckley, managing editor of NR for almost 30 years, drawn from her hot new book about the magazine (*Living It Up with National Review*). Priscilla is followed by five of her longtime NR colleagues, who give their recollections of hanging around the place.

And then we hit you with some causes—six of the causes we have espoused, all of them successful, although the jury is still somewhat out on missile defense. (Other causes—not so successful—we're still working on.) Then an assortment of NR covers, from the first one to almost the present. On a handful of occasions, we've published an issue without the blue border. The sky hasn't fallen, but it has shaken a little.

At this point, we look in on the White House tribute given to WFB and his magazine, on the same early-October day as the 50th-anniversary gala. The remarks of five speakers are published, ending with those of the president. "I'm here to escort William F. Buckley Jr. to lunch," he began.

Do you know we've held ten anniversary galas? Yes, one every five years, since our fifth-anniversary bash in 1960. (JFK had just been elected.) Check out the photo gallery we've assembled.

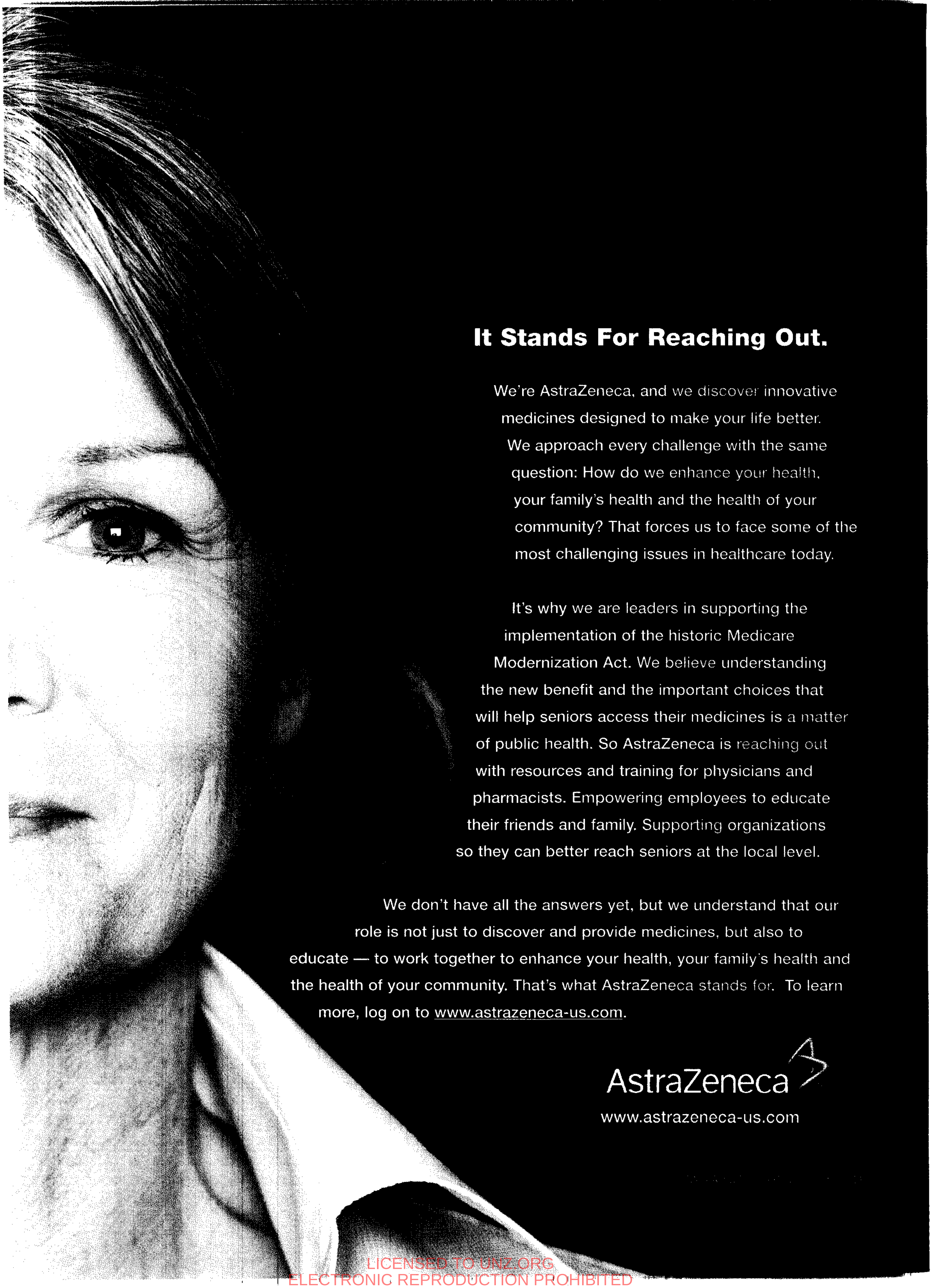
Then we have a return—just this once—of the Trans-O-Gram, the acrostic puzzle we published during the middle 30 or so years of our existence. See if you can solve it (and the answers are given in this self-same issue).

Following that, a special Help! page—a comic page—featuring some special cartoons, and a special W. H. von Dreele verse. We then have a normal feature (which is to say, a non-anniversary feature), but ever welcome: The Long View, written by our Rob Long (get it?).

Finally—or almost finally—an extraordinary books section: ten important books of the last 50 years, appreciated by ten important and discerning writers. Charles Murray's *Losing Ground* (on welfare) is one of those books; and Murray himself provides the appreciation of another author, Thomas Sowell (who has a brief piece about NR on page 97).

Last, you get your biweekly three WFB columns, and your back-page column, Happy Warrior, by Mark Steyn. And you have finished your issue, a granddaddy of an issue, one we took great care and pleasure in assembling, and one we gift to you with gratitude and joy.

—The Editors



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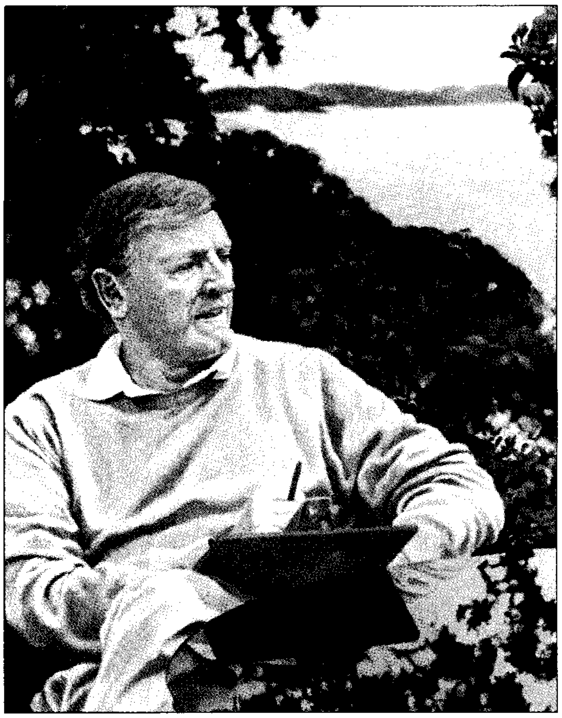
THE WEEK

■ Bob Woodward isn't saying who told him about Valerie Plame. Could it have been Bill Casey, in those last moments?

■ If President Bush's recent speech on immigration enforcement meant that he now understands how dismayed conservatives are about the chaotic, lawless state of our immigration system, that is an encouraging sign. But the particulars of the speech give conservatives little to be happy about. Bush promised to end the practice of releasing detained non-Mexican illegals on their own recognizance—freeing them, in practice, to skip their deportation hearings and fade away into the countryside. But not releasing illegals is among the smallest measures that can be expected from the administration, and is nothing for the president to boast about. Meanwhile, Bush still declines to take steps that are within his power and would be far more effective in curbing illegal immigration: for instance, instructing the Social Security Administration to reject fake or stolen Social Security numbers submitted by employers on behalf of new hires, or changing the Treasury Department instructions to banks that currently permit them to accept Mexico's illegal-alien ID card for purposes of opening accounts. Bush's speech seemed designed, above all, to make his guest-worker program–cum–amnesty more palatable to conservatives. But his proposals inspire little confidence in those who fear a replay of 1986, when millions of illegal aliens were legalized in exchange for promises of future enforcement that came to precisely—nothing.

■ President Bush said he had a "good, frank discussion" during his recent trip to China about our relationship, which he called "complex . . . good, vibrant, strong." That bad, huh? Relations with China are at best correct. The Chinese bought 70 airliners from Boeing, which is as good for Boeing as it is for China. Bush visited an officially sanctioned Christian church, as Bill Clinton and Bush 41 had. Beijing sprang no dissidents from prison (a traditional party favor for visitors), and showed no interest in letting its currency float. All this is why Bush structured his trip the way he did, ending it in Mongolia, which has troops in Iraq, and beginning it in Japan, where he delivered a speech praising "free and democratic" Asian societies, including Taiwan. Before he left Washington, he also met with the Dalai Lama. It wasn't on his schedule, but he met the Tibetan spiritual leader in the White House residence—a venue a notch more auspicious than previous unofficial presidential meetings with the Dalai Lama have been. Bush is maintaining polite rhetorical pressure, and solidifying ties to China's strongest neighbor—all he can do to maintain and marginally improve the status quo.

■ The Bush administration blinked. It charged Jose Padilla with conspiracy after more than three years of holding him as an enemy combatant and maintaining that the domestic criminal-justice system wasn't suited to handle his case. Conceptually, there is nothing wrong with this shift. The executive has the prerogative of either detaining unlawful combatants or charging them in the criminal-justice system; John Walker Lindh could have been sent to Gitmo after his capture in Afghanistan, but instead was convicted and sent to prison for 20 years. But the administration wanted to duck a possible Supreme Court fight over Padilla—a U.S. citizen captured on our soil—even though the Fourth Circuit had upheld his detention. In reversing itself on Padilla, the administration gave more fodder to critics who say that its legal approach to the Terror War is a mishmash of conflicting whims.



DAVID PEIKON

■ The most politically perilous entitlement mentality congressional Republicans have failed to rein in is their own. California representative Randy "Duke" Cunningham resigned his seat after pleading guilty to taking $2.4 million in bribes in exchange for help in landing Defense Department contracts. A few months ago, the eight-term congressman was proclaiming his innocence and copping a plea to the kind of purportedly innocent "poor judgment" that some of his GOP colleagues apparently share. Michael Scanlon, Republican uber-lobbyist Jack Abramoff's crooked colleague, has agreed to plead guilty to a conspiracy that showered gifts on lawmakers and their aides allegedly in return

The value of seeing the whole forest.

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THE WEEK...

for official favors. He is now cooperating with the three dozen investigators and prosecutors in the Abramoff case who are reportedly examining the actions of at least six members of Congress and several senior House aides. They are also investigating questionable payments made by Abramoff and his cohorts to some lawmakers' wives. It seems the corrupt chickens are coming home to roost in the Republicans' too cozy coop. If the GOP leadership fails to take the initiative and clean up the House, the voters should do it for them.

■ Dr. Tom Coburn, GOP senator from Oklahoma, continues to fight in the Senate for the right to continue his obstetrics practice (see Kate O'Beirne's Nov. 21 article "The Doctor Is In—or Out?"). Coburn managed to win the support of a slim majority of his colleagues—including four Democrats—for a sense-of-the-Senate resolution that would have allowed him to keep his not-for-profit medical practice back home. But the motion failed on a parliamentary technicality. Coburn has no intention of giving in; we look forward to watching the doctor continue to shake up the Senate in the new year, taking on those who fund bridges to nowhere and think that delivering babies in Muskogee is a conflict of interest.

■ House Republicans finally won approval of a budget bill that will trim spending increases by $50 billion over the next five years. This legislation will now be reconciled with the Senate's even more modest $35 billion in spending "restraint." The majority party's temerity in spending is fully matched by its pusillanimity in tax-cutting. The House has yet to approve the extension of expiring tax cuts, including capital-gains and dividend breaks, and weaker GOP legislators can be expected to wither under demagogic attacks from Democrats about windfalls for the rich. But President Bush can turn such a fight into an opportunity: He should help shepherd through the extension of his tax cuts by touting the strong economy for which those tax cuts are largely responsible. Congress's Republicans are badly in need of some leadership from their president.

■ When special counsel Peter J. Fitzgerald announced his five-count indictment against I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby, we noted that the charges against him "may look weaker with time." That didn't take long. The *Washington Post*'s Bob Woodward has revealed that an unnamed senior administration official casually mentioned Valerie Plame Wilson's CIA employment to him. The apparently offhand nature of the disclosure argues against the notion that a concerted "outing" campaign was underway. Woodward has also explained that Libby never told him about Plame, but that the reverse might have happened: He might have mentioned Plame to Libby. Perhaps Libby did learn about Plame's employment from a reporter, as he claims? The Left's long-anticipated "Fitzmas" may be fizzling into a "Fitzmissing."

■ Bill Richardson has many credentials—congressman, energy secretary, governor of New Mexico—but he just lost one. He was never drafted by the Kansas City Athletics. For years Richardson has said that he was drafted, in 1966, 1967, or 1968, usually by the Athletics, though he also claimed to have been tapped by the Pittsburgh Pirates, the Los Angeles Dodgers, and the Baltimore Orioles. The *Albuquerque Journal* dispelled the myth, by the simple means of checking the facts. They are that Richardson was a good college pitcher at Tufts, and in the Cape Cod summer league. Organizations were interested in him, but never put a dotted line in front of him. Half the country can sympathize. To be a god of summer is the hope of every boy, which survives at night in the dreams of every man. The Democrats no longer have Richardson on the mound—but the Republicans, lucky for them, still have Jim Bunning.

■ Jimmy Carter must be our most pompous president ever. Andrew Jackson and Teddy Roosevelt probably tie for most arrogant, but they expected, even welcomed, comeback. Carter, between carpenter jobs, floats little blimps of ideology with bromide slogans painted on the sides. Consider his latest, an op-ed for the *Los Angeles Times*, directed against the "radical government policies" of the present administration. The list is long: preemptive war, the Patriot Act, no draft, fundamentalism (a government policy?), pollution. But consider his closer: "It is time for the deep and disturbing political divisions within our country to be substantially healed, with Americans united in a common commitment to revive and nourish the historic political and moral values that we have espoused during the last 230 years." Huh? What would those values be? Free trade? Protection? Slavery? Emancipation? Hard money? Easy money? War? Peace? Men disagree, which is why there are divisions. Divisions on public policy express themselves in politics. Considering how badly Parson Carter did in his second presidential election it is no wonder he has soured on politics, but pious twaddle is no reasonable alternative.

■ The black X that appeared over Vice President Dick Cheney's head on CNN as he was giving a speech was the result of a "very, very insignificant" technical malfunction, a CNN spokeswoman said. The X appeared for an eighth of a second—long enough to register on the naked eye—and was highlighted on the Drudge Report.

■ The large and noisy flock of chickens that disrupted President Bush and Vice President Cheney as they welcomed British prime minister Tony Blair to the White House was "inadvertently" released by a CNN sound man, a spokesperson for the network said. After the Secret Service rounded up the squawking birds, they were returned to CNN, which donated them to the families of Katrina victims, because "they have suffered so."

■ The crawl that appeared at the bottom of the CNN screen saying DIE, CHIMPHITLER, DIE, DIE, as President George W. Bush pardoned the Thanksgiving turkey, was the result of an "unfortunate" glitch, a CNN spokesman said. The crawl ran the full 90 seconds of the segment, and was rebroadcast by CBS, BBC World News, and al-Jazeera.

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THE WEEK...

■ It's official. Supreme Court nominee Samuel Alito is a conservative. Or, to be perfectly precise, he was a conservative when, in 1985, he completed an application for a promotion in the Reagan Justice Department. In that document, Alito wrote that he believed in "limited government, federalism, free enterprise, the supremacy of the elected branches of government, the need for a strong defense and effective law enforcement, and the legitimacy of a government role in protecting traditional values." Sounds good to us. Alito also wrote that he was proud of his work on cases "in which the government has argued in the Supreme Court that racial and ethnic quotas should not be allowed and that the Constitution does not protect a right to an abortion." Sounds good, too. So what's the problem? Well, the latest issue du jour for the stop-Alito groups is his position on the doctrine of one-man-one-vote. In that 1985 application, Alito wrote that when he was in college, in the late 1960s, he disagreed with Warren Court decisions in several areas of the law, including reapportionment. That caused Democrats to fret that Alito would "roll back the clock" on civil rights, even though the White House assured everyone involved that Alito views one-man-one-vote as a bedrock principle. Ere long, Alito will have a chance to speak for himself. (The hearings begin in January.) Of his reasonableness, he should be able to convince anyone willing to listen.

■ GM's plan to cut 30,000 jobs and close all or part of twelve North American operations is, according to leaders of the United Auto Workers, "disappointing, unfair, and unfortunate." Sympathy for laid-off workers is understandable, but it should not prevent our seeing what is truly unfortunate: GM has resisted market pressures long enough to attract the pruning forces of capitalism. In this, its hand has been forced by the UAW, whose workers are paid $26 per hour, with benefits that bring their total cost to $65 per hour, even as the average wage in the U.S. manufacturing sector has remained below $16 per hour. The UAW contract covers jobs that have nothing to do with car production—grass cutting and bathroom cleaning, for example—and are typically outsourced for less than $10 per hour. Add to these costs the enormous burden of GM's defined-benefit pension obligations—the *unfunded* portion of which is thought to total some $31 billion—and it becomes clear that GM's labor model is unsustainable. GM has made other missteps, to be sure: It suffers from a product line that is less appealing than those of its rivals. But unions—and the politicians who support them—must realize that workers do not advance their interests by driving employers toward insolvency.

50 YEARS LATER

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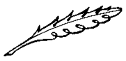
I lick stamps. It's my only fun.

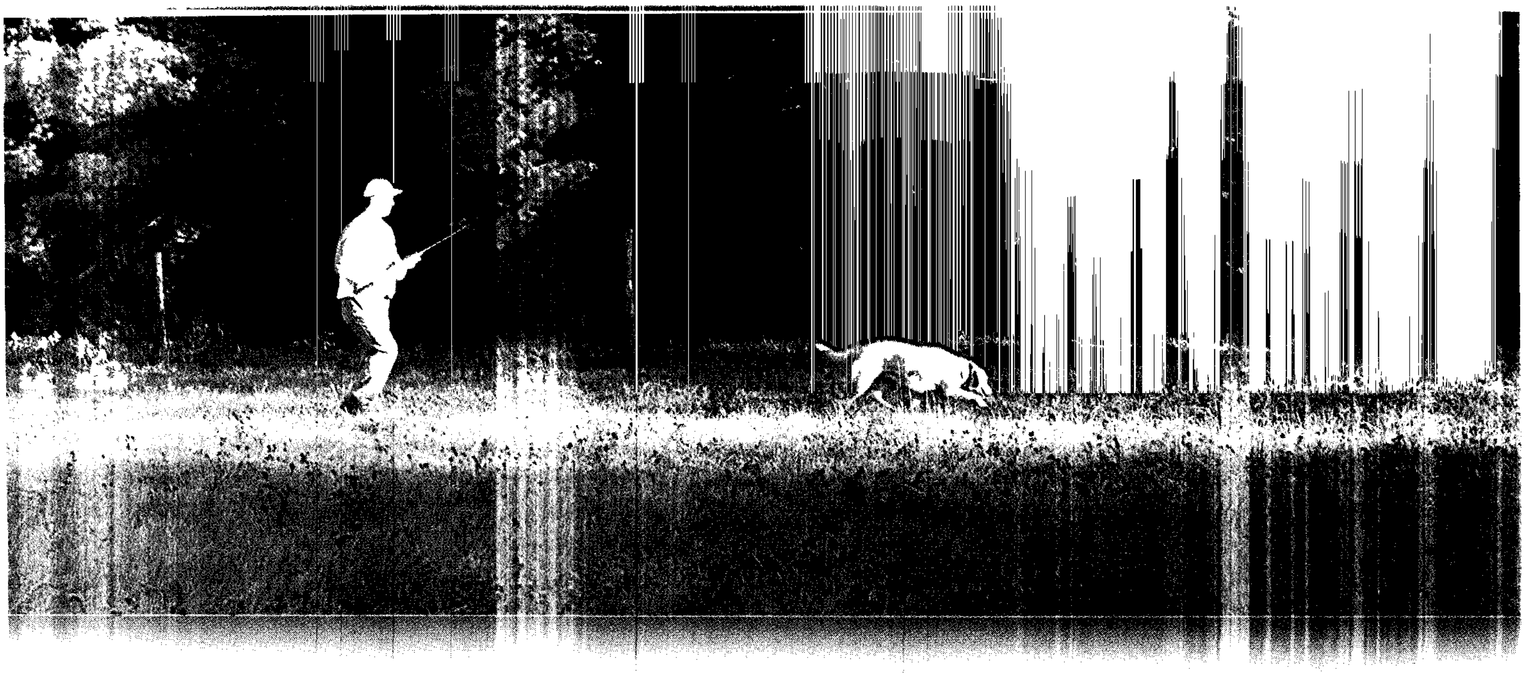
—W. H. VON DREELE



■ Ariel Sharon has shaken the kaleidoscope of Israeli politics, and nobody can be sure what the outcome will be. He was pushed to it by the vote of the Labor party to elect a new head, and to leave the coalition it had joined in government with Sharon's own Likud. Sharon did not then draw into a Likud huddle, but instead bolted the party that he himself had formed years ago, and which has been his political base. More, he has set up a new party, to be known as Kadima, taking numerous Likud heavyweights with him, and attracting others from all over the spectrum. Polls are predicting that he will do well enough in the elections due next March to form another government. This has all the hallmarks of a lightning commander, but Sharon seems to have a high strategic aim. The Palestinians, as he sees it, can't or won't make peace, so Israel has to satisfy its security demands, divide the two peoples as much as possible, and leave the Palestinians to start their own state. He may well end up a historic figure.

■ Evidence points to the complicity of the clique running Syria in the murder of Rafik Hariri, the onetime Lebanese prime minister. To dig at the facts, the United Nations appointed an investigator, Detlev Mehlis, and he has proved tenacious and robust. Mehlis wants to cross-question a number of top Syrians, including the chief of military intelligence, Gen. Asef Shawkat, who happens to be the brother-in-law of the president, Bashar Assad. After much prevarication and growling, the Syrian regime has said that Mehlis and the U.N. team will be able to do their work. Concentrating minds in Damascus is a fear of sanctions, and action to close the border with Iraq. But old habits die hard. Kamal Labwani, a member of the Syrian democratic opposition, flew in from the United States, only to be arrested at Damascus airport. He is accused of "damaging the nation's image," but he could never do better than Bashar and his cruel cronies.

■ Every Muscovite in all the Soviet years passed the Lubyanka with head down and eyes averted in order not to see or be seen. More than just the headquarters of the secret police, the Lubyanka was meant to inspire terror, and it did. Activists, artists, writers—people of the highest reputation and of no reputation—entered that dreadful place, never to emerge. In front of the building is a small square, and until 1991 a statue stood there of Felix Dzerzhinsky, colleague of Lenin and Stalin, and the cold-hearted killer who put in place the secret police on which the state rested. In 1991, nearly freed from Communism, the crowd destroyed that statue and replaced it with a Slavonic cross and a religious text. This was an attempt to bring sacrament to the infamy of the site. Now another statue to Dzerzhinsky has been erected very close to the original spot. Imagine the uproar if Dzerzhinsky's German counterpart, Himmler, were similarly honored in Berlin. This



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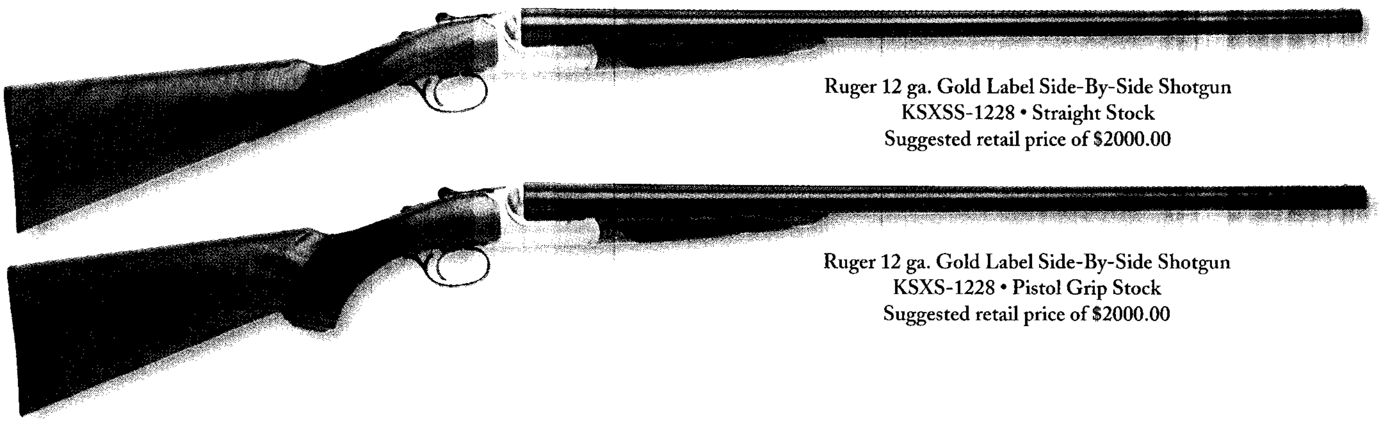

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THE WEEK...

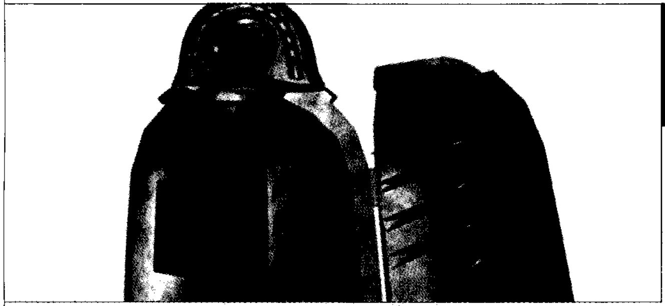
statue is a chilling insight into the mind of President Putin in the Kremlin of today.

■ Zimbabwe, under the rule of President-for-Life Robert Mugabe, slips ever further back into the bush. The national airline, Air Zimbabwe, was recently obliged to ground its entire fleet of seven passenger planes because there was not enough foreign currency in the till to buy fuel. Zimbabwe's own currency, the Zimbabwe dollar, is well-nigh worthless, thanks to years of gross economic mismanagement by Mugabe and his pals, and the willful annihilation of the nation's agricultural sector. Some foreign exchange was eventually located between sofa cushions in the presidential mansion, and Air Zimbabwe is now in the air again. Given the state of the country, though, we can't help wondering who would be brave enough to fly in its planes.

■ Dresden was one of the most beautiful 18th-century cities, and its great church, known as the Frauenkirche, was a particular glory, its spectacular dome an architectural and a cultural monument. In February 1945 a huge formation of the Royal Air Force bombed Dresden, creating a firestorm that killed some 20,000 people and destroyed most of the city, collapsing the Frauenkirche. There were military and political reasons for this raid, but controversy about it never quite died. Once Dresden was safely in the Soviet sphere, the Communists liked to claim that the fate of Dresden showed the Allies to have been as criminal as the Nazis. The Communists left the ruins in order to foster a self-pitying sense of grievance against the West. In a program that has lasted since reunification and cost over $200 million, the Frauenkirche has been rebuilt exactly as it was. The golden cross on top of the new dome is the work of a British silversmith whose father piloted one of the bombers in 1945. There is a time to destroy, and a time to build.

■ Here is a news item from the Friendly Giant to Our North—a country large and consequential enough, you would think, that a

The Torture Question



We don't need to become like our enemy to beat our enemy. This, in a nutshell, is the argument against torture. Lindsey Graham, Andrew Sullivan, the Democratic party, the *New York Times*, and enlightened people everywhere have offered variations on this theme.

And it's a good theme. But a lot of unanswered questions come with it. What does it mean to be like your enemy? Our enemy is monotheistic. So are we, or at least most of us. Should we start worshipping a whole passel of gods just to be different? Our enemy wears pants. We wear pants. If we don't lose our pants, will the terrorists have won?

I'm being glib, but only to underscore the importance that opponents of torture attach to their opposition. Their position is that, if we practiced torture, it would *define* us: We would become like our enemies in the objectionable sense, and we should therefore avoid the use of torture at all costs. That is an honorable claim if one makes it in good faith, but one still has an obligation to *demonstrate* its truth.

There is a great deal of plausibility in an alternative view: that killing an innocent person—which we do in wartime with relatively few qualms—is a greater evil than torturing an evil person, particularly if torture will result in saving many innocent lives. This may not be the case, but there has been very little effort to show that it isn't the case. Rather, torture has been made into a moral black box, a stand-in for "something self-evidently and intolerably evil." Thus, in effect, the torture issue has succeeded where all other efforts at moral equivalence have failed.

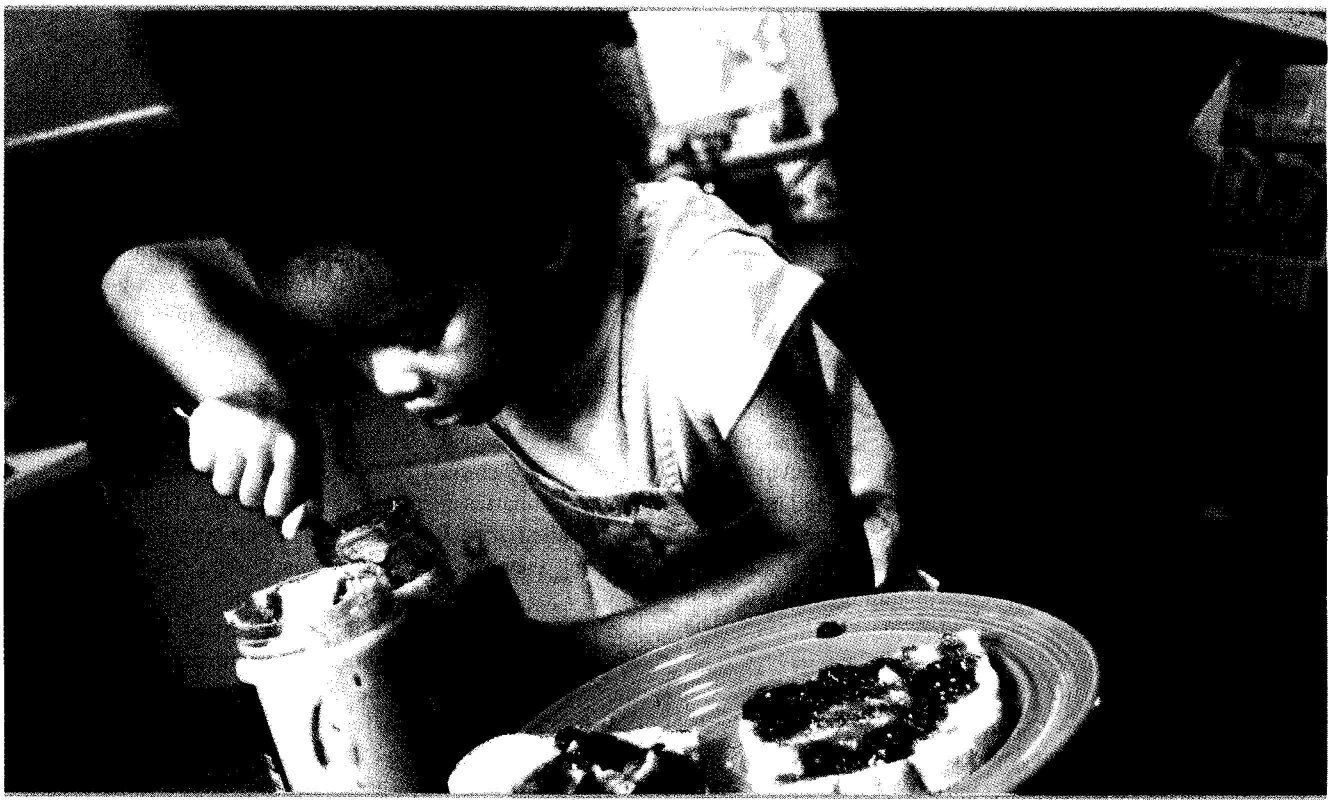
During the Cold War, the Left (and some segments of the Right) saw a moral equivalence between the United States and the Soviet Union because we had many of the same tools. We had nukes, the Soviets had nukes. We put people in asylums, they put people in asylums. We went to war to defend our way of life, the Reds went to war to defend their way of life.

Morally serious people saw through this. We put crazy people in asylums and murderers in prison. They locked up Solzhenitsyns and Sharanskys. We went to war to fight oppression and defend liberty, they fought to oppress liberty and defend oppression. These are, to put it mildly, significant differences.

But torture is a context-killer. Those who might end up on the receiving end are thought to have an absolute moral right to be exempt from it. Indeed, Andrew Sullivan has argued that I am practicing "remarkable relativism" by suggesting that a terrorist with time-sensitive information about plots against the United States is not the moral equivalent of a Solzhenitsyn or a Sharansky because "you cannot raise or lower the moral status of mass murderers with respect to torture. The only salient moral status with respect to torture is that the mass murderers are human beings [and therefore cannot be tortured]."

Now, Sullivan & Co. may be right about all this. But none of them, to my knowledge, has made any effort to *explain* why torture is so uniquely awful that no context whatsoever justifies its use. Isn't it interesting that after five decades of accepting the morality of using nuclear weapons in certain circumstances, it's the iron maiden and not the mushroom cloud that has become our symbol of unqualified evil?

—JONAH GOLDBERG



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THE WEEK...

person who had once served as its minister of defense and deputy prime minister would be possessed of more than the average endowment of gravitas. Think again. Paul Hellyer, who held those positions under Prime Ministers Lester Pearson and Pierre Trudeau, recently told an audience at the University of Toronto that George W. Bush is planning for an intergalactic war against space aliens—you know, the ones in UFOs, which vessels are, averred the former SecDef and Deputy PM, "as real as the airplanes that fly over your head." Warming to his theme, Hellyer accused the Bush administration of planning a forward base on the moon, the better to counterattack the extraterrestrials. "The time has come," he concluded, "to lift the veil of secrecy, and let the truth emerge, so there can be a real and informed debate, about one of the most important problems facing our planet today." The speech received a standing ovation. So now we know: Hatred of George W. Bush, in combination with the enervating effects of living in the world's most boring country, can send you barking mad.

■ Dwight D. Eisenhower was a decent president—not the best, not the worst. And he was undoubtedly an admirable, patriotic man. But we wonder about the propriety of erecting a monument to him on the Mall. One has been planned, and will almost certainly reach Congress for approval. Almost certainly, Congress will approve. Then Ike will join Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and FDR. But isn't the Mall getting a little crowded? How generous should standards be for entry? Kennedy lovers will plump for JFK, Great Society enthusiasts for LBJ. Nixon probably won't have much of a movement behind him. We can think of a few people (ahem) who would welcome a monument to Reagan. But we should add such things cautiously and soberly, lest they lose their meaning—and lest the absence of a monument on the Mall become something like an insult.

■ Conrad Black was indicted on eleven counts of wire and mail fraud in connection with his management of Hollinger International, a media company that at one time owned the *Chicago Sun-Times*, the *Jerusalem Post*, and the *Daily Telegraph* (London). Lord Black is a friend of several editors of this magazine, and the muscular conservatism of his papers was congenial. He has been spiritedly defended against the feds (the prosecutor is Patrick J. Fitzgerald, whose other trophy indictment is Scooter Libby) by former employee Mark Steyn, who believes any fair-minded jury will acquit him. We hope the jury is fair-minded; whatever the verdict, we know that a man of Conrad Black's savvy and energy will not be done with media and opinion-making.

■ Stanley "Tookie" Williams founded the Crips gang in 1971, when he was 17 years old. Eight years later he was arrested for murdering a 26-year-old 7-Eleven clerk, and a family of motel owners (an elderly couple and their daughter). Williams, who is scheduled to be executed on December 13, has appealed for clemency, supported by petitions and the rapper Snoop Dogg. Williams campaigns against gang violence from behind bars, which is nice; more to the point, he maintains his innocence and claims that the forensic work on his case was bungled. Governor Schwarzenegger should weigh the case maturely, and grant Williams clemency if the evidence—not attention, celebrity, or subsequent reform—indicates.

■ Lamb and Lynx Gaede are winsome 13-year-old twin sisters from California's Central Valley who perform as the singing duo Prussian Blue. To judge from the pictures on their website they are pretty, cheerful American kids, blonde and blue-eyed. But why are they wearing dirndls, and their hair in coiled braids? Ah, you see, these girls are white supremacists, Holocaust-deniers, fans of the Nazi party, and models of clothing found at www.AryanWear.com. (Check out the cute smiley-Hitler-face T-shirts!) Now these brownshirt balladeers have brought embarrassment to mighty Time, Inc. Time owns a magazine called *Teen People*, which set up an interview with the völkisch vocalists for their February issue. Since, contrary to Time, Inc., policy (says Time, Inc.), the jackboot jongleuses were given editorial oversight of the finished interview, the whole enterprise was shaping up as something of a, er, whitewash. The Wyman Institute for Holocaust Studies drew attention to the interview, a fuss was raised, and *Teen People* dropped the whole idea. The swastika songbirds' hopes for fame and fortune have gone the way of the Thousand Year Reich, and they are reduced to performing at Aryan Nation rallies. How sad.

■ Cheetahs are lovely creatures, and famously fleet of foot. They are not always fleet enough to escape poachers, however, so that the cheetah is now an endangered species. Well, a restaurateur in the provincial city of Gode, in eastern Ethiopia, acquired a pair of cheetah cubs from local poachers and set them to fighting each other for the entertainment of his patrons. Plainly there is not much to do of an evening in back-country Ethiopia. Fortunately the cubs were spotted (so to speak) by soldiers of the U.S. counterterrorism task force that operates in the Horn of Africa. The soldiers alerted local veterinary authorities and arranged air transport, and the cheetah cubs have been saved. In the context of the War on Terror, this incident could hardly be more trivial. It does, though, illuminate a rather attractive side of our nation's worldwide reach and military presence. How many of the inhabitants of Ethiopia (GDP per capita $800) will take the point is another matter.

■ Groucho Marx once said that humor is just reason gone mad. Insofar as North Korea is concerned, that may be true in a literal sense. Terror-famines, nuclear weapons, the worst human-rights record—there's not much in the Communist redoubt that elicits laughter. But one can always count on the official "news" agency for a chuckle or two. Take North Korea's recent spat with CNN. After the network aired footage of an alleged public execution, the Norks blasted CNN, saying that it had been "reduced to a trumpeter and a political waiting maid for the U.S. administration." They also took a swipe at CNN's ratings: "CNN is losing popularity as the days go by although it had high audience rating [sic] in the world in the past. CNN staged such poor farce

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to improve its image." Now, CNN isn't our cup of tea either, but we can almost believe them over the poor farce that is the North Korean government.

■ The Thanksgiving holiday came and went, trailing behind it the long Thanksgiving weekend and all the hallowed and colorful traditions we associate with this fine, quintessentially American festival. There was, for instance, the tradition of shoppers being crushed, trampled, mangled, or otherwise violated in the rush to take advantage of post-Thanksgiving sales. In Cascade, Mich., two shoppers—one a pregnant woman—were hospitalized after falling beneath a store-opening stampede; in Orlando, Fla., a man who jumped the line to get a $199 laptop computer was tackled and wrestled to the ground; in Beaumont, Tex., a mob of crazed bargain-seekers was maced by an off-duty policeman. Another longstanding tradition is the Thanksgiving zillion-dollar lawsuit, brought by the spectators traditionally concussed when one of the traditional giant balloons in New York City's traditional Macy's parade gets its guide ropes snagged on a street-lighting fixture and brings it down. This aspect of the festivities went somewhat awry this year, when the father of the concussed spectators (two sisters) declared, to howls of outrage from the local plaintiffs' bar, that Macy's could not fairly be held to blame and he *would not sue*. Some people just can't get into the holiday spirit.

■ Every year for more than three decades, Nova Scotia has given the city of Boston, Mass., a majestic Christmas tree. This is in gratitude for the aid and succor Boston sent to Halifax following a massive fire in December 1917. But this year, Boston wise men decided to call their tree a "holiday tree." Nova Scotia's premier, John Hamm, noted that, "when [the tree] left Nova Scotia, it was a Christmas tree." Donnie Hatt had an even better remark. He is the logger who felled the 48-foot white spruce, and had he known that it would be called a "holiday tree," "I'd have . . . put it through the chipper." There is a Christmas, rather than a holiday, spirit.

AT WAR

Where We Stand

The Iraq debate lurched into a new gear with Rep. John Murtha's call for an immediate American pullout, beginning after Iraq's December 15 elections. Even most Democrats aren't ready to embrace their fellow Democrat's proposal, but Murtha, a former Marine, brought new respectability to a position that had been confined to the fever swamps of Cindy Sheehan rallies. Soon enough Bush administration officials began to talk more forthrightly about plans for the beginnings of a troop drawdown next year, plans that had long been in the works but were now emphasized as a way to reassure nervous Republicans that we won't have a 150,000-troop commitment in Iraq indefinitely or even—this is what many of them really care about—through next November.

There are two mistaken views of the effect of our troops in Iraq. One, embraced by Murtha, says that our troop presence is almost entirely responsible for the insurgency. The other and opposite view is that nothing ails us in Iraq that can't be solved by more American troops, who are—so goes the assumption—accepted by Iraqis as a neutral arbiters of Iraqi security. The first view is wrong because even if there were no U.S. troops in Iraq, Sunni rejectionists and foreign jihadists would still be attempting to overthrow the new order, and probably be doing so more successfully. The second view is flawed because we are a foreign occupying army with a limited cultural knowledge of Iraq, and inevitably create nationalistic resentments. As American commanders have been aware from the beginning, there is a tradeoff between the security American troops provide and the political backlash they risk creating. The trick is to find the sweet spot between the two considerations, while building up the Iraqi forces that are the only way to resolve the tension.

Which is exactly what the administration has been doing. It is maddening to listen to critics like Sen. Joe Biden excoriate the administration for its handling of Iraq, at the same time that they advocate the very training of Iraqis that the administration has been undertaking and flirt with calling for a timetable for withdrawal just as the training is beginning to bear fruit. The U.S. military in Iraq had long been conducting large sweeps of insurgent-infested towns only to leave and have insurgents return. There are now Iraqi forces becoming available to hold contested areas after military operations. Iraqis have helped secure the notorious airport road into Baghdad. And they are patrolling Najaf, Karbala, Mosul, and parts of Baghdad. This is significant progress, even if these troops aren't up to U.S. standards (what Third World army is?) and even if there is still a danger that the Iraqi military will dissolve into warring militias.

History says that insurgencies can be beaten, but not if the counter-insurgents lack one of the most basic qualities necessary to prevail: patience.

Averting that danger is the responsibility of Iraq's political leadership. The December 15 elections—the first for a permanent government under the country's democratically adopted constitution—are crucial. They must produce a government that is capable of commanding the loyalty of Iraq's nascent military and adequately running the ministries of defense and interior. Iraq can ill afford another weak prime minister like Ibrahim Jaafari, who now holds the position. A new government also, with U.S. prodding, has to continue to coax into the political process the nation's Sunnis, who will likely vote in the election in large numbers.

History says that insurgencies can be beaten, but not if the counter-insurgents lack one of the most basic qualities necessary to prevail: patience. Congressmen should screw their courage to the sticking place. The administration's basic strategy is sound—foster Iraq's political process and train Iraqi forces— although no one can say now whether it will succeed or fail. The only path to an outcome we can know with any certainty is that advocated by John Murtha, and that outcome would be defeat.

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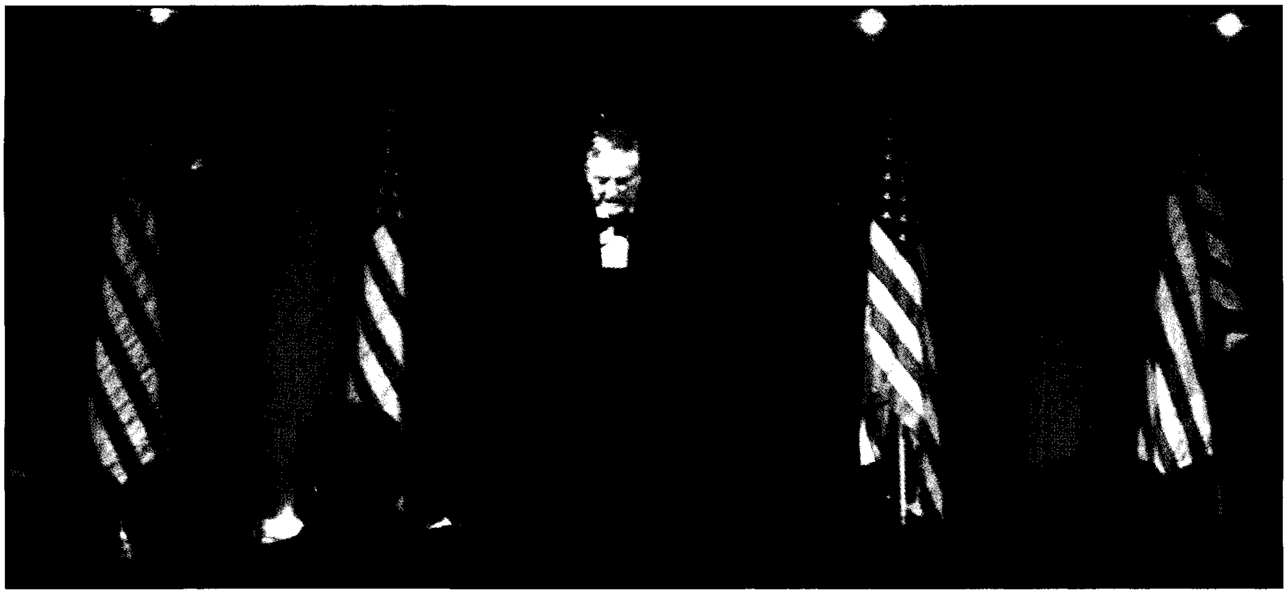
notes & asides

■ WFB's remarks at NATIONAL REVIEW's 50th Anniversary Dinner in Washington, D.C., on October 6.

Ladies and gentlemen:

I could expect that this assembly would induce generous expressions, yet it would be wrong for me to say that you have outdone yourselves. To conceive this as possible would be to diminish the accomplishments of the magazine. To do such a thing would be ungrateful—a mistaken feint at modesty. It would be wrong, in this hallowed hour, even to suggest that there have been imperfections. We acknowledge, as a matter of form, that anything man-made could be improved. Perhaps if Johann Sebastian Bach had had an extra week he might have improved his *Passion According to St. Matthew*, or written a 32nd variation for Herr Goldberg to play. But such speculation would have been grotesquely ill-advised on the night of the music's premier, and this 50th anniversary celebration can be thought of as the equivalent of a premiere celebration, though I guess anything becomes a premiere celebration if presided over by Stan Evans, let alone narrated by Rush Limbaugh.



As to the distribution of credit, that is difficult and probably not rewarding. It is both reassuring and humbling to reflect on how quickly John O'Sullivan and then Rich Lowry established the dispensabiity of the founding editor.

Speaking of whom—I don't mean speaking of the founding editor, but of his successors—I think I have to say that the trouble with expressing gratitude here is that it takes too long. It would have been so easy if I were here to address a lifeguard who saved me from drowning. There are, in this case, too many who have figured in the viability of NATIONAL REVIEW to make feasible singling them out. Some of them are here in this room, and they know—I hope—what I feel about them, and how I feel it, and know that the anonymity in which they are shielded does not bespeak any shallowness in the depth of the feeling I have for them, or any routinization in the gratitude for what they do and have done, for our magazine, and for me.

Having said as much on the problem of singularization, I will break my own rule in order to acclaim the three men who will govern the affairs of NATIONAL REVIEW from now until the centennial celebration. You know Ed Capano, in part because one can't not know him. His responsibilities make him ubiquitous, and his warm nature induces him to broker all problems, even as his imagination serves him with the means to do this. Dusty Rhodes, as chairman of the board of trustees, is a man of affairs, whose time and attention are solicited everywhere—he is chairman of the board of the Bradley Foundation, speaking of targets of solicitation. And you have heard from the editor, Rich Lowry, whom we share with *Hannity & Colmes*; we're proud of his endowments, which are reflected on every page of the magazine.

* * *

You will be relieved to know that I do not propose to burden you with my analysis of current discontents, or with what President Bush should do about them—having expended his ration of fraternal resources by the kindnesses shown to me and the magazine earlier today.

On the other hand, I am very fluent on the discontents of 50 years ago, which I addressed in the first and succeeding issues of NATIONAL REVIEW, subject to corrections by James

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Burnham, Frank Meyer, John Dos Passos, Whittaker Chambers, Russell Kirk, Priscilla Buckley, and my guardian angel. I think that whatever dissonance was thought to be heard over those years and decades yielded, as time passed, to perspectives that brought out dialectical harmonies that are with us yet. Some of these are illuminatingly recorded in Jeffrey Hart's magisterial history of NATIONAL REVIEW—available at your bookstore the day after tomorrow. The first decades were animated above all by the dogged specter of Soviet Communism, whose aggressive ugliness almost fades from memory, chastened finally by freedom, plus electricity.

There were many high moments for me as editor, and I single out only two. The first was when Whittaker Chambers, whom I regard as the bard of the West during the Cold War, consented to join us as senior editor; the second, when a manuscript arrived in the mail from—Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. You saw in the tape put together for you tonight by our talented young associate, Jason Steorts, the galvanizing tableau: President Reagan at a NATIONAL REVIEW celebration and then a screening of headlines over 18 months that recorded the piecemeal dissolution of Soviet Communism. The end of the Soviet claim on the world was NATIONAL REVIEW's Easter Sunday. We could not have asked for more.

* * *

Well, how did we manage all that?

I'll never tell. To find out, you have to read NATIONAL REVIEW.

But what I did do, in framing these words, was to accept the challenge of selecting two paragraphs from a single issue of the magazine, the issue that came in after the hurricane. The challenge that I set myself was that one of those two paragraphs had to have appeared on the very first page of that issue, the second paragraph, on the final page of that issue. I wanted to fortify my conviction that for 50 years we had succeeded in an eclectic but rewarding editorial mix.

And so from page 1:

> As one watches armed gangs rape and pillage their way through New Orleans, it is easy to think like Hobbes: Sever the cords of law and order, and man's savagery will be unleashed at its ugliest. There is truth in that view—but not quite the whole truth. For one could also look to Chalmette, a New Orleans suburb whose residents not only restrained themselves from looting, but helped deliver food by boat to people trapped in their homes. One could look elsewhere in Louisiana, and Mississippi, as well. Why some men act like beasts when others act like men is a question whose answer may tell us less about mankind than about New Orleans: about race, about poverty, about resentment, about the use of self-pity to justify violence. That we would like to ignore these things makes it all the more important that we refuse to do so.

Heavy thoughts here. They can use leavening, and I found this paragraph on the final page of that same issue. The article began,

> Stop me if you've heard this before, but by 2050 China will be a colossus bestriding the world like a, er, colossus, and America will be on the skids, reduced to a race of wheezing 400-pound lardbutts in faded Disney merchandise confined to their Barcaloungers. And playing Greece to Beijing's Rome will be the European Union, run by the 120-year-old Jacques Chirac. And, if you make any jokes about Chirac or his Oriental mistress, you'll be punished by one of your household's many Shanghai-manufactured Elmo and Pooh toys exported to the U.S. by the People's Republic in the early years of the century as a vast army of sleepers waiting to be activated and serve as the enforcers of the new Middle Kingdom.

Those are nice bookends, are they not, as befit the journal of conservative thought and life you have sustained, and I have been proud to be associated with since the day it was baptized.

* * *

This being my terminal appearance with you, I take the liberty of speaking personally. I recall the words that closed the last letter I received from Whittaker Chambers, just weeks before he died in 1961. He was writing to excuse himself for abruptly canceling a trip he had planned to take in South Carolina with his wife, ending at the house of my mother. He gave only a single reason for drawing away at the last minute.

He wrote, "*Weariness, Bill—you cannot yet know literally what it means. I wish no time would come when you do know, but the balance of experience is against it. One day, long hence, you will know true weariness and will say:* 'That was it.' "

I have not earned weariness of the nature of Whittaker Chambers', on whom a cosmic weight once rested. I have earned a more workaday term— tedium, perhaps, would serve.

Elated as I am by the witness of NATIONAL REVIEW, and by the faith and tenacity of its friends, I can't say that I am sorry to be going. In fact I take some satisfaction in recording an orderly retreat from the old tempos. I withdrew as active editor-in-chief in 1990. In 1999, after 33 years, I withdrew from my weekly television program. In 2002 I gave up public lectures. In 2004 I discovered that I had *forgotten how to ski*, so that, bowing to nature's implacable warnings, I sold my sailboat. Meanwhile, I stopped abusing the keyboard, and in June of last year I signed over my voting stock in NATIONAL REVIEW to a trust.

I would say that it is *indescribably* satisfying to spend my 50th anniversary here tonight in your company, except that Mr. Harold Ross, the founding editor of *The New Yorker*, handed down the rule about 50 years ago that—nothing is *indescribable.*

So we'll leave it that I just won't *attempt* to describe my feelings tonight. I'll just record my gratitude that NR had a voice over the past 50 years in affirming the durability of American ideals.

—WFB

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How to Increase Liberty in America

Ten suggestions

CLINT BOLICK

OUR nation's K–12 public education system is the most bloated, ossified, bureaucratic, hidebound, monopolistic, special-interest-driven example of central planning aside from Communist China or perhaps the U.S. Postal Service. If our schools do not improve, millions of schoolchildren—particularly from poor families—will continue to be consigned to lives of poverty and dissatisfaction.

In an era of great technological innovation, we never would design from scratch the type of brick-and-mortar, one-size-fits-all system that we have today. We have the capacity to personalize instruction to the individual needs of every child and to deliver on the promise of opportunity that is every child's birthright. The solution is to apply the same economic principles that have succeeded in so many other realms: choice and competition.

School choice has a seismic impact for two reasons: First, it transfers power over basic education decisions from bureaucrats to parents; and second, it forces schools to compete for students and for dollars. School choice once was merely a figment of Milton Friedman's fertile imagination. Today it is flourishing in Wisconsin, Florida, Ohio, and Washington, D.C., among other places. Far from the Chicken Little predictions purveyed by doomsayers devoted to the status quo, the sky has not fallen. To the contrary, it has brightened.

SCHOOL CHOICE

Wherever we have school choice, the private education sector has prospered. But remarkably—yet not surprisingly—competition from school choice has forced public schools to improve as well. Forced for the first time to serve the demands of consumers rather than politicians, public schools are adopting long-overdue reforms: They are creating unique curricula, spending a higher percentage of their money in the classroom, and giving principals more power to fire poor-performing teachers. As Friedman predicted, the rules of economics are not suspended at the schoolhouse door.

Slowly the system is evolving into one in which the government's main role is funding education, instead of monopolizing its delivery. With the proliferation of deregulated charter schools, education governance in the public sector is finally being decentralized and returned to local communities. Meanwhile, public funds increasingly are following students to wherever they find education opportunities. Despite all this, there are still those who are fighting school choice tooth and nail. Teachers' unions, which can instantly raise millions of dollars with small dues increases, are a force to be reckoned with: Where they cannot squelch school choice in the legislative arena, they are happy to resort to the courts.

In the face of such powerful special-interest groups we must remain tenacious. The freedom movement needs to make school choice its top domestic priority, for school choice both improves education *and* expands freedom. As a nation we simply cannot accept the status quo: Our children, and our nation's future, depend on the outcome of this battle.

Mr. Bolick is president and general counsel of the *Alliance for School Choice*.

ROBERT H. BORK

LIBERTY in America can be enhanced by reinstating, legislatively, restraints upon the direction of our culture and morality. Censorship as an enhancement of liberty may seem paradoxical. Yet it should be obvious, to all but dogmatic First Amendment absolutists, that people forced to live in an increasingly brutalized culture are, in a very real sense, not wholly free. The moral and aesthetic chaos into which we are descending is primarily due to the cult of radical individualism or liberationist philosophy bequeathed to us by the Sixties and enforced by cultural "elites." That philosophy infects all aspects of our culture, but it would not be so powerful had it not captured a majority of a Supreme Court that has illegitimately assumed the power to strike down democratic efforts to curb the worst of these trends. The Court has, to take a single example, thrown First Amendment protection around computer-simulated child pornography.

Liberty, it has been said, is the space between the walls. When the walls are leveled, the unrestricted behavior of others lessens our liberties. As Leszek Kolakowski has put it, "Where

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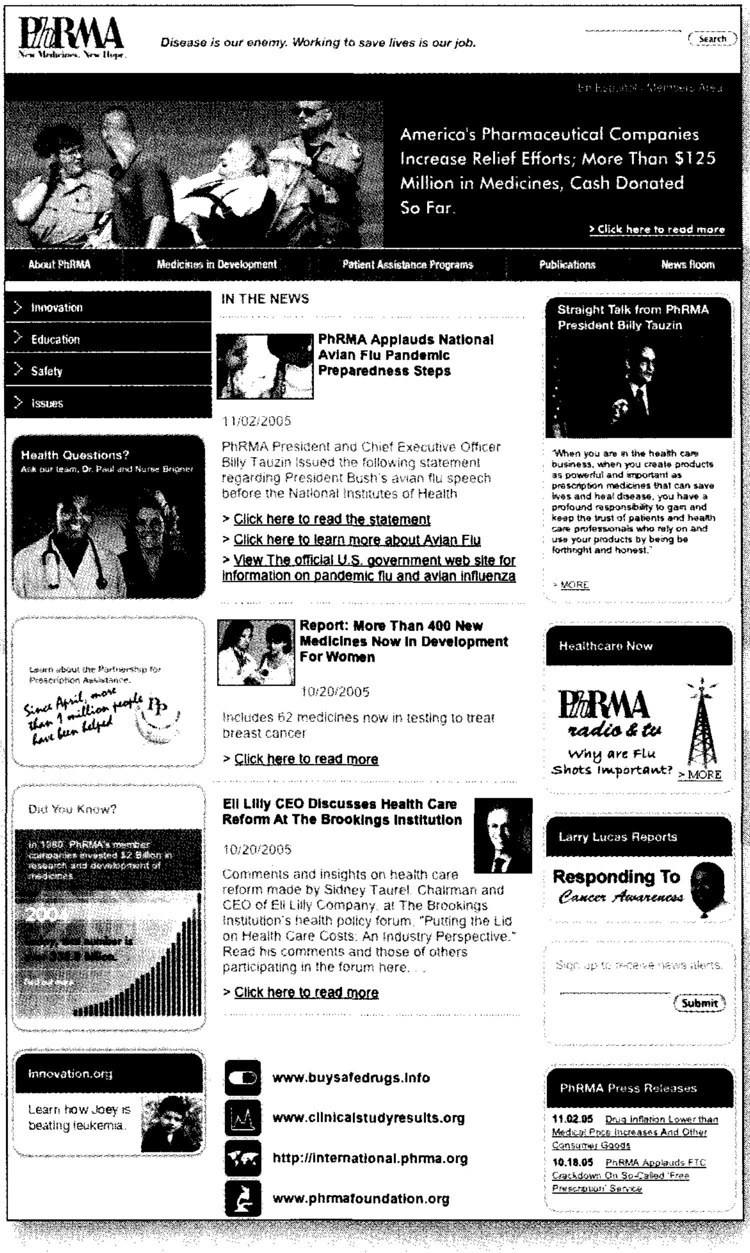

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11/02/2005

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10/20/2005

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there are no laws to impose restrictions on liberty, there can be no liberty either." Our culture and relations with others are progressively coarsened. Irving Kristol has written that "sector after sector of American life has been ruthlessly corrupted by the liberal ethos . . . that aims simultaneously at political and social collectivism on the one hand, and moral anarchy on the other. It cannot win, but it can make us all losers." That it can and is doing. Relations between the sexes are debased by pornography (now the leading American industry) while taboos against incest, pedophilia, and homosexual behavior weaken or disappear altogether. Large parts of television are unwatchable, motion pictures rely upon sex, gore, and pyrotechnics for the edification of the target audience of 14-year-olds, popular music hardly deserves the name of music—even Mick Jagger called his performances "noise." Abortion, even the infanticide known as partial-birth abortion, is sanctified for no better reason than convenience. Almost all traces of religion are scrubbed from the public square. The list could be extended.

A Just Censorship

Much, perhaps most, of this is caused by the Supreme Court's embrace of the liberationist philosophy. As Justice Antonin Scalia wrote in dissent, "Day by day, case by case, [the Supreme Court] is busy designing a Constitution for a country I do not recognize." It is past time that a Court be selected that will allow the re-erection of the walls that make liberty possible.

Mr. Bork is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

COLORBLINDNESS

WARD CONNERLY

We often think of race-based "affirmative action" as a practice that conflicts with the concept of merit; or we think of it in the context of the value of "fairness." Rarely do we consider race preferences as something that infringes on liberty or personal freedom. Yet, in the purest sense, "preferences"—applying differential treatment based on the color of an individual's skin or ethnic background—are a form of discrimination against those who are treated less favorably.

This is precisely why the great civil-rights movement of the 1960s, led by Martin Luther King Jr., was designed around and drew its strength from those haunting words in the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

Racial discrimination limits the ability of an individual to pursue happiness, because it restricts one's choices in the public arena. Thus, racial discrimination is an infringement on personal liberty. Whether to achieve "diversity," to "level the playing field," or to correct past injustices, race preferences decreed by the government are a means of discriminating against some while advancing others.

The anti-liberty effects that race preferences have on personal liberty do not flow merely from preferences themselves. Their genesis is in the classification system that undergirds preferences. There is, perhaps, no more culturally corrupting influence on America's civic life than the practice of sorting and classifying Americans on the basis of skin color and the country from which their ancestors originated.

The centerpiece of American culture, economics, and politics has always been the individual. The genius of our way of life is the fact that we attach so much value to the individual. We believe that, left to their own devices, individuals will work hard and collectively improve the nation for all of us. It is no coincidence that the term "rugged individualism" has often been used to define the American spirit.

Liberty flourishes best when Americans view themselves as individuals, rather than when they identify themselves as representatives of a group. The very term "racial equality" diminishes the individual, because it promotes consciousness about "race" rather than about one's individuality. It is inevitable that when people have been encouraged to be conscious of their "race," they will view their circumstances in the context of their group. The result is often racial paranoia: All things are viewed through the prism of how the group appears to be treated. This is the lesson of Hurricane Katrina.

To advance individual liberty, we must end official government classifications. That journey begins by ending race preferences and other distinctions based on "race." To advance personal liberty, we must return to the national vision of colorblindness—an America where the "content of one's character" and individual merit are the guiding forces, not whether one contributes to "diversity" based on a factor as ridiculous as the color of one's skin.

Mr. Connerly is chairman of the American Civil Rights Institute.

DAVID FRUM

So there you are, standing in a line snaking 45 minutes deep into the airport, shoes in hand, coat and laptop in plastic bins, your briefcase and carry-on bag elaborately balanced. Right behind you, a grandmother in a wheelchair is waiting her turn for the same

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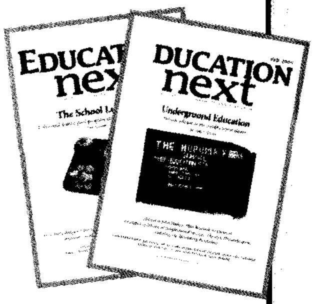

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"Acting White"

The social price paid by the best and brightest minority students

"Acting white" was once a label used by scholars to characterize academically inclined, but allegedly snobbish, minority students who were shunned by their peers. Now that it has entered the national consciousness—perhaps even its conscience—the term has become a slippery, contentious phrase whose meaning is open to many interpretations. What I mean by acting white is a set of social interactions in which minority adolescents who get good grades in school enjoy less social popularity among their same-race peers than white students who do equally well academically. For the small percentage of black and Hispanic students who attend private school, however, I find no evidence of a trade-off between popularity and achievement. Most studies of academic achievement find little or no benefit of attending a private school for whites but quite large benefits for African Americans. It may be that blacks attending private schools have quite a different peer group.

—Roland G. Fryer

Advanced Placement Turns Fifty

An elite program designed in anticipation of cold war needs

The idea for the Advanced Placement (AP) exam emerged from elite colleges, prep schools, and high schools as a way of accelerating and fortifying the education of the nation's future leaders in anticipation of cold war national-security demands. A half-century later, the cold war over, the AP program is still with us. The essentials remain the same: high-school students take college-level courses, taught by teachers in their schools, and then take exams designed by the College Board to show they have mastered the subject at college-level proficiency. But despite the vast expansion of the number of students taking AP courses and exams since 1956, it is still the case that less than 10 percent of all those entering high school ever pass an AP examination.

—Andrew Mollison

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treatment. As you are scanned, searched, and prodded, you wonder: Does any of this make any sense?

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Would you take that deal? Would you at least like the option of such a deal?

It's often observed that the lack of a reliable personal-identification system complicates national security. It's equally true, though, that this lack burdens individual liberty to come and go with minimal interference.

There have also been many troubling stories of law-abiding Americans' being halted, or worse, by police because they share a common Arab or Islamic name with a suspect on the terrorist watch-list. The ability instantly to prove that one is Abdul Izaz Rahman of Citibank and Rye, N.Y., not Abdul Izaz Rahman the hunted killer, can translate into very practical freedom from delay, search, and detention.

Louis Brandeis famously described privacy as the most precious form of liberty. But in the modern age, the zeal to protect privacy often compromises liberty. Because we can never be quite sure that people are who they say they are, both governments and private actors must take elaborate precautions against imposture and deception. Just as our ability to bind ourselves by contracts enhances our liberty, so too would the ability to establish our identity beyond doubt or fraud.

The idea of a national identity card goes against the American grain. But Americans are accustomed to filling out lengthy and detailed income-tax reports listing every dollar they earn. Almost everybody already carries a driver's license with his face, name, and address on it. But the idea of replacing that card with a tamper-proof modern card that would hold a computer chip that could reliably match your name and face with your retina scan, or discreetly prove that you are indeed over 18, a lawful resident of the U.S., and so on—this seems to many an outrageous intrusion.

It just makes you wonder: When we say "liberty," do we mean the things that truly make us free? Or do we just mean the intrusions that we happen to have become used to?

Mr. Frum, a contributing editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, is the author of *The Right Man: The Surprise Presidency of George W. Bush* and (with Richard Perle) *An End to Evil: How to Win the War on Terror.*

SENSIBLE DISTRICTING

ARTHUR B. LAFFER

THE lyrics of "Me and Bobby McGee" got it wrong: Freedom is *not* just another word for nothing left to lose. Poor people are never free, nor are people who have been deprived of the right to vote. The more choices—economic or any other kind—you have, the freer you really are. The concept of freedom, as Milton and Rose Friedman put it long ago in the title of their classic book, is to be free to *choose*. Meaningful choice in politics, including the right to vote, is the sine qua non of freedom.

Today in California there are 80 assembly districts, 40 state-senate districts, and 53 U.S. House districts, all drawn up by our state legislature and signed into law by our former governor. In the last election all 80 assembly seats, all 53 U.S. House seats, and one half of the 40 state-senate seats were up for election—and yet not one of these 173 elections resulted in a change in party affiliation. That's gerrymandering of the first order, and what's frightening about it is that it means the votes of individuals really don't matter in these races. There's one district running along the coast of California above Santa Barbara that's over 200 miles long and around 100 yards wide at several points. They say that at high tide it becomes several districts, which would be funny if it weren't so serious.

The reason the district boundaries are so contorted is that the outcome of these elections is very important to the people who actually draw the district boundaries—the very same people who are elected in these districts. These officeholders are following their own self-interest, and will go to any lengths to ensure their reelection. This is the height of conflict of interest, and has resulted in California voters' losing their say in general elections.

Ted Costa's Proposition 77 in California's recent election would have taken the power to design districts away from the officeholders and would have put it in the more neutral hands of a panel of retired judges. The governor backed this measure, which was decided by the voters on November 8: It was defeated by a margin of 60 percent to 40 percent. A similar initiative in Ohio also failed.

The freedom to choose politically doesn't stop at fair competitive districts. It includes campaign-finance reform, which was also voted down in California. Union bosses can still spend their members' dues on campaigns without the explicit or even implicit consent of those who pay those dues.

Liberty has many important aspects: a free press, free trade, minimal regulations, etc. But there is no way to ensure the future of freedom better than to have politicians sensitive to the electorate. We should be worried.

Mr. Laffer is the founder and chairman of Laffer Associates.

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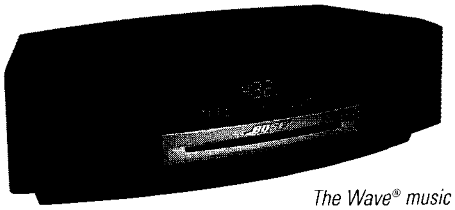

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MYRON MAGNET

Political liberty begins with the limitation of everyone's freedom to hurt others, since liberty, as Rousseau taught us, is valueless if the first stronger person we meet can take it away. The primary function of government, therefore, is to keep citizens safe in the streets and in their houses, with policemen and, when necessary, soldiers. The 1960s denied this truth, asserting that men hurt and invade one another only if deformed by an unjust society, whose oppressive agents are the police and the army. In that era's transvaluation of values, the criminal became the victim, the cop the villain. Black criminals were doubly victims. Cities stopped policing, and crime exploded.

POLICING

The policing revolution that New York mayor Rudy Giuliani engineered was the greatest advance in urban liberty in our time. People who had been, as we used to say, "prisoners in their own houses" could stop huddling behind triple-locked doors and could go out—even at night!—without looking with pounding hearts over their shoulders. Businesses could flourish. And the liberation was most dramatic in minority neighborhoods that crime had turned into places where families ate on the floor to avoid stray bullets, where children could be shot down on the way to school, where civil society had shriveled, where citizens lived under the primitive tyranny of "a banditti of ruffians." (The phrase is Tom Paine's.)

It would be a boon to liberty if activists stopped—and officials ignored—the cries of racism that still handcuff police in many U.S. cities. It would be a boon if such activists remembered that many more residents of black neighborhoods are the victims rather than the perpetrators of crime, and that it does them no favor to keep the police from protecting them. It would be a boon if activists stopped seeing racial profiling where it doesn't exist: Professional police departments don't do it. And it would be a boon if the U.S. Department of Justice stopped hampering urban police forces by requiring them to monitor arrests by race, which discourages cops from doing their job.

For an instructive comparison, look at Britain. When Prime Minister Blair's government told Scotland Yard that its first task would be "combating racism," crime (except for murder) rose to higher rates in London than in pre-Giuliani New York. Ask Londoners if they feel freer.

Mr. Magnet is the editor of *City Journal* and the author of, among other books, *The Dream and the Nightmare: The Sixties' Legacy to the Underclass.*

STEPHEN MOORE

For the most part, the size and scope of the federal government has expanded at a breathtaking pace since the era of FDR and the New Deal. Defenders of liberty have been subjected to great despair as a result, but how to account for this mighty expansion in the powers of the state? The answer lies in the breakdown of what I call our fiscal constitution. In particular, Article I, Section 8 of the U.S. Constitution (the "enumerated powers" clause) says that Congress, which controls the purse, can spend money only on select priorities—national defense, roads, a post office, the courts, and a few others. But thanks to a perverse and politically convenient interpretation in the 1930s of the term "general welfare," the restraints on government were eviscerated. Congress and the president at once began to believe that the federal government had authority to spend money on anything it wished, as long as the expenditure could garner a majority of votes in the House and Senate.

The budget numbers tell the whole depressing story. This year Bush has proposed a budget of $2.5 trillion, which is more than the *total* spent from 1787 to 1930. More than 20 cents of every dollar produced in America will go to pay for government, which is up from 4 to 5 cents on the dollar in the pre-FDR era.

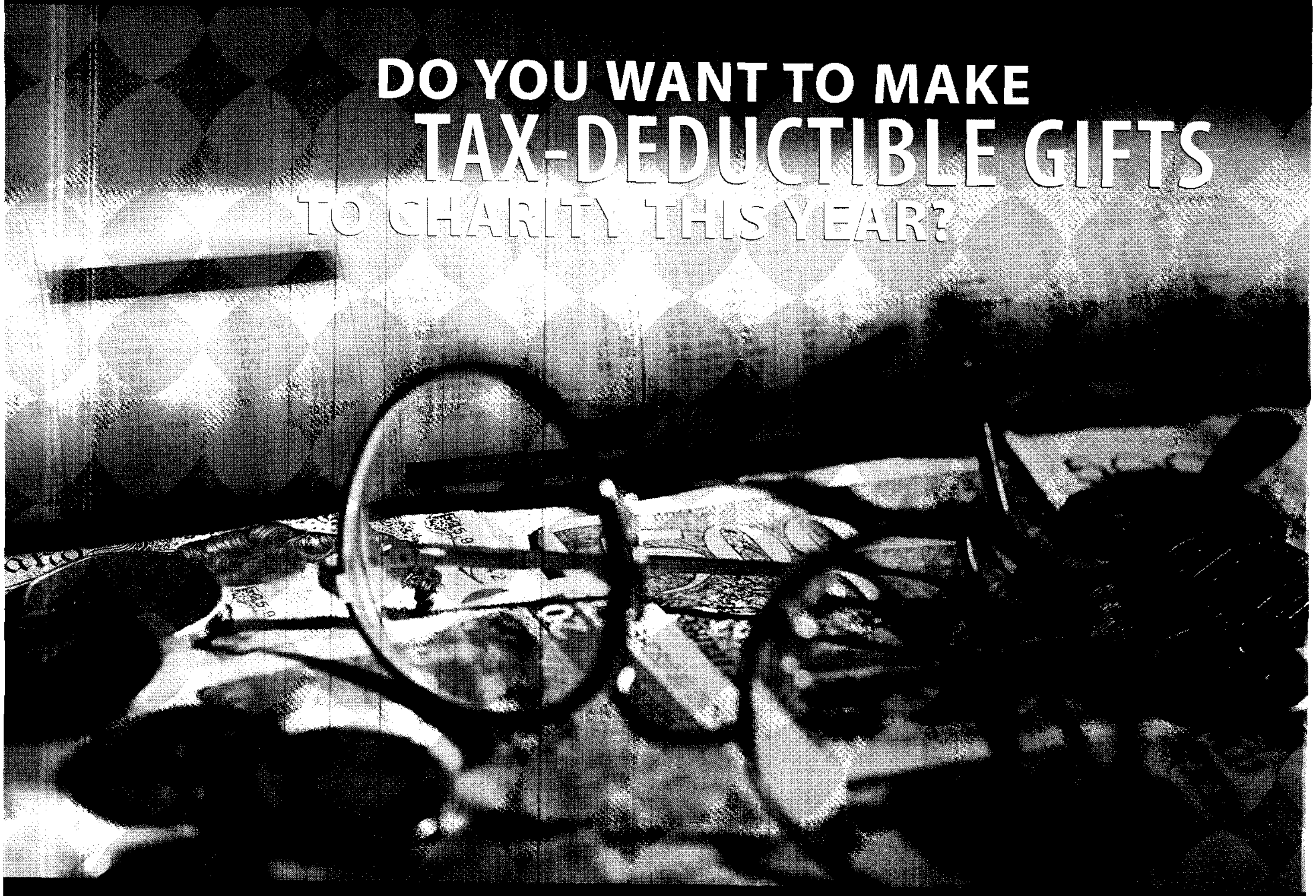
Consider how the attitude in Washington has changed: Just over 100 years ago Grover Cleveland vetoed a bill that sought to give relief to thousands of drought-stricken farmers; he said in defense that he could "find no warrant for such an appropriation in the Constitution" authorizing such spending. Earlier this year, after the terrible hurricane ravaged New Orleans, George W. Bush announced that the feds would spend "whatever it takes" to help the victims. That is truly a sign of the times.

The Fiscal Constitution

Throughout the 50 years that National Review has influenced public policy, many conservatives have labored under the belief that a Republican majority would surely bring spending and regulatory excesses to a screeching halt. As the modern entitlement state continues to spiral out of control, however, few people now believe that fairy tale. Democrats and Republicans are equally feckless in repelling special-interest groups' pleading for ever larger mountains of taxpayer largesse. As the old saying goes, Any program that robs Peter to pay Paul can always count on Paul's support. And there are many Pauls today who are "entitled" to one benefit or another.

Conservatives should embark on a crusade to resurrect our fiscal constitution. Congress, the president, and the courts should ask anew where the authority is to spend each and every dollar. The Constitution provides the roadmap to a smaller government and increased liberty—if only we will follow it.

Mr. Moore is a member of the editorial board of the *Wall Street Journal.*



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WALTER OLSON

ASSUMPTION OF RISK

A COUPLE of years ago the rock musician John Fogerty, of Creedence Clearwater Revival fame, was sued by an audience member who alleged that the volume level at one of his concerts was so unreasonably loud as to have damaged his hearing. But a New York judge dismissed the case, ruling that such a complaint was "not an appropriate means to impose an unlegislated noise code upon performers," and specifically that the suit was barred legally by the long-established principle of *assumption of risk*.

In liability law, that doctrine is a crucial bulwark of individual liberty. If you choose to attend a ball game, you face a slim but real danger of getting beaned by a foul; if you get out to enjoy the wide open spaces, you have to reckon with the chance of an encounter with a rock slide, mountain lion, or gopher hole. So if it happens, don't run to court, okay? That was the old law's logic.

Two groups, however, are broadly hostile to the principle of assumption of risk: trial lawyers, since it gets in the way of lawsuits they'd like to file; and liberal thinkers in the law schools, since it inhibits the courts from assuming the progressive role of regulating social risks and putting money in the hands of accident victims. And so for decades now litigators and legal academics have been urging courts and lawmakers to chip away at the old doctrine, if not ditch it altogether.

They've had a good bit of success in that campaign. Over the years many states have curtailed or eliminated the doctrine, to the great legal detriment of ski-slope operators, youth-sports organizers, and sellers of such products as guns and chainsaws. And the result? Providers of risky services, goods, and activities pull back from their former willingness to deal with consumers. It's now much harder to find a swimming hole in the Northeast, climb a mountain peak through private land in Colorado, or come up with a skateboarding venue in California.

Two years ago a panel of appeals judges in Britain reaffirmed the principle of assumption of risk, calling it a bulwark of "the liberty of the citizen" that helps prevent the imposition of "a grey and dull safety regime on everyone." That's exactly right. How could America, of all risk-taking countries, have ever forgotten?

Mr. Olson is a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute and author of, among other books, *The Rule of Lawyers*. He edits Overlawyered.com and PointOfLaw.com.

JOHN STOSSEL

Tax Reform

TO increase liberty, one must reduce the power of the state. The problem is, most people don't appreciate the size and scope of today's state. When the people of Israel demanded a king, the Bible says, God warned: "He will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers" (I Samuel 8:15). A *tenth*? What kind of puny threat was that? Now government (federal, state, and local) takes about *40 percent* of what we own.

Americans don't realize this, because so much taking is hidden. People don't know what they pay in excise taxes, corporate taxes passed on to us in higher prices, and our unintelligible income tax. I no longer read my tax forms. My accountant always says, "Read this before you sign"—but why? There's little I would understand.

Even professionals don't understand it. When we, at ABC News, put tax questions to commercial tax preparers and to the unhappy people answering IRS phone-help lines, we get totally different answers.

Civil society thrives on predictable rules everyone understands. "No single factor," Friedrich Hayek wrote in *The Constitution of Liberty*, "contributed more to the prosperity of the West than the relative certainty of the law." But our tax law is unintelligible, and unintelligible law leads to politicized selective enforcement, or, eventually, tyranny.

The tax system distorts our lives. We invest for tax reasons rather than growth, link vacations to business conferences, grow fat on business dinners, and have tax-subsidized medical insurance that limits our choices and raises costs for others.

When the tax code and its explanations grew to 46,000 pages, I handed the teetering pile of volumes (just 11 of the 25 actually, I couldn't hold the entire set) to then–Treasury secretary Paul O'Neill. He said he planned to "simplify it." We're still waiting.

There isn't much a Treasury secretary can do, of course, because Congress keeps giving us "breaks." Periodically I make videos of the pandering. There's John Baldacci, Democrat of Maine, shouting on C-SPAN, "We're gonna make sure that families, family businesses, and farms have the breaks that they deserve!" Jim Ramstad, Republican of Minnesota, pops up to say, "No more taxation for survivor benefits for police officers or firefighters!" Then the congressmen applaud themselves.

It's a good way to suck in campaign contributions: Give breaks to those who lobby hardest. The tax code funds half the lobbying in Washington. "No lobbyist left behind," Steve Forbes quips. His flat-tax plan would help. *Anything* simpler and understandable would help.

In 1986, Congress did eliminate some brackets and some shelters. A good start—but since then, they've amended the rules 14,000 times. Today the code exceeds 60,000 pages.

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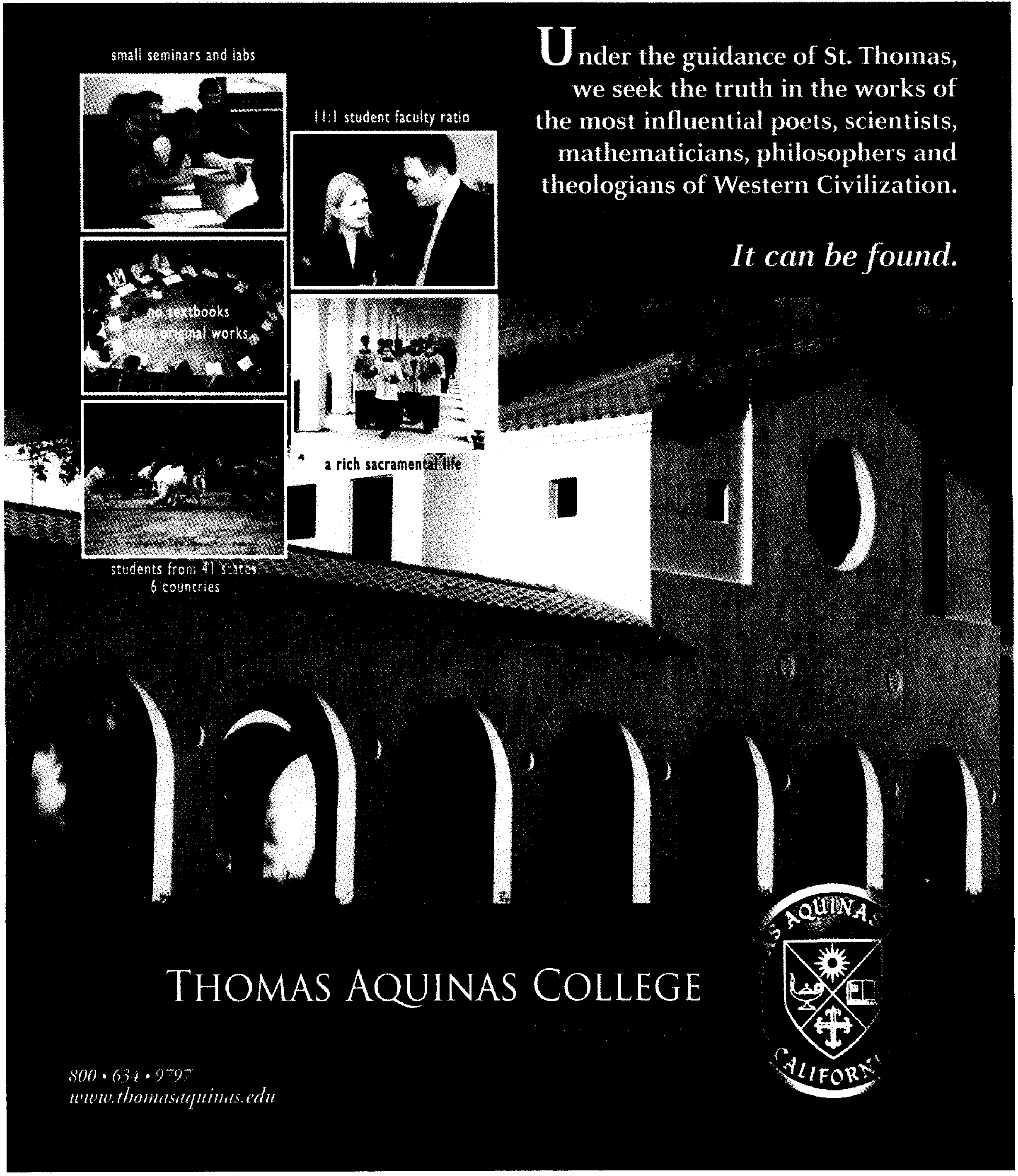
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Over a lifetime, the average taxpayer will spend four months working on tax forms. The GAO says the cost of compliance exceeds $100 billion—1 percent of GDP. All that money, time, and creative energy could have gone to building a better business, curing diseases, or spending quality hours with the family.

Our tax code is an enemy of freedom. It has to be simplified.

Mr. Stossel is co-anchor of the ABC News program *20/20.*

JACOB SULLUM

DRUG LEGALIZATION

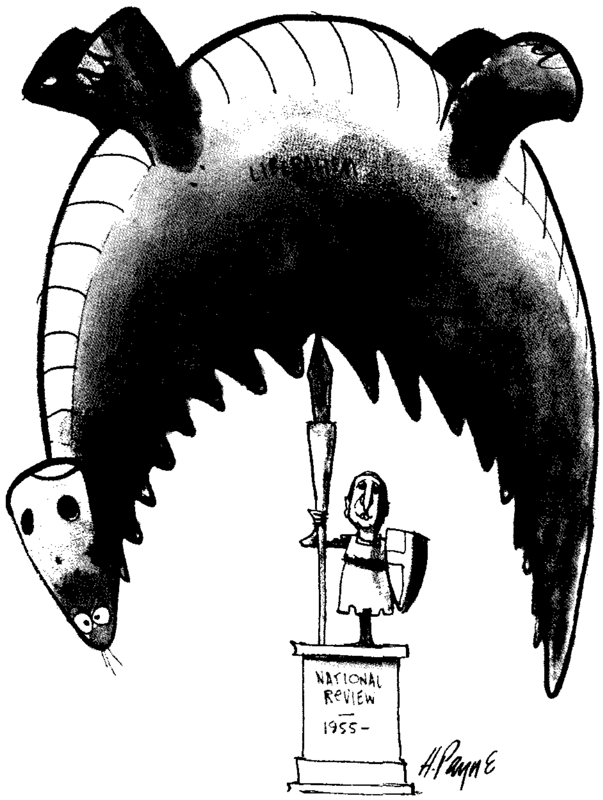
SCIENTISTS at the National Institute on Drug Abuse are very excited about anti-drug "vaccines" that use the immune system to neutralize psychoactive chemicals. Although the products developed so far seem to be only modestly effective, the ultimate aim is to prevent drug use by taking all the fun out of it. NIDA sees the vaccines as a potential drug "treatment" tool, which raises the possibility that they could be forced on people arrested for drug offenses as an alternative to jail. British politicians, meanwhile, are looking forward to the day when drug-use preventatives are added to the list of mandatory vaccinations for children, ultimately protecting all citizens from addiction by rendering them incapable of enjoying forbidden pleasures.

This Orwellian scenario is a logical extension of what federal appeals-court judge Richard Posner aptly calls the government's "quixotic campaign . . . to prevent people from consuming an arbitrary subset of mind-altering drugs." The government has been trying to control our minds indirectly for close to a century, since Congress passed the Harrison Narcotics Act in 1914. Why not take the fight directly to our bloodstreams?

The pleasure-suppressing injections drug warriors dream of exemplify the prohibitionist mentality, which seeks to promote virtue by eliminating temptation instead of fostering self-control. The same arguments that we hear for banning the currently illegal drugs can be applied with equal or greater force to alcohol: concerns about addiction, violence, acute poisoning, long-term health damage, accidents, impaired productivity, and reckless sexual behavior. Yet somehow we manage to address these dangers without prohibition; in fact, we've concluded that they can be addressed more effectively when alcohol is legal.

The costs of trying to substitute government control for self-control are even more pronounced today than they were during the heyday of Al Capone. Aside from the direct government spending it entails (totaling some $40 billion per year in the U.S.), drug prohibition leads to black-market violence, increased property crime, police corruption, and heightened health hazards. It undermines privacy, property rights, religious freedom, freedom of speech, individual responsibility, and respect for the law. It strains our relations with countries that supply the intoxicants Americans demand. It causes unnecessary suffering by blocking access to effective medicines. It produces egregious injustices, such as asset forfeiture without proof of wrongdoing and draconian sentences for nonviolent drug offenders—not to mention the more routine injustices of making 1.7 million drug arrests a year (almost half of them involving marijuana) and keeping a half-million Americans behind bars for catering to politically incorrect recreational tastes.

The most plausible way out of this mess is a path that Congress has blocked with help from the Supreme Court: policy experimentation at the state level. If Congress respected the Constitution, it would step back and allow the states to try different policies regarding drugs produced, sold, and consumed within their borders. The results could help allay fears about life without prohibition and enable Americans to reclaim their minds and bodies from the pharmacological dictators eagerly eyeing their veins.



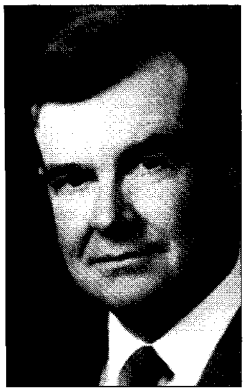
Mr. Sullum, a senior editor at *Reason* and a syndicated columnist, is the author of *Saying Yes: In Defense of Drug Use.*

Unsung Conservatives

Fifteen who made a difference

We could devote a whole issue to unsung conservatives——but we have limited ourselves to 15. These conservatives are "sung," to varying degrees, but they deserve wider recognition. As do a host of others. Our John J. Miller examines and hails the 15, below.

Scott Milross Buchanan (1895–1968): As dean of St. John's College in Annapolis, Md., Buchanan became a founding father of the Great Books syllabus. He divided the curriculum into seven parts—grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy—and insisted that students read directly from the works of classical authors. It didn't bother him that so many were dead white males. "The clearest historic pattern of the liberal arts for the modern mind," he once wrote, "is, curiously enough, to be found in the thirteenth century." Although his personal politics were not recognizably conservative (he was a pacifist who criticized the Cold War), his academic influence was strongly traditionalist.



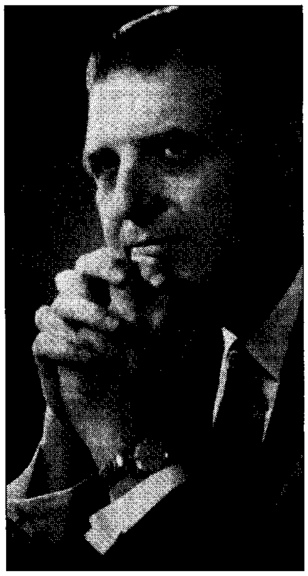
William P. Clark Jr. (b. 1931): One of Ronald Reagan's most loyal and important advisers, Judge Clark took on Rose Bird when they were both members of the California supreme court; played a key role in reviving Reagan's 1980 GOP primary campaign; and served as national security adviser and interior secretary in Washington (replacing problematic appointees on both occasions). He is the most significant Reagan ally not to have written a memoir. "He did more for Reagan and the conservative cause while calling less attention to himself that anyone else I know," says Reagan biographer Lou Cannon.

Erwin A. Glikes (1937–1994): Editors are rarely as famous as the authors they publish, and Glikes was no exception. He was a textbook neoconservative: As a dean at Columbia, he became disenchanted with 1960s radicalism, quit the academy, and turned rightward. At Basic Books in the 1970s and at The Free Press in the 1980s and 1990s, Glikes carved out a space for conservative intellectuals in the often hostile environs of New York publishing. His stable of writers included Allan Bloom, Robert Bork, Charles Murray, George Will, and James Q. Wilson. Their books influenced a generation—and might not have reached a large audience but for their editor's iron determination.

Germain Grisez (b. 1929): One of the great teachers of natural-law theory, Grisez has spent the bulk of his career at Mt. St. Mary's College in western Maryland. He did not achieve the same renown as several scholars who were profoundly inspired by him, such as John Finnis of Oxford and Robert P. George of Princeton, but his ideas have served to strengthen Judeo-Christian moral principles in a secular age. Their imprint may be seen in the encyclicals of Pope John Paul II, especially *Veritatis Splendor* (*The Splendor of Truth*). Grisez also has been a strong voice in opposition to abortion.

Frank Hanighen (1899–1964): As a founder of *Human Events* in 1944, Hanighen helped give the conservative movement one of its first important organs. As the publication's longtime editor, he influenced conservative thinking on a range of subjects, especially foreign policy. Hanighen was instrumental in aligning the Old Right away from its anti-interventionist impulses and toward the realization that the Soviet Union required energetic opposition—a shift in outlook that led to a crackup in the leadership of *Human Events* (most notably, the resignation of co-founder Felix Morley), but not to a crippling personnel crisis, thanks to Hanighen's steady hand.

Carl F. H. Henry (1913–2003): Billy Graham was the greatest evangelical preacher of the 20th century; one of the greatest evangelical thinkers was Henry. An ordained Baptist minister, he gave the evangelical movement its intellectual heft through his books and, most notably, his editorship of *Christianity Today*, a magazine that he and Graham founded in 1956 to counteract the influence of the more liberal *Christian Century*. Although he defended traditional understandings of Scripture, he rejected fundamentalist rigidity and urged evangelicals to engage the wider world rather than to retreat from it—an encouragement that continues to motivate serious Christians to occupy the public square.



Vivien Kellems (1896–1975): A feisty cable-grip manufacturer based in Connecticut, Kellems became the first great anti-tax crusader in the postwar era. In 1948, she quit withholding taxes from the paychecks of her employees, saying that she refused to be the federal government's uncompensated tax collector. This act of civil disobedience won her no admirers at the IRS, and

agents eventually seized her bank account. "The income tax is the strongest weapon ever placed in the hands of an unscrupulous government," Kellems wrote in her book, *Toil, Taxes, and Trouble.* In later battles, she called for the repeal of the Sixteenth Amendment—and her genius for positive publicity helped turn her into a folk hero.

Charles G. Koch (b. 1935): As chairman and CEO of Wichita-based Koch Industries, one of the largest privately held companies in the United States, Koch (pronounced "Coke") is a captain of industry. He is also an innovative philanthropist with a keen interest in pragmatic libertarianism, providing seed funds to important organizations such as the Cato Institute and the Institute for Justice, as well as ongoing support for these and other organizations. Detractors have referred to the "Koch-topus," whose tentacles touch virtually every organization on the free-market right—but the man's influence has been a boon to the friends of individual rights and economic liberty.

Kenneth S. Lynn (1923–2001): Professor Lynn was that rare thing: an academic specialist in American culture who actually admired American culture. It troubled him to see American Studies transform, on so many campuses, into what he called "Anti-American Studies." A onetime faculty member at Harvard and Johns Hopkins, Lynn is perhaps best known for a biography of Ernest Hemingway that is both creative and definitive. Conservatives first noticed him for essays that appeared in *The American Scholar* and *Commentary*, and collected as *The Air-Line to Seattle*—a series of savage critiques of liberalism's most fashionable ideas and figures. Above all, in a dark age of postmodern nonsense, Lynn was a writer of compelling prose and a champion of clear thinking.

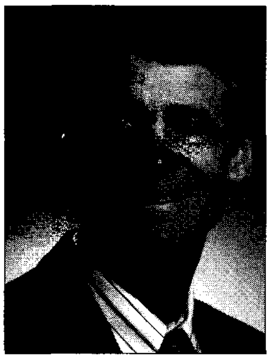
Henry G. Manne (b. 1928): Although Gary Becker, Ronald Coase, and Richard Posner will be remembered as the superstar intellectuals of the law-and-economics movement, this school of thought's greatest impresario probably has been Manne. A formidable scholar in his own right, Manne demonstrated an even greater talent for organization when he founded the Law and Economics Center, now based at George Mason University in Virginia, and began teaching a generation of judges that legal rules have economic consequences. The LEC's seminars have proven both popular and effective, helping ideas once confined to the University of Chicago's lecture halls trickle down into America's courtrooms.

E. Victor Milione (b. 1924): When Milione first began recruiting college students to the conservative movement, he would attach a "Taft for President" pin to his jacket, wander around campuses, and wait for passersby to strike up conversations. If they were friendly and intelligent, he would try to convince them to join a group that is now known as the Intercollegiate Studies Institute. This pavement-pounding activist eventually became ISI's president, a position he held from 1963 to 1988. He created fellowships, founded publications, and broadened the group's mission—and in doing so became one the conservative movement's great salesmen.

Tom Pauken (b. 1944): A lifelong conservative activist, Pauken began his career leading the College Republicans at Georgetown University. He volunteered for Goldwater, served in the Nixon and Reagan administrations, and then moved to Texas, where he played an instrumental role in the GOP's takeover of state politics. His most noteworthy accomplishments include defeating Democratic governor Ann Richards's school-funding scheme and, in 1997, Republican governor George W. Bush's tax-reform plan (which looked suspiciously like a tax increase). At some point in the future, Karl Rove and his most famous client may want to send Pauken a much-belated thank-you note for correcting an early misstep.

James E. Piereson (b. 1946): As executive director of the John M. Olin Foundation for two decades, Piereson oversaw a grant program that channeled hundreds of millions of dollars to conservative causes. These funds helped create and sustain a movement of intellectuals and activists who have left deep marks on domestic and foreign policy. Piereson's most noteworthy act may involve his devotion to donor intent: John M. Olin, who died in 1982, stipulated that his foundation survive only a generation beyond his own life. In accordance with this desire, Piereson has just finished a final round of grants that will empty the foundation's coffers and allow it to close on time.

Rolland Storey (1911–1999): A born showman, Storey retired from the natural-gas industry in 1976 and founded what is now the Free Enterprise Institute, which has taught high-school students and teachers about free-market concepts and constitutional principles ever since. Most of his programs focused on schools in Texas, especially in Houston, but they also had a national reach. Storey himself was a hands-on leader who loved working directly with kids. He was famous for entertaining speeches that included exploding cakes as props. He also promoted a special mnemonic device: His students not only could explain the meaning of the Constitution, but many of them actually could recite its entire contents.



John Walton (1946–2005): When this heir to the Wal-Mart fortune died in a plane crash earlier this year at the age of 58, *Forbes* magazine ranked him the 11th wealthiest man in the world. Yet there was nothing luxurious about his upbringing—he dropped out of college to join the Army, served in Vietnam, and won a Silver Star as a member of the Green Berets. In the 1990s, he became one of the country's most generous philanthropists, donating tens of millions of dollars to support school-choice programs and charter schools. What Andrew Carnegie was to libraries, Walton was to educational reform. **NR**

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GROWING UP GUGGENHEIM:

A PERSONAL HISTORY OF A FAMILY ENTERPRISE

by Peter Lawson-Johnston

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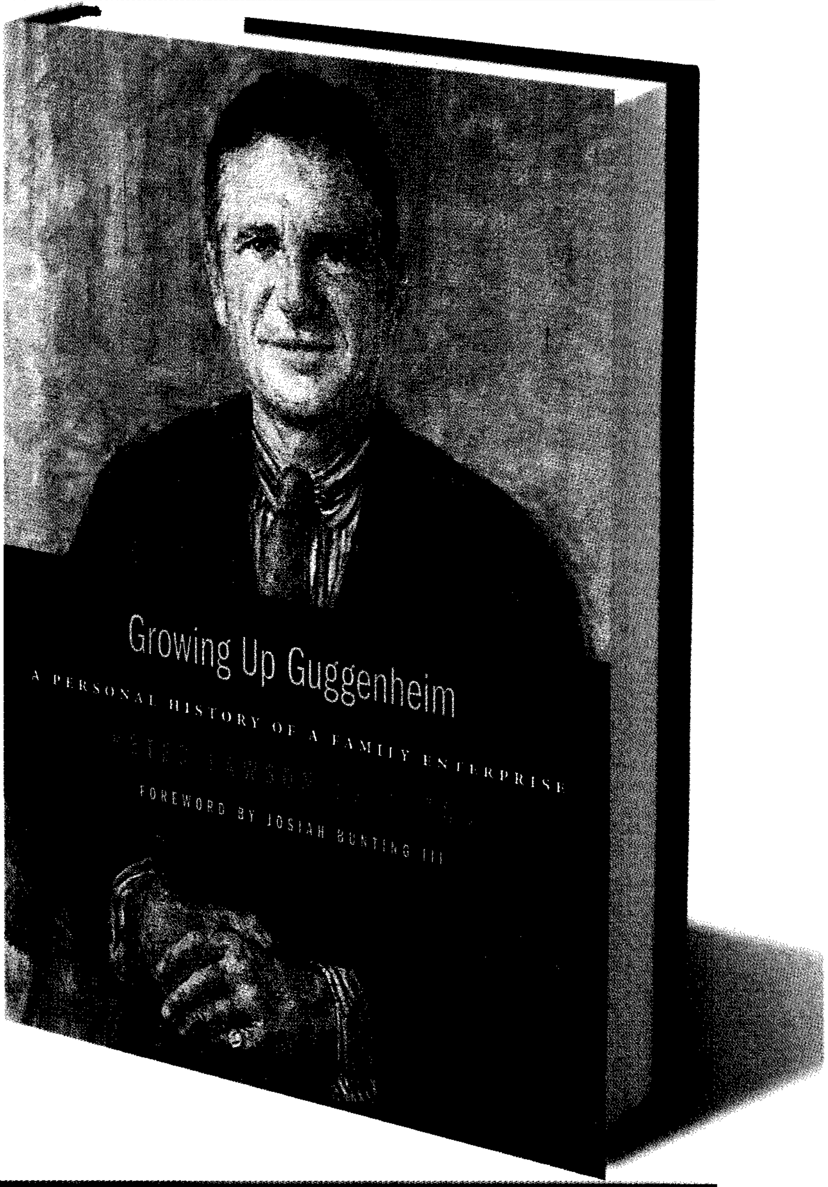
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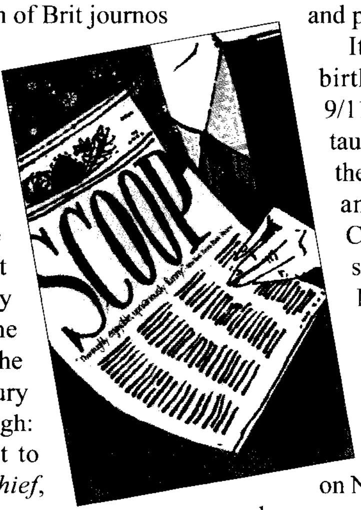
Farewell to Evelyn Waugh

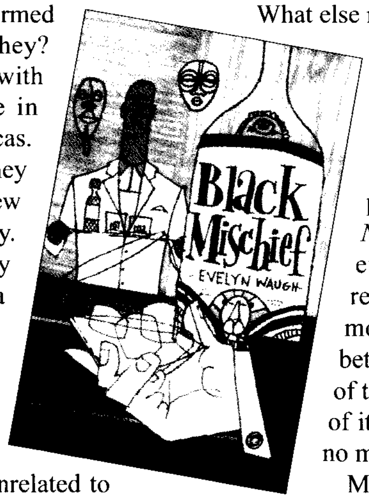
And leave the 'happy darkie' to the multiculturalists

RICHARD BROOKHISER

ONE of the unexpected pleasures of my career was meeting the model for William Boot, anti-hero of *Scoop*, Evelyn Waugh's anti-Bible for journalists. Boot is the unworldly English nature columnist who finds himself suddenly transformed into a war correspondent in darkest Africa. Waugh modeled him on William Deedes, a young reporter he had known in Abyssinia in the 1930s. Sixty years later I met Deedes at the Republican convention in San Diego, at a lunch of Brit journos that I went to with John O'Sullivan. In Deedes's sweetness and mildness I saw the materials that Waugh's malicious genius had used to make his newsroom Candide.



It is a measure of the esteem in which I, and any literate journalist my age, held Waugh that I prized the encounter so much. I took a double pleasure as a conservative journalist, for I not only admired Waugh's prose and his satire of my profession, but shared his caustic view of the world. Yet I now know that one of our tasks for the rest of my life—and for the rest of the century beyond that—is to bid farewell to Evelyn Waugh: not to the stylist, the farceur, the elegist, but to Waugh the author of *Scoop* and *Black Mischief*, Waugh the anthropologist.



Waugh the anthropologist taught me, or confirmed in me, a belief in happy darkies. Who are they? Happy darkies are most of the world: people with skins generally darker than mine, who live in Africa, most of Asia, and much of the Americas. Sometimes they start at Calais. These days they certainly inhabit every restaurant kitchen in New York. It seems paradoxical to call them happy. They are poor, numerous, and pregnant; if they work, it is to little purpose; their religions span a simple spectrum from witchcraft to wrath, and their societies alternate between tyranny and chaos; they beat their wives, scarify their daughters, and occasionally eat their enemies; they have never read (if they can read) a book that was not holy, or heard a piece of music unrelated to copulation. This is the composite other—the 11th edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, with laughs—that Waugh evoked in his African tales, or when his fiction touched down on other remote parts of the world, such as the Amazon.

Yet the lives of happy darkies have an equilibrium of their own, Waugh believed, and there is something worse than those lives. What is worse is the trouble that ensues when someone from outside—born in, or touched by, the non-darkie world that we live in—tries to transform them. The black Communists and fascists of *Scoop*, the Emperor Seth and his English sidekick Basil Seal in *Black Mischief*, cause true mischief because they upset the natural order. They want to make the darkie modern and better; they only vex him, until their inevitable failure, when things return to their bleak but regular course. Leave the darkie in his misery, for that is his happiness.

This vision of the happy darkie formed a part—authoritative, austere, and cozy—of the worldview of the Right I grew up in. It was authoritative because Waugh had been to these places. He had logged the miles, he had seen with his own eyes. He belonged to the reality-based community. It was austere because it set limits to hope. Good feelings counted for only so much. Past a certain point, effort was vain. All men were not created equal. It was cozy because white Americans—and even black Americans were pretty damned white compared with happy darkies—did not live there, but here, in a land of order, freedom, and promise.

It is hard to think of specific days—apart from births, weddings, and deaths—when life changes. 9/11 was such a day. With the vulgarity of murder, it taught a lesson about us and the other. The world of the happy darkie was not in equilibrium, but in flux, and the flux could come here. I grew up fearing Communism, which killed thousands of American servicemen when I was a teenager. But for all their MiGs and nukes, the Communists never killed anyone in the United States. Now a few jihadists with box-cutters killed 3,000, three miles from my apartment, four miles from NATIONAL REVIEW. I had made a second career writing about the American Revolution. This was the first attack on New York since 1776. Then we had been small and weak; now we were supposedly the mightiest power on earth. What else might our new enemies do?

We could respond to our situation in various ways. We could go into a defensive crouch. One letter-writer to the *New York Times* (where do they find these people?) said we should post a man with a gun at every bridge, dam, and power plant in the country. There's a good plan. *Not.* Or we could go on the offensive, the only effective defense. That would mean toppling regimes and threatening others. But the task is more than military. It involves doing, wisely and better, what Seth and Basil tried: transforming parts of the world. Doing it wisely means not doing most of it ourselves, but helping other people—the other no more—do so.

My colleague John Derbyshire, drawing on his knowledge of Chinese history, urges us to adopt the imperial Chinese policy of stirring up the barbarians—breaking up their threatening combinations, sowing discord, keeping

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NATIONAL REVIEW

The Lion King

BY JOHN J. MILLER

Somewhere in Time

Midway between 1955 and 2005, American Press began its printing partnership with National Reivew.

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them off balance. There will be plenty of opportunity for that. As a grand strategy, however, it worked (when it worked, for some barbarians—e.g., the Manchus—conquered the empire) only because the technological limit of force projection throughout most of Chinese history was set by the stirrup. The airplane, the passport, and the cheap book have made a different world. The first two bring enemies here; the third makes them here.

What makes the new world hard is that Evelyn Waugh was mostly right. What he described in Abyssinia and the Amazon was true, as far as it went. Culture is mighty; faith blinds and inflames. Men and women must live, one way or another, so they will live with almost anything, however evil or grotesque, so long as their parents knew it, and it gets them through the day. When you go out into the world, you better take good maps, or you might as well stay home.

What Waugh did not describe were the effects of mobility and (oddly, for a satirist of journalism) media. Seth and Basil are no longer the only people in Azania who have been to Oxford—or if not to Oxford, to Bradford or Brooklyn. Images of our world circle the globe, via movies and rock music and al-Jazeera. Many of the images are perverse, insane, or dishonest. Much of the contact of civilizations arising from immigration, legal and illegal, creates frustration and rage. Mobility and media cause flux, even more elsewhere than here, and this flux can turn deadly. But in the flux, people often hope for something better, and sometimes hope for it in ways that will actually lead to something better. There is aspiration in the flux and potential for instruction too—from experience, and from example. Does the aspiration arise from—can the instruction speak to—aspects of our nature? Is there such a thing as human nature? Are all men created equal? We shall see.

Meanwhile, look what has happened to the happy darkie. Some conservatives hold on to him as an old childhood friend. But he is the new best friend of the Left, and the liberals they influence. Multiculturalism is the modern ideology of the happy darkie. We have our ways, he has his; leave him alone. Postmodernism discovered that there was no nature, only viewpoints. Post-orientalism discovered that one of those viewpoints was the happy darkie's. Multiculturalists aren't as funny as Evelyn Waugh, but they believe essentially the same thing. They are welcome to it. **NR**

MAGIC MOMENTS

Adlai flaunting grandiloquent prose
Grinning Ike would good-naturedly hose.
Mrs. Luce when she called us, oh boy!
(She was right, of course), "the aristoi.*"*
Jackie doing her cultural things
As Jack had, in the family rooms, flings.
Sad Sack Carter, who set temps so low,
Fingers froze when the prez had to go.

—W. H. von Dreele

Enlist Them

The president should do more to involve Americans in the war

MIDGE DECTER

ANYONE with a minimally dispassionate sense of history would have to judge that George W. Bush conducted the Iraq war brilliantly. Yet he has been dogged from almost the very first moment by restless disaffection. Self-styled experts, many of them retired military men, complained of the plan of battle, of the shortage of troops, of the speed of the march on Baghdad, of the failure of supply—and an all-too-eager press was on hand to echo them. The chorus of the disaffected grew ever louder after the fighting stopped: There was unchecked looting, there was no electricity, he ought to dismantle the Iraqi army, he ought not to have dismantled the Iraqi army, many of our allies were becoming disenchanted, our soldiers were out of control and torturing prisoners, and on and on. Each day brought its own quota of complaints. Finally lady luck began to smile upon the prophets of doom, for in the wake of Saddam Hussein, there came a second war. This was the war of disguised combatants and murderous roadside bombs, a war of terror seemingly without end.

And so at last: an indisputable, authentic quagmire.

Thus each and every death in Iraq was to be given full publicity. Thus liberal columnists and editorialists were to take an ever dimmer and more troubled view of their country's government and its policies, while others claiming to be Bush-administration supporters would offer their stern chastisements more in sorrow than in anger. Thus anti-war demonstrations were to flower once more on the usual college campuses. And thus a woman named Cindy Sheehan, ostensibly in memory of her son killed in combat, would set about to open up the dungeons wherein languished the pro-Soviet, pro-Castro, pro-Che radicals of yesteryear, happy once again to be let out into the sunshine of flashing cameras and long-suffering cops. In the immortal words of the immortal Yogi Berra, it was "déjà vu all over again." Indeed, someone only recently arrived in this land might have trouble believing that the young American men and women fighting in Iraq are there by virtue of volunteering to serve.

As for the party out of power, aside from its cadre of committed leftists, some of its refusal to recognize the achievements of the United States in Iraq is simple politics: Since the election of 2000, the Democrats have continued to nurse a sense of grievance over the means by which George W. Bush came into the presidency. Moreover, that handsome old World War II slogan, "Politics stops at the water's edge" (first enunciated, be it remembered, by the anti-Roosevelt Republicans), did, though just barely, manage to influence the manners of partisan behavior through the Korean War. And after that came Vietnam.

Midge Decter is the author of *Rumsfeld: A Personal Portrait* and *An Old Wife's Tale: My Seven Decades in Love and War.*

Standing Together Athwart History, Yelling 'STOP!'"

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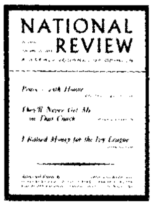
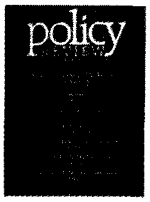


1955 William F. Buckley Jr. publishes *National Review's* first issue, telling readers that its purpose is to stand "athwart history, yelling Stop, at a time when no one is inclined to do so..."

1964 The Philadelphia Society is formed with the help of Buckley and *NR* Senior Editor Frank Meyer. Future Heritage President Ed Feulner elected treasurer. Buckley puts up $100 so "we could open a bank account."

1973 The Heritage Foundation is incorporated as a non-profit public policy institute. Feulner named a trustee and later president in 1977.



1986 Future *National Review* Editor Rich Lowry interns at *Policy Review*, a Heritage journal.

1990 Former *Policy Review* Editor John O'Sullivan replaces Buckley as top editor of *National Review*.

1991 *National Review* creates TownHall as a private conservative online bulletin board with about 700 subscribers. In 1993, Heritage joins forces with *NR* to create a TownHall forum on CompuServe.

1995 Townhall.com debuts on the World Wide Web. Also, future *NR* Washington Editor Kate O'Beirne joins Heritage, rising to become a vice president.

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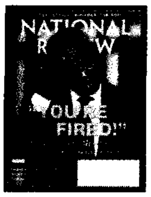
1999 Heritage awards Buckley the Clare Boothe Luce Award, its highest honor.



2004 Heritage Senior Research Fellow Nile Gardiner and *NR*'s editors share a cover story, "You're Fired! Why Kofi Annan Must Go."

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Naturally, because on 9/11 the United States was hit, and for the very first time since Pearl Harbor, on its own territory, no Democratic politician with high ambitions for the future could have voted against our going to war in Afghanistan and even in Iraq. That did not mean, however, that the growing chorus of criticism of the war plan for Iraq did not warm the cockles of his—and, let us not forget, her—heart. Moreover, the post-9/11 swell of high patriotic sentiment was fading fast, and Bush's second term had barely commenced before it had once again become open season not only on him but on the country as well.

How could this turnabout have happened, and how, above all, could it have happened so quickly? The answer to this question is one that bears not only on our success or failure in dealing with today's terrorists but also on our ability to counter other, as yet unforeseen, dangers to our security and well-being. While in some cases the bill of indictment of Bush's handling of the war comes close to burlesque (and in others, *is* burlesque), the president does bear a measure of responsibility for the lack of focus currently being displayed by the public in relation to Iraq.

Bush entered the presidency with ambitions in a number of directions, some of which, like improving the country's schools, are far better left untouched by Washington. But once the country was attacked, and the decision was made to go to war, what he needed to do, and failed to do, was take the whole country to war, spiritually speaking.

From time to time over the past 60 years, there has arisen a great swell of public nostalgia for World War II—for the war fought by those whom Tom Brokaw so famously dubbed "the greatest generation" and who have over the years been immortalized in song and story and film. Now, there was a war for you: huge mistakes in planning, high casualties in training, squabbles of vanity among the generals who influenced strategy, faulty intelligence praised, good intelligence ignored, and nearly half a million dead. Half a million! Yet for all that, once Pearl Harbor was attacked, the entire country was emotionally mobilized to take some part in the war that followed, even if only in the cheering section. Eventually everyone either had or knew someone being drafted into the Army, Roosevelt was entirely focused on winning the war, and, indeed, until the war was over, party politics did stop at the water's edge. And except for the principled pacifists, nowhere in public did one ever hear even a whispered suggestion that the war was wrong or that it was being conducted badly.

Obviously, conditions surrounding the anti-terrorist war into which the United States has now been plunged are not even faintly similar. Yet the country is in danger, in some ways in even greater danger than in 1941, for those who would destroy us hide in shadows, and behind, and even sometimes inside, the skirts of women. And yet its citizens are not being called upon, not to help in any way, not even to rally. But can anyone doubt, after seeing the response to the victims of Hurricane Katrina on the part of so many Americans in so many different places, that being called upon lifts the spirits and strengthens the sinews?

So far the president has asked of us very little more than that we continue to go about our daily business of getting and spending. Some wars can perhaps be fought this way, but in the long run it will not do for the United States of America, a country whose people are growing restless and irritable without the need to play some important part in their country's battles. **NR**

Without Which Conservatism Is Stillborn

Culture is not something for which you can buy a ticket; it is cradle and crucible

MARK HELPRIN

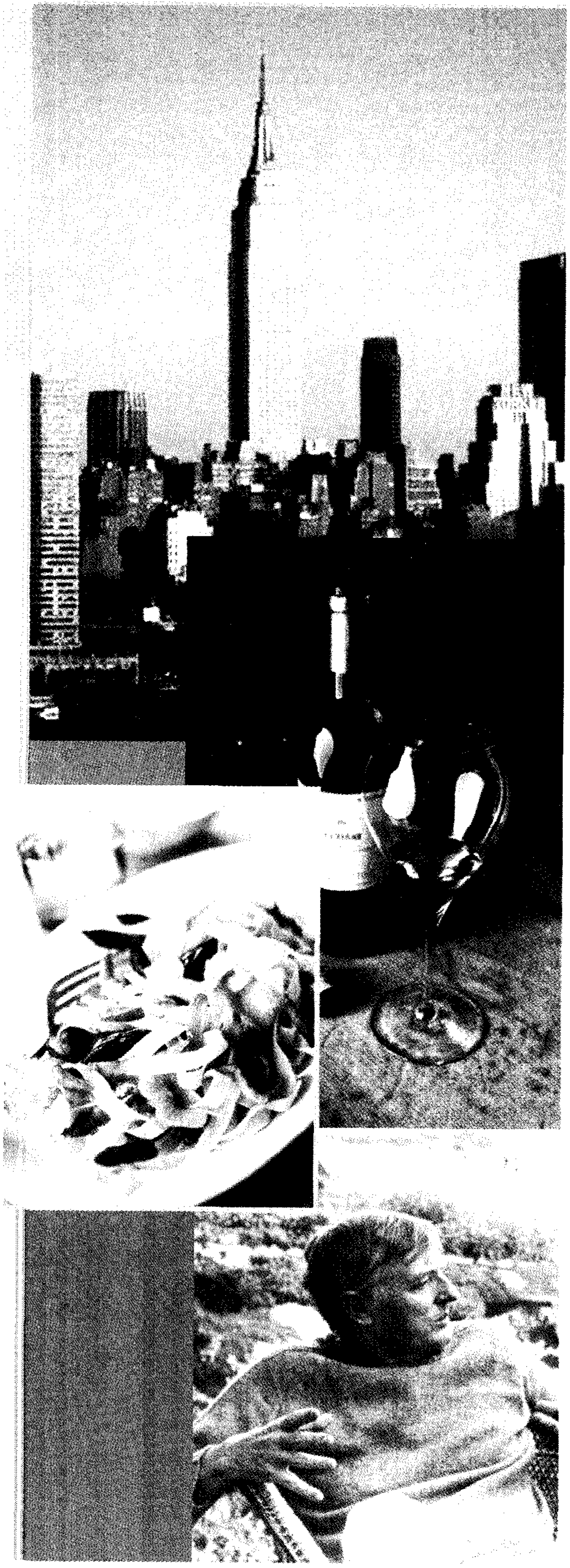
ALTHOUGH some who use Conservatism as an implement may not think so, Conservatism broadly speaking stems from an impulse of far greater import than politics alone. And in this regard, perhaps the most fundamental division between conservatives and modern liberals is a belief or disbelief in an ordered universe, the splendor of which is an invitation to man to try for his justice and works to approximate the constancy and balance of natural laws, and for his reticence in the command and direction of others to be appropriate to his limited powers.

To believe instead in accident and disorder is to refuse the evidence of a universe that hangs together rather well, in favor of the primacy of man, and therefore the legitimacy of pure power. The implications of this philosophical and temperamental difference—divine purpose for the conservative bent of mind and random disorder for the liberal—play themselves out in every conceivable situation.

Locked in struggle with its opposite, each tendency is continually presented not only with primarily intellectual propositions, but with problems arising from nature, the development of society, and the advance of knowledge, and with combinations arising from the interaction of all. Given this unceasing stream of problems, one must react either by propounding a new thesis or by arguing in antithesis. In static and traditional societies, such as the Islamic world, where belief is more settled than not, the antithesis—not as a challenge to orthodoxy but as a block on change—enjoys every advantage. In the West, where the mainspring has been newly arising ideas and initiatives, the advantage is almost always with the new thesis, with the offering rather than with the recoiling.

William F. Buckley's extraordinary strategical contribution to public life from mid-century onward has been that his energy and brilliance have allowed him and his collaborators to offer, while floating in a sea of liberal theses, not only a

Mr. Helprin, a senior fellow of the Claremont Institute and a visiting fellow of Hillsdale College, is the author, most recently, of the novel *Freddy and Fredericka*. His website is www.MarkHelprin.com.



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persistent flow of counterarguments but a sea of their own credible, viable, and intriguing propositions. Unlike many others, Buckley sensed that the doctrines of Liberalism had become sufficiently stale to allow a new tack. Their lethargy and recession would open wide avenues down which he would drive, and he did, when no one thought it safe to do so, even though, manifestly, it was.

This realization, which has changed history, was Reagan's hallmark as well. Although many focus on the positiveness of Reagan's temperament, his achievement lay in the positiveness of his ideas. Not only his temperament but his unjustly maligned intellect enabled him to concentrate upon assertion rather than defense. He was thereby able to capture the agenda and the imaginations of the Republican party, a majority of the American people, and a good part of the world, leaving his opponents in a reactive hissy fit to which he paid little heed not because he was deaf to their arguments but because he was traveling faster than the speed of their sound. So too with the success of modern evangelical Christianity, which, blissfully unaware of its detractors, harvests immense numbers of adherents fleeing from the failures and presumptions of orthodox disbelief.

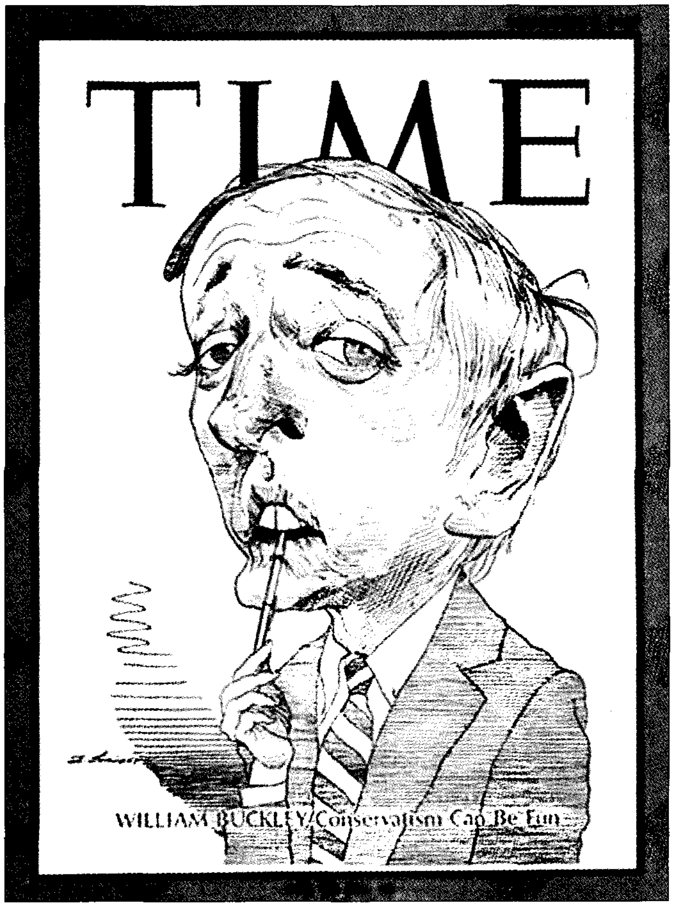
Conservatives are instinctively aware that in politics as in religion success gravitates more readily to proposal than to disposal. They know that continuation of the enterprise requires more Buckleys, Reagans, and Thatchers with the talent and charisma to lead them from the chaotic skirmishes of the day into what Churchill called the broad sunlit uplands.

Conservatism awaits this, but in the waiting, despite frequent bravado, are intimations of stagnation, reversal, and loss. This is because conservatives, knowing the power of proposal rather than disposal, thesis rather than antithesis, truncate its application and limit it to politics and religion, with which they are comfortable and familiar, while the major part of the battle is fought elsewhere.

For any gains in politics, no matter how indelible they seem, can easily be washed away—in a generation, in a decade, year, month, or minute—by culture, the great Conservative terra incognita, ceded not merely to Conservatism's transient political opponents, which would be minor, but to its habitual philosophical opponents, which is not.

Even though frequently mistaken as something for which you can buy a ticket, culture is the cradle and crucible not only of all politics but of those things that politics serve and for which they exist in the first place. Fundamental politics are born not, as some insist, from conflicts of distribution, but from emotion, identity, love, and belief—all things that culture shapes and by which it is shaped—and to attempt to preserve the political work of decades without addressing culture (the word itself is insufficiently expressive) is to entrust water to a sieve. Even to perceive culture as the guardian of politics rather than the other way around is to entrust the same water to the same sieve.

Conservatives have yet to approach culture as William F. Buckley approached political philosophy half a century ago. The theses of our culture are almost universally propounded by the Left—in education at all levels; publishing of all types; film and television; what used to be the fine arts; music; and in the libraries and museums, where history can be altered with an unnoticed deaccession or the flick of a caption. Looking upon all this as if silent upon a peak in Darien, Connecticut, are armies of conservatives who mainly react. There below them, stretching to the horizon, is the Pacific, and because they hesitate to swim in it, they are reduced to criticizing it. What will prevail in man's life or imagination, the ocean or those who—even if rightly—take exception to it?


TIME
WILLIAM BUCKLEY/Conservatism Can Be Fun

TIME INC./NOV 3, 1967, ISSUE

Conservatives have yet to approach culture as William F. Buckley approached political philosophy half a century ago.

That the antitheses are usually just is irrelevant to the outcome, for here as almost everywhere the initiative rules. Consider the relative impacts of film and of film criticism; music and music criticism; education and criticism of educational fashion. Cultural abominations thrive not because they are insufficiently criticized but for lack of adequately supported competition.

Although not a few conservatives with a self-sacrificial bent are at work in the belles lettres and beaux arts, the conservative masses (what a delightful phrase) have largely ceded these fields or have been frozen in or out of them in the reactive position from which conservatives must be freed if their enterprise is to succeed and their principles are to thrive.

At the turn of the last century, the threads of modernism came together and produced a violent cataclysm—first in philosophy, art, and opinion, and then in the unrivaled destruction brought by total war, in the enslavement of nations, multiple genocides, and a vast and continuing human alien-

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ation. The core elements of the modernist proposal—that there is neither God nor absolute truth, the universe is accidental, and man, though he is merely a mechanism, is nonetheless the measure of all things—are the reigning postulates of the contemporary West. But, like most orthodoxies, modernism—its power having freed it from taking account of truth—stands habitually in contradiction to the realities it denies, and has entered the coercive stage in which nihilistic philosophies play out their last days. Triumphant as it is, its every move will add to the counter pressure that eventually will overturn it.

Because it is necessary not only to sink rival ships but to sail one's own, independent forces (in addition to and beyond the counter pressure) must come afresh over and above the battle. There are at least two. The first is science, which originally engendered the present orthodoxy by its mastery of temporal powers. Samuel Johnson said that just because a man can electrify a bottle does not mean that he is qualified to solve the problems of war and peace. And, today, the ability to describe a molecular or astrophysical process does not even touch the skirts of the deepest and most abiding questions. Nonetheless, science is directed at verifiable truth, and despite retrograde ideologies that cling to the scientific establishment, the more that science illumines the darkness, the more whatever is seen appears wonderfully coherent, even if not entirely predictable or comprehensible. Given that the driving force of science since its beginnings has been to discover coherence, though science in its first blush and infancy gave rise to the present nihilistic orthodoxy, science as it progresses may turn out to be one of the engines that overturn it.

The second element that can ride over and above the battle and leave inconstant policy questions behind, can and should be a resumption—in the writing of novels, the teaching of students, the making of films, the publishing of books, the painting of paintings—of the course civilization has followed naturally and universally, in which the postulates that animate art and culture are unity, symmetry, balance, beauty, justice, humility—those things that, although once taken for granted, a sickened culture rejects; those things that are the children of an ordered universe, which, even if should it prove not to have had an Author, is structured as if it did.

In the Sixties, the Left, having failed to make revolution, embarked upon a long march through the institutions. One can only admire its persistence, while at the same time rejecting its powerful tactics, which have brought ruin. The object for the Right must be neither to root out that which is "incorrect" (something at which the Left, fundamentally wedded to coercion, has excelled) nor to ravish institutions that are three-quarters dead from having been ravished over decades, but to make and keep alive the works and principles to which those institutions can turn in the crisis of their bankruptcy.

Many of these principles have been long enough in exile that to uphold them now, not in opposition but in assertion, would be like building a new city. Devotion to them is hardly without risk, but the universal truth that is their origin is also their strength. And, besides, whether one is successful or not, it is better to work in the light of civilization than to gather riches in the dark. **NR**

In These Times

2005 is better than 1955, by a damn sight

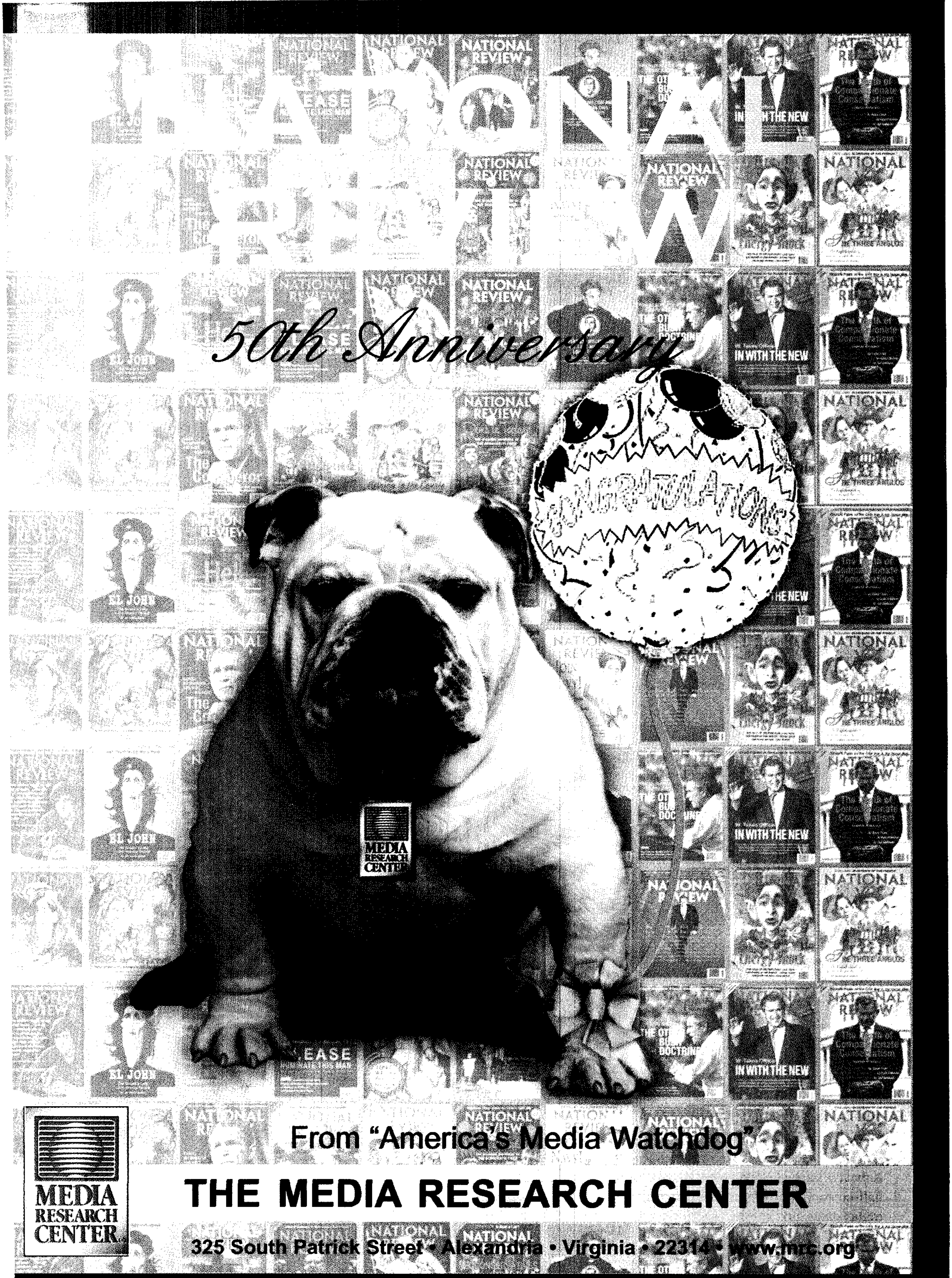
PAUL JOHNSON

To those who despair about the state of the world today, it is salutary to cast the mind back to 1955 and ask the question, Was it a better, safer, and more hopeful place then? The answer is, on the whole, no, and it is worth examining why.

In the autumn of 1955 America seemed, on the surface at least, a stable, contented place under the benign neglect of President Eisenhower, perfectly encapsulated in the brilliant covers of that great artist Norman Rockwell. But it was not so. The South was still solid: its aim separate but equal, its reality segregationist and unequal. That huge problem remained entirely unsolved. It is a matter of judgment to what extent it has been solved in 2005, for the New Orleans disaster revealed a picture of poverty and underprivilege that made most Americans shudder. But it is incontestable that the United States is a more integrated and just society than it was then, and in the past half-century it has demonstrated that it can absorb and integrate enormous numbers of people. Indeed, some of these immigrant communities—Koreans, Cubans, Lebanese, Vietnamese, for example—have proved among the most successful groups in the country's history. They have helped to ensure that the American economy, with a few blips and pauses, has continued to expand over the past fifty years, bringing unprecedented material prosperity for the overwhelming majority of the population. The population, in turn, has grown steadily, now nearing the 300 million mark, and calculated to be about 400 million by the mid-21st century.

This should ensure American material leadership for the foreseeable future. In the 1950s, students of trends predicted that the U.S. would be overtaken by the German and Japanese "miracles." But such supernatural events have come and gone, as has the possibility that a United States of Europe would displace America in the world. In fact, of all the major capitalist powers, the United States has proved the most innovative and resilient in the past half-century, and those who have approximated most closely to her system, such as Britain and Australia, have fared almost as well—while those who have repudiated the free market in favor of its "social" version, such as France, have done relatively badly. Not least, the U.S. has kept, even increased, its scientific and technological lead. The notion that the Soviet Union, after its success with Sputnik, would become the power of the future—summed up in Nikita Khrushchev's threat to the West, "We will bury you"—now seems quaint. The more plausible prophecy, so current in the 1970s, that Japan would become the leader, has also been falsified. The main reasons for U.S. dominance seem to be the high degree of freedom at every level in American society and the number,

Mr. Johnson is the author of many books, including the forthcoming *Creators: From Chaucer and Dürer to Picasso and Disney* (March, HarperCollins).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variety, and quality of American universities, which—judged by any quantifiable criteria—outperform the rest of the world's combined.

The West is still fractious in 2005, and America's allies, with few exceptions, are unreliable. But so it was in 1955. Churchill had just retired, and his successor, Anthony Eden, in conjunction with the French, soon got himself into a major dispute with Eisenhower over the Suez crisis of 1956. We have nothing like that today, and indeed for all kinds of geopolitical reasons the U.S. is much less dependent on allies in 2005 than it was half a century ago, and more capable of preemptive and unilateral action anywhere in the world.

The world is a safer place, too, in one essential way. In 1955, and for long after, the threat of a modern war between Soviet Russia and the West was real and omnipresent, and in 1962, during the Cuban missile crisis, seemed to come frighteningly close. A nuclear war between major powers now seems almost inconceivable, and nightmare scenarios of the human race wiped out and the world rendered uninhabitable have been discarded. The fact that these worries have been replaced, among the alarmist classes, by apocalyptic visions of global warming and other natural catastrophes is somehow comforting. Mankind, particularly the nervous intelligentsia, needs to agitate itself about something, and the current concern about the weather suggests that the realistic geopolitical outlook is benign.

It is true that the placid state of the West, and other societies enjoying peace and plenty, can be periodically shattered, especially by Islamist terrorism. Islam was only just beginning to reawaken in 1955, when the cliché among the liberal intelligentsia was, "We must come to terms with the Arabs." In the last half-century colossal sums of money in oil royalties have been earned, or at any rate received, by Islamic nations. Virtually all of it has been wasted, and the sole important legacy is the terrorist network. We are right to be concerned about it, and Europe, especially those parts of it penetrated by large Muslim minorities, ought to be more concerned than it is. But the power of such extremists to inflict serious physical damage on our heartlands is slight, and the likelihood is that the current effervescent Islamic faith will subside in the next half-century, probably sooner rather than later. We have to prevent rogue states, and still more terrorist gangs, from getting armories of nuclear bombs and other horror-weapons. But this problem is being tackled, and all the evidence suggests it will not get out of hand.

Among the hopeful developments of the last half-century has been the gradual spread of democratic systems, and habits including the rule of law in all parts of the world. The totalitarian era is definitely over, which it certainly was not in 1955. Stalin, then recently dead, and Mao Tse-tung, then very much alive and on target for his total killings of 70 million innocents, now seem figures from a dead past. It is true that China is still, in theory and to some extent in practice, a Communist dictatorship. But it is also a country that has embraced capitalism, and is creating a large middle class and an affluent workforce, and the fact that hundreds of millions of Chinese now enjoy reasonable prosperity and even own property is the best guarantee that the horrors of the past have been banished for good, and that China will take something approximating to the American road, rather than any other.

SIBA
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India, bustling

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Equally hopeful is the prospect that India, which will have an even larger population than China's by 2050, is also becoming affluent. And because India has chosen to specialize in information technology—rather than heavy industry, as China has done—the chances are it will become the more prosperous of the two during the next fifty years. In 1955 it did not seem likely that India would retain its heritage of freedom, law, and democracy. But it has done so, and these values are its best guarantee of a prosperous future. Other parts of the world, still poor and undemocratic, are bound to take note of India's performance and example. Time and again over the past half-century, freedom has been demonstrated to be indispensable in securing people the good life.

All these are encouraging signs in 2005. But there are also disquieting ones. In 1955 religion, or perhaps one should say religious morality, had a much stronger grip on the West than it has today. The destructive spirit of the 1960s, that disastrous decade, has never quite been laid to rest. Its victims and addicts are still influential at all levels of society, and the consequences of its ravages continue to unfold. Christianity is much weaker, especially in its European heartland, and indeed this is a prime reason that Europe itself is such a flaccid factor in the world. As moral discipline weakens, and self-restraint subsides, so we must have more and more prisons, and the need for personal security, bought at the price of less personal freedom, increases remorselessly. A world without the Ten Commandments is a place of danger and discomfort for all of us.

Moreover, running in tandem with the moral and spiritual decline, there has been a cultural decline as well. Most countries pour money into the arts (as they do into higher education), but they do not flourish. France, which spends more money per capita on state support for the arts than any other nation, is a prime example. It now has, annually, 4,000 literary prizes and no literature. If we look at the list of playwrights, novelists, painters, architects, composers, and sculptors hard at work in 1955 and compare it with the equivalent cast today, the chasm is very notable, and tragic. Is this merely the distorted impression of age, as I was a young man in 1955 and am 77 today? I do not think so. Studying the debased media of 2005, and from a viewpoint in Britain, where their declension has been most spectacular and obvious, I am dismayed at the way in which sport and entertainment have displaced traditional culture as the focus of attention, and celebrity has ejected quality as the measure of value.

But these views are open to argument. And it is a cause for rejoicing that argument is still possible in our societies in 2005, and the right to participate in it more firmly secured and widely enjoyed than in 1955. Thus we move on into the future, and the views put forward in consistent and forthright manner in NATIONAL REVIEW over the past fifty years have helped to ensure that we are moving in the direction of sense and safety. **NR**

The Great 20th-Century Handoff

Great Britain to America

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW was described 15 years ago at our 35th-anniversary dinner by George Will as "the most consequential journal of opinion ever." Characteristically, Mr. Will did not exaggerate. NR had midwifed the birth of the American conservative movement, nursed it through its infant Goldwater setback, helped it install the great Reagan presidency, and thus played a crucial part in winning the Cold War and liberating half the world. These were vital historical achievements that nothing can dim. Indeed, from the standpoint of 1989 and the years immediately

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CONIFER CAPITAL MANAGEMENT

following, they were the most significant achievements of the 20th century. All of NR's editors and contributors, Bill Buckley above all, can feel proud of what their writings helped to achieve.

As the 20th century itself recedes into history, however, the totalitarian epoch begins to seem a diversion from more persistent international trends. These include the rise of India and China, the relative decline of Europe, the threat of terrorism, the spread of free trade and globalization, and the emergence of the United States as global hegemon—the policeman, banker, and consumer of last resort. Judged against this longer timescale, the most significant event of the 20th century was the transfer of this unique world authority from the British Empire to the American republic.

By historical standards this transfer was remarkably peaceful. It was not self-consciously planned, but rather advanced by degrees, sometimes against strong political resistance, because at crucial moments the American and British governments chose to cooperate with each other rather than pursue other strategic options. They did so for the most part because their common heritage of liberal democratic ideas—expressed in the 1941 Atlantic Charter—made such cooperation easier, more fruitful, and even natural. Over time these particular decisions added up to an alliance in which the U.S. became the senior partner. And, with the collapse of the U.S.–Soviet duopoly, America inherited the peaceful world dominance last exercised by London in 1914.

Joseph Chamberlain

HULTON-DEUTSCH COLLECTION/CORBIS

At the start of the 20th century, British statesmen were well aware that their country was a power in decline. Their industrial output had been overtaken by the U.S. and Germany in the mid-1880s; their armed forces had suffered serious setbacks in the early stages of the Boer War; and the German Empire was threatening not merely to dominate the European continent but also to build a navy that would challenge the Royal Navy's mastery of the seas. At this early stage of imperial decline, Britain had three grand strategic options: the imperial, the European, and the Atlantic.

Imperial consolidation was the most obvious solution. If her far-flung possessions—comprising a quarter of the world—could be transformed into a single political and economic unit, Britain would remain a global hegemon. Maverick Liberal-Conservative statesman Joseph Chamberlain proposed exactly that in a series of great speeches before 1914. This idea drew upon the social fact that most people in the settler colonies—Canada, Australia, and New Zealand above all—thought of themselves as Britons abroad. Imperial federation was therefore a real possibility.

It never happened for three reasons. Not all citizens were Britons abroad and many of those who weren't, especially those of Irish descent, were hostile to the idea of being absorbed into a "Greater Britain." They tended to favor nationalist movements within the colonies. Second, governments throughout the empire did not want to surrender their control of trade and tariff policy to each other. The Dominions wanted to be able to protect their nascent industries; London under the Liberal government wanted to retain the general free trade Britain had sustained since the 1840s. And even if these obstacles had been overcome, a mixture of racism and demographics would have doomed the project—for imperial federation in a democratic age would have meant the political dominance of India. Considered in the abstract, that might have been possible: As late as the Second World War almost 3 million Indians volunteered to fight for King and Empire. But the racial assumptions of the day made the idea of democratic dominance by millions of Indians unthinkable to most people in Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, let alone Britain itself.

"Greater Britain" survived as a focus of loyalty. The numbers of colonials who volunteered for Britain's wars are quite extraordinary—in the Great War, when New Zealand's total population was a mere 1.1 million, more than 100,000 New Zealanders served overseas. But its last gasp as a practical political idea was when Neville Chamberlain, Joe's son, brought in imperial preferential tariffs in the 1930s. This helped Britain to emerge from the world slump more quickly than the U.S. and Europe, and it greatly annoyed the U.S. State Department under Cordell Hull. But Australia, Canada, and New Zealand were now used to enjoying their virtual sovereignty. Imperial federation was an idea whose time had gone.

The European option had an even shorter life. From the 1880s to 1914 there was a fashionable idea that the Anglo-Saxon Protestant powers—namely Britain, the U.S., and Wilhelmine Germany—were natural allies and perhaps destined to rule the world in a sort of condominium. If Britain had acted on this impulse, it would have forged an alliance with Germany. Such an alliance would have dominated Europe without the need for war. In time it might have become the basis for a European federation along the lines of the present European Union. (And, presumably, the horrors of the Great War, the 1917 Revolution, Hitler, and so on would have been avoided.) But this policy depended upon Britain's abandoning the "balance of power." That in turn required that they be firmly assured that the Germans harbored no aggressive intentions towards them. But the Kaiser did exactly the opposite by building a world-class navy. Britain responded with the Anglo-French "Entente Cordiale"; the Great War broke out; and the European option vanished for 50 years.

Thus the Atlantic option became a near necessity—less in the Great War itself than in its aftermath. A poorer and weakened Britain was no longer able to play the hegemon either politically or economically. America was needed to fill this vacancy. The British appeased the U.S. by abandoning their naval alliance with

Japan at America's insistence during the Washington Naval Conference. But the U.S.—under the influence of anti-war, isolationist, and anti-imperialist Irish- and German-American opinion—was not ready to commit itself to this internationalist role. With nobody really in charge, Europe and the world careered toward depression and war.

War, of course, persuaded the U.S. itself to choose the Atlantic option—not inevitably, since it was attacked in the Pacific. If there is a moment when the Brits definitively passed the baton to America, it was earlier, with the deal in which FDR gave Churchill 50 aging destroyers. (Even then FDR drove a hard bargain by taking a base on Bermuda in recompense.) From that point on, the U.S. was the senior partner in the "special relationship," the leader of the English-speaking world and the West, and the global hegemon in embryo. This was unsentimentally recognized by everyone. In his New Year's message to the Australian people, for instance, Prime Minister John Curtin wrote: "Without any inhibitions of any kind I make it quite clear that Australia looks to America, free from any pangs as to our traditional links or kinship with the United Kingdom."

There was a brief interlude in the mid-Forties in which the U.S. failed to recognize its new status. America demobilized psychologically as well as militarily. FDR and much post-war U.S. opinion seemed to think that the British Empire was a greater threat than the Soviet Union. It was then that James Burnham in his 1946 book, *The Struggle for the World*, advocated a joint Anglo-American resistance to Communism, and Churchill in his Fulton speech offered such a partnership. In 1948–49, following Stalin's gradual swallowing of eastern Europe, the U.S. responded with the Truman doctrine and the institutions of the Atlantic alliance. Forty years later the Soviet Union collapsed and the U.S. took on the global leadership role that had last been exercised by London in 1914.

That would not have happened if the anti-imperialist and isolationist tendencies in American public opinion had regained even some of the strength they had in 1940 or even 1945–47. Those trends were powerful on the right (though not confined to there). The rise of a new American conservatism that embraced an anti-Communist internationalism was a vital element in defeating these tendencies and building the stable political coalition that then sustained an internationalist foreign policy. National Review built and led that new conservatism. (Not without pangs—NR's obituary of Churchill, for instance, was somewhat grudging.) It even sacrificed the American Right's hostility to imperialism at Suez. That strategic re-thinking sustained the Cold War then; it sustains the War on Terror now; and it points the way to a future international coalition, ironically along lines pioneered by Joseph Chamberlain. Building a new coalition of the English-speaking peoples—one that includes India as well as the "white dominions" in a post-racist age and that persuades the British themselves not to abandon their own Atlantic option for a narrow Europeanism—is the next task for "the most consequential journal of opinion ever." **NR**

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Constitution Cons

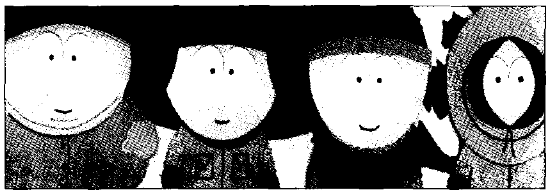
That which unites conservatives

RAMESH PONNURU

‘In the late 20th century,” wrote the cultural anthropologist Grant McCracken, “there has been a quickening ‘speciation’ among social groups. Teens, for example, were once understood in terms of those who were cool and those who weren’t. But in a guided tour of mall life a few years ago, I had 15 types of teen lifestyle pointed out to me, including heavy-metal rockers, surfer-skaters, b-girls, goths, and punks. Each of these groups sported their own fashion and listened to their own music. The day of the universally known Top 40 list is gone.”

McCracken wrote that way back in 1998. There are, no doubt, many more types of teenagers now. If he ever turned his gaze toward conservatives, he would find the same pattern. The modern conservative was invented a few generations after the teenager, but from the start there have been several types. In the 1950s, conservatism was made up of libertarians, traditionalists, and anti-Communists, with the odd (usually very odd) monarchist sprinkled in.

They have been speciating since then, and the rate of speciation has risen. In just the last few years, we have been introduced to “crunchy cons” and “*South Park* conservatives.” I try to keep up with the conservative tribes, but I’m afraid I have only a hazy sense of these two groups. I gather that the crunchy cons fault other conservatives for their relative indifference to the aesthetics of everyday life, and that the *South Park* conservatives like cursing and raunchy entertainment. But I could be wrong—and I am beginning to sympathize with all those political reporters who, looking at conservatism from the outside, can’t quite figure us out.



Not quite us

PARAMOUNT

In this respect as in others, the Internet has been the servant of plenitude. It has made it easy to form and sustain overlapping but distinct subcultures within conservatism. Some of these worlds within worlds have naturally fallen prey to the temptation to imagine themselves larger than they are. “If only the Right were not led by impostors,” the bloggers tell themselves, “and the public were exposed to *real* conservatism”—defined in the subculture’s terms: say, pro-war paleolibertarianism—“why, then we would prevail.” So the effect has been to increase not only the number of factions but also their factionalism.

It would be foolish, because futile, to seek to impose an artificial conceptual unity on the Right. Whatever holds the conservative coalition together, it is clearly not any of the most intense passions that immediately motivate its factions. Conservatives are not held together by the Christianity of the social Right or the free-market faith of the libertarians or the aggressive nationalism of the hawks.

Yet I think that most American conservatives, of whatever stripe, can reasonably be described as engaged in a common enterprise, even if the fact that it engages them in common sometimes eludes them. That enterprise is the conservation of the political inheritance of the American Founders.

It is also an enterprise that divides them. Different types of conservatives have different understandings of what that inheritance is, emphasize different aspects of it, and reach different conclusions about what conservation practically entails. This may be a paradox but is not a contradiction. The enterprise consists in important part of a continuing conversation about what it means to conserve that inheritance.

Libertarians, mindful of the Founders’ fear of government as “a dangerous servant and a terrible master,” strive to revive constitutional limits on government power. Social conservatives follow many of the Founders in regarding a virtuous public as indispensable to self-government. Natural-law conservatives ground their politics in the moral truths expressed in the Declaration of Independence. Nationalist conservatives combat what they regard as the dissolution of a common American culture at least in part because they worry about its effects on the longevity of the Founders’ experiment. Foreign-policy neoconservatives—for lack of a better phrase—see in the Founders’ liberalism an aspiration toward liberty for all people, an aspiration that they believe requires, in our time, very active American encouragement.

Not all conservatives are originalists in the strict sense: They do not all believe (although most do believe) that constitutional provisions should be read to mean what their ratifiers understood them to mean. Almost all of them are “originalists” in the looser sense of seeing a relatively strong connection between their own political philosophies and that of the Founders.

I do not wish to minimize the practical disagreements among conservatives. Even their second-order disagreements can have enormous importance. Thus, for example, two conservatives who agree on the precise dimensions of the constitutional limits on federal power may disagree about the appropriate role of federal judges in enforcing those limits.

As vague as this ostensive definition of conservatism may seem, however, it has enough specificity to distinguish it from liberalism. It is true that many liberals will resort to “originalist” arguments, in the loose sense, when they are handy. It is also true that some liberals have sought to present their entire political philosophy as an outgrowth from that of the Founders. But it is notable, first, that they do each of these things less often than conservatives do. I suspect that they are constrained less by a sense of intellectual humility toward the Founders than by a sense that the Founders are not generally helpful to their arguments. (A large claim, I know, which I will not defend here. Let’s just say that several features of the Founders’ thought—for example, their demonstrable obsession with the security of property—do not suit modern liberalism well.)

Second, liberalism has long included a powerful, and maybe dominant, strand of impatience with, and even hostility to, the Founders and their handiwork that has no analogue on the right. Teddy Roosevelt may have a complicated legacy in our current politics, but he spoke for the Progressives in calling constitutional limits outdated now that the people were running the nation. Woodrow Wilson thought that “Fourth of July sentiments” held the country back and delighted in the fact that his generation was the first to criticize the Founders. He thought that the Constitution should be "living," by which he meant something close to protean.

Liberals in the era of Herbert Croly had to overthrow the fixed principles of the old republic in favor of, well, *The New Republic* (which Croly founded). Today they rarely speak the way Wilson did. Yet they still sometimes do. In 1996 the liberal writer Daniel Lazare wrote *Frozen Republic: How the Constitution is Paralyzing Democracy*. It is impossible to imagine a conservative writing a book with that title.

If these notes toward a definition of American conservatism point in the right direction, there are (at least) two practical implications that conservatives might profit from pondering.

The first stems from the fact that almost all varieties of conservatism regard the task of conserving the Founders' political achievement to be, in important part, a task of recovery. Liberals imagine that the conservative judicial project is to resurrect a "Constitution in Exile" from the bench. That is not true: Conservatives are not plotting to confirm judges who will overturn the New Deal. But it is true that most conservatisms consider us to be in exile from the Constitution.

So which way back to Eden? It has become quite clear, during the Supreme Court debates of the last few months if not before, that precedents are a problem for conservatives. Few people doubt that John Roberts, had he been on the Court at the time, would have dissented from many of the activist decisions of the 1960s and 1970s. It's not clear how willing he is to revisit them.

Precedent is a special problem for judicial conservatives because it is hard to devise a satisfying account of when it is binding. One of the selling points of judicial conservatism is that it constrains courts' discretion. But allowing an exception to originalism based on precedent brings discretion in through the back door to a judicial philosophy that sought to close the front door against it. If originalist judges manipulated precedents to reach the conclusions they desired, we would be left with a different kind of political judging.

Conservatives face similar dilemmas outside the courts. To the extent they accept the modern state as a fait accompli, their political philosophy risks losing its principled character. Conservatives would then be engaged in nothing more edifying than a battle for spoils, with the benefits of big government being redirected to their favored constituencies. Yet opposition to every aspect of the state to which conservatives object would be unrealistic to the point of utopian. In both the judicial and non-judicial cases, thoughtful conservatives understand that to conserve a tradition is not to freeze it in place. But that understanding doesn't make the adaptation of the Founders' politics to modern times any easier.

The dilemma has led to repeated efforts to recast or refound conservatism (in the form of, say, compassionate conservatism or national-greatness conservatism). Some of these reformulated conservatisms attempt to avoid the difficulty by starting their narratives in a period of American history from which we are less distant than we are from the Founders—such as the Progressive era. Or they may omit reference to the Constitution, and constitutionalism, entirely, concentrating instead on finding policies and themes that will attract enough constituencies to build an electoral majority. Which brings me to my second implication: If I am right about the essence of American conservatism, all these attempts are doomed to fail. **NR**

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'Ancestral Voices Prophesying War'

The West must find a way to face them

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

FROM the conservative perspective, the last fifty years have been politically successful. The first achievement of this period was to repair the damage done by Nazism, which had been an unprecedented threat to destroy democracy from within. A succession of leaders promoted belief in the society and the values they represented. Churchill, de Gaulle, and Adenauer; Reagan, Thatcher, and John Paul II—they were very different personalities, and sometimes at odds with one another, but in various ways they safeguarded that slightly nebulous entity known as the West, which has been in the process of formation for a long time, even though its frontiers remain undefined.

In contrast, their anti-democratic counterparts ranged from Khrushchev, Mao, and Castro, to Nasser, Pol Pot, and Mengistu. These treated the people over whom they had power as samples in a laboratory, to be reshaped into social forms with values that were not only mold-breaking but alien. Opportunism and ideology were indistinguishable. These rulers too were sometimes at odds with one another, but they threatened to overthrow the West from without.

The sudden implosion of Communism between 1989 and 1991 escapes final analysis. Was it the outcome of Western steadfastness in the Cold War? Was the Soviet Union instead doomed by the inherent inhumanity of its ideology, or merely by the quirkiness of Mikhail Gorbachev and the relentless power-drive of his nemesis, Boris Yeltsin? For humanity, at any rate, the peaceful collapse of the Soviet Communist party and its satellites is far and away the most significant event of the second half of the 20th century.

Political victory on a scale defining the age ought to provide confirmation of Western values, and their universality. But this is not so. The West overcame Nazism and Communism, only to compromise victory with a floodtide of cultural insecurity. This phenomenon is another threat from within.

Ordinary people the whole world over are the same: They want a family, the chance to work and play—or just sit around the kitchen table, as Nadezhda Mandelstam puts it in her admirable book, *Hope Against Hope*. Russians and Chechens, Serbs and Albanians, Hutus and Tutsis—all the dualities apparently vowed to eternal enmity—appear regularly on television to say that they and their opponents were once good neighbors, and that they can't understand how things have come to the hate-filled and murderous present. What in fact has happened is that they and their group—be it ethnic, tribal, or religious—have fallen into the hands of a few people determined enough to enforce their version of the particular identity they think everyone in the group should have.

Western nation-states have evolved national identities settled and secure enough to tolerate diversity. Protecting those identities, and that diversity, has long been the purpose and justification of conservatism. But there has always been a minority of people who for some reason resent what everyone else accepts, and wish to refashion whatever they can in their own image. Rousseau, and after him Robespierre and then all other totalitarians, held that "the imagination" is the driving force of politics. These forefathers of dissent have cast a long shadow. Those with the capacity to imagine, and the skills for self-expression, need only to match up with a grievance, and a cause is born. That was the secret of both Lenin and Hitler.

Generation after generation, this phenomenon repeats in the West. Whatever the society, whatever the regime, there have been intellectuals calling for wholesale rejection and destruction, and then being praised as brave dissenters, rather than condemned as wreckers. Tom Paine spoke for all who share this cast of mind with the famous sentence, "We have it in our power to begin the world over again." (Ronald Reagan happened to love this quote, and George Will identified it as the least conservative thing ever uttered.) Myths and lies of this kind often appeal through their beauty, but they remain myths and lies all the same. Under the ideal is the reality of war, of refugees and people weeping in the rubble of their homes as the world is made over again, and they are unable to explain why or how the neighbors have turned on them in hate.

British intellectuals of the day supported the French revolution, and took the side of France in the Napoleonic wars. Intellectuals from all over Europe flocked to fight in the Greek war of independence, and a century later the same kind of deceivers and dupes volunteered for the International Brigade in the Spanish civil war. The nationalist causes of Arabs, Armenians, Czechs, Persians, Poles, Serbs, Tibetans, Vietnamese, and many others have attracted—and sometimes still attract—supporters who have no natural ties or affinities except in the mind.

The immense tide of Communist fellow-traveling between the world wars, and into the Cold War, is the most startling example of the self-deception that so often and so thoroughly perverts the imagination of intellectuals. Writers, artists, professors, scientists, and bishops chorused that the Bolsheviks were only making the world over again in a peaceful and wondrous form. Marx's *Communist Manifesto* had promised the forcible overthrow of all social conditions, and Gorky spoke for his master, Stalin, when he said, "If the enemy does not surrender he must be destroyed." Firsthand evidence of Soviet terror prompted too few second thoughts, never mind regrets.

Today a close associate of Osama bin Laden declares, "We are patient and our patience will end only with the collapse of America and its agents." Sheikh Yusuf al-Qaradawi, originally from Egypt but at present a political exile in Qatar, is a leading light of the Muslim Brotherhood, and therefore commands authority. In a televised sermon, he uttered a prayer typical of him and his kind: "O God, destroy the usurper Jews, the vile crusaders and infidels. O God, destroy them along with their supporters." Here is a Saudi professor in June 2004: "I have no doubt, not even for a minute, that America is on its way to destruction." A sheikh on television in

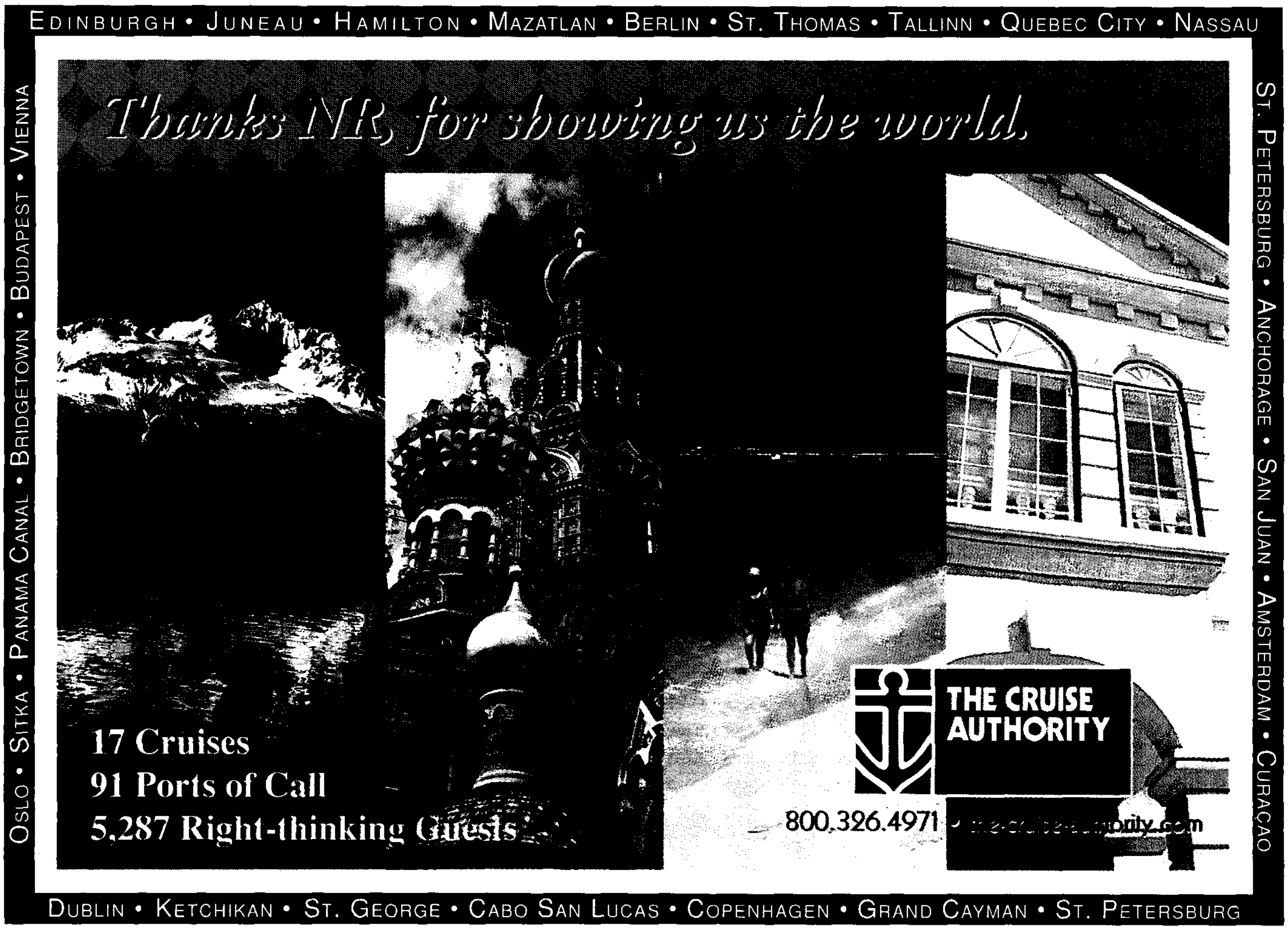
March 2005 explained to a laughing Arab audience how beautiful it was to be in New York on 9/11 and observe the reaction of the "wretched" American people who, according to him, were quickly embracing Islam.

Abu Bakir Bashir, so-called emir of the Jemaah Islamiyah in Southeast Asia, and in prison for the 2002 Bali bombings, tells an interviewer that everywhere infidels are conspiring to ruin Islam. In his opinion, it is destiny, a law of nature, that Americans and Muslims "will constantly be enemies." The prophet Muhammad apparently taught that "Islam must win and Westerners will be destroyed. If they refuse to be under Islam, it will be chaos. Full stop. If they want to have peace, they have to accept to be governed by Islam."

These regular declarations of intent are what Coleridge called "ancestral voices prophesying war," and they could not be clearer. Islamists are in the grip of an imagination that confuses reality with myths and lies and conspiracies in their heads. Nonetheless 9/11, bombings in Madrid and elsewhere, the murder of Dutch filmmaker Theo van Gogh, and numerous other outrages are driving a wedge between Western populations and Muslims, particularly those living in a Western country. And imagination as usual speaks to imagination. In yet another repeat of a historic pattern, a minority of intellectuals internalize the threats and hates of the Islamists, and direct them against their own society.

The likes of Noam Chomsky and Michael Moore illustrate how easy it is to persuade others to believe in myths and lies that issue out of a fertile imagination. Writers, artists, and professors chorus that Westerners are to blame for what Islamists do, exactly as once democrats were to blame for provoking Nazis and then Communists to criminal aggression. British bishops have gathered to pontificate that democracy is "seriously flawed" and they recommend that "a public act of repentance" be made to the Muslim community. In the Middle Ages, King Ferdinand III of Spain fought for 27 years to free his country from Moorish occupation, for which reason the city of Seville now refuses to have him as its patron saint. Hospitals and schools in many European countries have removed crucifixes from their walls for fear of offending Muslims. Saudi Arabia has financed the building of thousands of mosques in Christian countries, but refuses to permit a church, or any Christian rites, in its own country. There seems no limit to the proliferation and acceptance of double standards.

Islamism is not a danger of the same order as Nazism or Communism. But apologias for Muslims in any matters, great or small, arouse feelings of guilt and insecurity in ordinary people, and sap confidence in the culture and faith of their own societies—and furthermore frighten and alienate those Muslims willing to integrate. Conservatives have another cultural war on their hands, and have to muster for success in it, maybe over the next fifty years. **NR**



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Notes on the State of Virginia

Centuries after Moll Flanders, an Englishman comes ashore

ROGER SCRUTON

DANIEL DEFOE'S heroine, found guilty of prostitution, was sent as a punishment to Rappahannock, which then comprised most of northern and western Virginia. Today this beautiful Indian name applies only to the Rappahannock River and to a small county in the Blue Ridge foothills. Like Moll Flanders, the Scrutons were banished to Rappahannock by English puritanism. Not that the puritans had arrested us; but by making our favorite pastime into a crime they have nevertheless made us into criminals. And make no mistake: Fox hunting is as offensive to the puritan English of today as prostitution was to their 18th-century forebears. Labour members of Parliament, who condone every kind of sexual excess and seem to rejoice in the breakdown of family values, become pale with horror at the thought that someone somewhere might be enjoying "the sport of kings."

The Hunting Act, forced through Parliament by measures that are at best unconstitutional, at worst downright oppressive, exemplifies the decline of British politics, and the almost total loss of direction that we have experienced in the years of New Labour. Every now and then a desperate report is put before Parliament concerning the preparations being made by Islamist terrorists, the escalating levels of immigration, the collapse of school discipline, and a hundred other causes of social unrest. The Labour members, who dominate Parliament, barely read to the end of the document, and leave all action to the prime minister, who passes the buck to the spin doctors, who brief the broadly sympathetic and in any case left-wing media to the effect that the problem has been exaggerated—and besides, the government has it under control. Even the decision to enter the war in Iraq occupied Parliament for only ten hours. It seemed, to most Labour members, as though the matter hardly concerned them. When it came to hunting, however, they were gripped by the only political passion they know: a vindictive desire to settle scores with the English upper class. As a result Parliament spent 252 hours debating the issue, with rant upon rant against the evils of a sport that not a single one of its critics had ever witnessed.

In these circumstances who can wonder that we conservatives look with envy to the United States, where the real issues of modern politics are debated and confronted; where conservatives seem to be not only permitted to speak their mind but also invited to act on it; where outspoken journals like NATIONAL REVIEW continue both to express conservative ideas and to influence policy; and where conservative think tanks like AEI and the Heritage Foundation push the university *bien pensants* into the background, where they belong.

Arriving in Rappahannock, however, we have become more keenly aware of the deep difference between English and American conservatism. Without intending any such thing, the English conservative finds himself embroiled in class warfare, in which his posture is always defensive. Whatever the cause—monarchy, private schools, the House of Lords, the countryside, field sports—he finds himself defending privileges associated with a landed upper class. Even if the aim is to make those privileges more widely available, they are nevertheless privileges, and by definition a privilege is something that not everyone can share.

In America, by contrast, conservatism means getting closer to the people, and adhering to a Constitution designed to give every citizen the right to pursue his own happiness in his own chosen way. It is not that America is without class distinctions or that American conservatives are unaware of the social utility of hierarchies or of their need for protection. It is rather that hierarchies cause less offense when they are seen as the innocent results of choice. The democratic ethos liberates American conservatives from the burden of class, and enables them to address the fundamental issue of modern politics, which is freedom. By defending freedom they also defend tradition, which is its spontaneous by-product. But there is no need to labor the point, when there is no party of Labour. Moreover, thanks to 9/11, Americans have woken up to the fundamental fact of modern politics, which is that freedom breeds resentment and will therefore always be under attack, not least from its own spoiled children, once they are comfortably installed, at public expense, in their university chairs.

For the Americans, "democracy" does not denote a political sys-

An image of Moll

Mr. Scruton, a philosopher, composer, and other things, is the author most recently of the memoir *Gentle Regrets: Thoughts from a Life.*

tem only. It describes a way of life that is continuous with the Judeo-Christian inheritance, imposing its constraints on behavior in much the same way that a religion does, right down to the ritual "Have a nice day" that has replaced the "God be with you" of the Pilgrims. The conservative renaissance in America is not some exceptional "storm cloud in the political sky." It is not the result of a takeover by the "neo-cons," or *néo cons* as the French mockingly describe them; nor is it a fundamentalist movement that has banished the old ways of compromise. Still less is it, as European intellectuals tend to believe, a reaction against the modern world as perverse and dangerous as the Islamist revival. It is simply the political expression of a way of life that has retained, through all the changes that have intervened, the moral contours of old Rappahannock—the Rappahannock of Moll Flanders. So, at least, it seems to me.

Immediately on our arrival we found ourselves caught up in this way of life. Before two weeks had elapsed we had attended fundraising dinners for local schools and charities, witnessed a baptism in the river and another in church, been guests at two hunt parties for landowners, and enjoyed a theatrical production, a rally of ATV enthusiasts, and a festive day at the races. Our taut English reserve gave way before the hundred friendly invitations. For that is what freedom means to the Americans—the freedom to join. From this spirit of association there flows a self-renewing patriotism, and a shared sense, crossing all social, professional, and political boundaries, of the essential blessedness of America.

This last point is the most difficult to express in a way that will engage the sympathies of skeptical Europeans. For the paradoxical truth is that America, child of Enlightenment philosophy and universalist ideals, is, in a fast-dissolving world, the last bastion of the nation-state. Germans are brought up to distrust the national idea, and to regard their society as founded on nothing more meaningful than a contract for mutual support. The French have repudiated *La France*, with its Catholic faith, high culture, and peasant rootedness. Their country is governed by an elite poised between Paris and Strasbourg—between the sophisticated sneering at "bourgeois" norms and the ludicrous project of pan-European government. Even in Britain, where a quiet patriotism still survives from World War II, it is all but impossible to salute the flag, to sing patriotic songs, to praise national heroes, or even to defend our inherited culture against the tide of Islamist hatred, which is a hatred of the nation-state. The idea of the country, as a God-given home and a call to service, has virtually disappeared from European politics.

Yet all around us in Rappahannock this idea shines from the landscape, from the faces of the people, and from the customs whereby they live. One house in three has the Stars and Stripes hanging from its porch; our local village of 400 people has clubs and committees devoted to every matter of public concern; we have a volunteer Rescue Squad for whom we pray each Sunday

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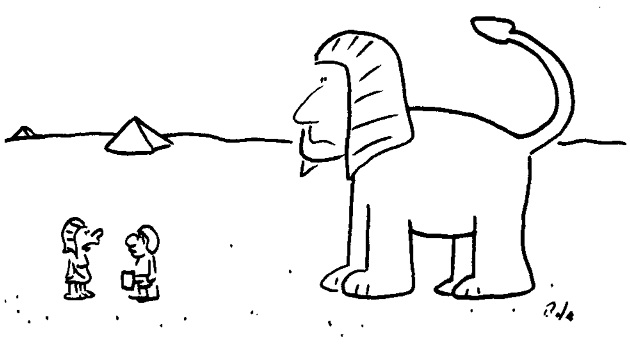
That thought was brought to mind on our first Saturday in Virginia, when we found ourselves host to the Rappahannock Hunt's annual landowners' party, taking credit for a hospitality that we did nothing to provide. People of all ages and occupations—farmer, teacher, pastor, carpenter, banker, mechanic—mingled on our lawn on terms of complete equality. They had assembled to do what Americans spontaneously do whenever someone suggests it, which is to rejoice collectively in the fact of being alive. Food and drink appeared as though by a miracle, and in milk-and-honey abundance. And our neighbors came forward to shake our hands, to establish Christian names, to pat our shoulders, and to affirm their complete and unquestioning endorsement of whatever we might turn out to be. Some of them will help us, some will cheat us, some will regard us as weird. But the essential point was established: We are all free together, and togetherness is what freedom means.

A band of young musicians emerged from the gathering darkness, to play the indigenous bluegrass music of Rappahannock, with a 16-year-old violinist improvising impeccably on the pentatonic scale that her ancestors brought here from the Irish bogs. The knowledge that she was classically trained and leader of a string quartet only enhanced the sense that in America, where progress and experiment are the official ideals, the important things don't change. Soon young and old were dancing on the lawn, with the peculiar Virginia step called "clogging," just as they did when a fiddle sounded and spoons rattled in Moll Flanders's day.

People cannot be happy like this without arousing puritan resentment. The faults of America—the sprawling torsos, sprawling exurbia, sprawling sentimentality, sprawling TV-engendered ignorance—spring from the same freedom as the virtues. Hence it is easy to hate the democratic spirit. The contempt for other people's choices that has driven us to Rappahannock has caused the mad mullahs to declare war on America. But this antagonism shows why we should believe in America, and in the project of nation-building on which it depends. Maybe it was this project that William F. Buckley Jr. had in mind, when he called his journal "National Review." At any rate, I imagine that the great Bill Buckley would have joined in on that memorable Saturday with his own sense of dancing on the Promised Land. For that experience, so far from the cramped defensiveness of the English Tory, is the root of American conservatism. **NR**



"Nice, but I wanted it lying down."

'We Aren't The World'

The Democrats have a new theme song

MARK STEYN

A FEW months before the debut of NATIONAL REVIEW, the film *White Christmas* was released, in the course of which Danny Kaye and Bing Crosby find themselves sitting around a floundering Vermont inn wondering what they can do to save it. Kaye proposes bringing in some kind of novelty act.

> CROSBY: What do you think would be a novelty up here in Vermont?
> KAYE: Who knows? Maybe we could dig up a Democrat.
> CROSBY: They'd stone him.

A lot can change in fifty years—and it would be a rash man who'd bet on the political map of America in another half-century. Indeed, political representation is itself a lagging indicator. Vermont may now be America's leading Canadian province, yet Patrick Leahy is still, technically, a Danny Kaye novelty: the only Green Mountain Democrat ever to be elected to the U.S. Senate and only the second Democrat Vermonters have ever sent to Washington.

That said, thumbing through NATIONAL REVIEW's first issue, the 2005 reader will find many features of the landscape distressingly familiar: the warnings against "the growth of government—the dominant social feature of this century" and "the Social Engineers, who seek to adjust mankind to conform with scientific utopias." But these old battles don't seem quite as epic today as they did back in November 1955. To paraphrase Norma Desmond, the government's still big; it's the big picture that's got small. The utopian progressivism of the Left is a shriveled parochial thing these days.

Half a century ago, Leahy's Senate seat was held by George Aiken, a Republican and the soi-disant "wise old owl" famous for advising LBJ on Vietnam, "Declare victory and go home." Today's Democratic line on Iraq seems to be: Declare defeat and come home to Vermont. It's not just that Vermont has been Democratized, but that the Democratic party has been Vermontified—a process encapsulated in Howard Dean's explanation to George Stephanopoulos as to why he left the church he was raised in and became a Congregationalist:

"I had a big fight with a local Episcopal church about 25 years ago over the bike path."

He had a "big fight" over a bike path? Apparently so. "I was fighting to have public access to the waterfront, and we were fighting very hard in the citizens' group," he told Judy Woodruff. Fighting, fighting, fighting—for a bike path. Dean's church had strayed from the gently undulating and narrow. The road to hell is

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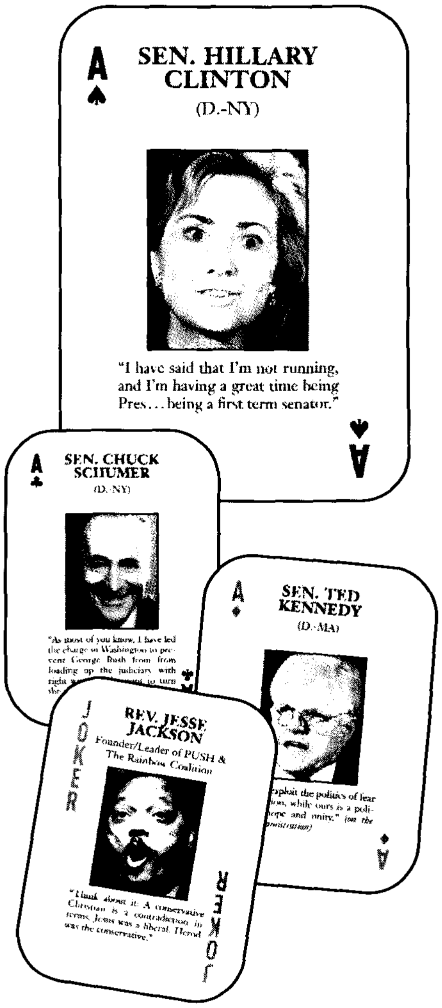

A ♠
SEN. HILLARY CLINTON
(D.-NY)
"I have said that I'm not running, and I'm having a great time being Pres... being a first term senator."
A ♣
SEN. CHUCK SCHUMER
(D.-NY)
"As most of you know, I have led the charge in Washington to prevent George Bush from from loading up the judiciary with right
A ♦
SEN. TED KENNEDY
(D.-MA)
exploit the politics of fear ion, while ours is a politics of hope and unity." (on the administration)
JOKER
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paved, whereas the shared-use trail to hell has attractive wood chips. And so Dean quit the Burlington Episcopalians and took up with the UCC. Just as the governor relived his profound doctrinal struggle over the bike path, he also professed himself utterly indifferent to the question of whether Osama bin Laden should be tried in a U.S. court or at the Hague. "It doesn't make a lot of difference to me," he sighed, stifling his yawns, fighting vainly the old ennui.

War? What is it good for? The Dems can't even stay awake for it.

Perhaps all cultures have their Howard Deans. Perhaps there are governors of Peshawar who storm out of the Sword of the Infidel Slayer mosque over its refusal to declare a jihad on Jew bike trails. But, for all their talk about thinking globally and acting locally, today's Democrats have a huge problem focusing on the first half of that bumper sticker. In our current existential struggle, the debates on the way forward are between factions of the Right: the Bush Doctrine vs. "realpolitik," with "assertive nationalism" coming somewhere in between. Proponents of all three worldviews are Republicans. The Democrats appear not to have a dog in this fight. The dog is on the Burlington bike path, where Democrats are busy drafting revisions to the new poop'n'scoop legislation.

Governor Dean's bike-tunnel vision is not an isolated phenomenon. Everywhere you turn Democrats are linking arms and singing their new all-star fundraising anthem, "We Aren't the World." John Kerry on the campaign trail: "We shouldn't be opening firehouses in Baghdad and shutting them in New York City." Al Sharpton at Rosa Parks's funeral: ". . . when you have a nation respond looking for weapons in Iraq that are not there but can't see a hurricane in Louisiana that is there."

I don't even understand that last one: We should wait till the WMD are in Louisiana where we can see 'em—or at least the crater they left? You can still glimpse the remnants of the internationalist Left on their fading T-shirts—Fidel, Che, Mao, Allende, the Sandinistas. And admittedly today's global celebrities are a tougher sell—Saddam, Mullah Omar, Kim Jong-Il, miscellaneous clitorectomy enthusiasts in West Africa, etc. But even so, the Left's retreat to Hicksville is impressive: The Western progressive has ideologically downsized and relocated to a remodeled farmhouse outside Montpelier.

That's what David Brooks got wrong in *Bobos in Paradise*. He visited Burlington and other "latte towns" and concluded that they were "relatively apolitical." What he took as the evidence of lack of politics—bike paths, independent bookstores, skinny espressos—*is* the politics, albeit a lo-fat version. The pre–Tony Blair Labour party believed it needed to control "the commanding heights of the economy." The pre-Gorbachev Communist party wanted to control the commanding heights of everything. But the big-picture Left collapsed in 1989, and for a Vermontified Democratic party small is the new big. That's what Bill Clinton had in mind when he said the era of big government was over; instead, he'd be ushering in the era of small government, lots and lots of it, all over the place, like a map of America repainted by Seurat—and, when you add up all the little dots, you find out that small government works out far more expensive than big government. Thus, the Clinton legacy is all small print, starting with the federal toilet-tank legislation: He's the first president to flush himself down the toilet of history.

You can understand why the Dems miss the Nineties. There was nary a word about war. Okay, you'd get the odd million-man genocide in Rwanda, but you tended to hear about it afterwards, usually as a late-breaking item in the Clinton teary-apology act. Instead, it was an era of micro-politics, a regulation here, an entitlement there, a recycling program everywhere you looked.

The way they were

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Venusian Americans assumed they'd entered an age of permanent post-Martian politics, and they resented 9/11 as an intrusion on their minimalism. When you're at an event for the "anti-war" movement, you realize it's no such thing: It's an I-don't-want-to-have-to-hear-about-this-war movement.

That's why they like to mock Bush, Cheney, Rummy & Co. as the real terrorists—the ones determined to maintain America in a state of "terror." Oddly enough, this was how the Left chose to live during the Cold War, when the no-nukes crowd expected Armageddon any minute: Fear of the phenomenon sold a gazillion posters, plays, books, films, and LPs with big scary mushroom clouds on the cover. When nuclear weapons were an elite club of five relatively sane world powers, progressive opinion was convinced the planet was about to go ka-boom and the handful of us who survived would be walking in a nuclear winter wonderland. Now anyone with a few thousand bucks and an unlisted Islamabad number in his Rolodex can get a nuke, and the Left is positively blasé.

If I had to do what the Democrats no longer seem willing to do and raise my sights from their narcissistic poseur politics to the big geopolitical picture, I'd put the bike-path Left in the context of one of the most disastrous trends in the developed world. Today most of the West has elevated what one might call the secondary impulses of society—government health care (which America is slouching toward), government paternity leave (which Britain recently introduced), government day care (which several Canadian provinces already have)—over the primary ones: national defense, population growth, faith (in a higher power than government). If you're a secondary-impulse society like Canada and most Continental countries, it seems perfectly natural that the defense ministry is now somewhere an ambitious politician passes through on his way up to a job that really matters—like health minister. America is not there yet (I doubt Don Rumsfeld would regard it as a promotion if he were moved to HHS) and I'm optimistic enough to think it never will be. Secondary-impulse states can be very agreeable—who wouldn't want the celebration of one's sexual appetites to become a key political priority?—but they're agreeable only for the generation or two that they last. And, as we're about to see in demographically barren, economically sclerotic Europe, for good or ill it's the primal impulses that count. The social-democratic agenda is a suicide cult, which is why the Continent will be well past semi-Islamified at the time of NR's hundredth birthday.

It doesn't even really work on a cute homey Vermonty scale: The Green Mountain State's signature boutique business, Ben & Jerry's, is now part of the European multinational Unilever. I'm a believer in a two-party system because in the end the integrity of the dominant party isn't served by the collapse of the only alternative, and I would love the Democratic party to get back in the game. But to do that they've got to get off the bike path and back on the unlovely central thruway of geopolitical reality. As I said at the beginning, it would be a rash man who'd bet on the contours of the political map in another fifty years. But let's be rash: Given blue-state demographics, the Democratic party faces a bleak future. If they remain mired in trivia, by 2055 even Vermont will have woken up sufficiently to have ceased electing Deans and Leahys—and, on whatever will have replaced DVDs by then, that Danny Kaye *White Christmas* joke will once again make sense. **NR**

American Dilemma

Problems of race still cry to be solved

JAMES Q. WILSON

NATIONAL REVIEW, at its founding in 1955, had as its mission stating and defending a conservative view in a nation that many believed had known only a liberal tradition. It was a difficult task, not only because of liberalism's apparent supremacy, but because it was not easy to define a conservative alternative. Conservatism could mean free-market economics, the reassertion of a traditional morality, or the endorsement of a religious or classical basis for moral thought. In the spirited discussions that took place in this magazine and elsewhere, each of these views had its proponents, and—as they made quite clear—their views were often in conflict. Individualism and free-market economics could leave morality to personal and even aberrant judgments, but a revival of moral thought and a reassertion of its religious basis could easily suppress individual choice and impose regulatory restraints on the market.

The debate on the meaning of conservatism consumed many pages in NATIONAL REVIEW but apparently ended, by exhaustion if not agreement, in the fusionism of Frank Meyer, who said that conservatism was "reason operating within tradition"—a phrase he said implied that there was an objective moral order, the individual was superior to the state, state power should be limited, and Communism and the Soviet Union were deep threats that must be overcome.

Today the struggle against the Soviet Union is over and conservatism, variously defined, has helped govern this nation in the Reagan and Bush administrations. A torrent of conservative books has been published, several magazines with a conservative focus have (albeit with subsidies) done reasonably well, and various think tanks (such as the American Enterprise Institute and the Hoover Institution) and public-interest law firms (such as the Center for Individual Rights and the Landmark Legal Foundation) have become important. There is still much to argue about, including government spending, the role of the state in combating illicit drugs, and the future of various entitlement programs. Many of these issues, since they involve how money is spent, will be settled by compromises and none of them, though each is important, has the galvanizing effect of the old anti-Communist crusade.

I am not convinced that any political movement needs a galvanizing cause; what liberalism, conservatism, and libertarianism need are convincing arguments. But the intellectual leaders of these movements do need such causes as a way of reaching audiences, mobilizing support, and clarifying central principles. The most important foreign-policy question is how best to use

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Mr. Wilson is a professor of public policy at Pepperdine University.

American diplomatic, economic, and military power abroad. That issue is being heavily debated in magazines and books, and for now I have little to add to arguments that supporters of the Bush Doctrine have already advanced. To me the largest domestic question for such leaders, whether liberal or conservative, is how to make sense of the civil-rights revolution.

It was, indeed, a revolution, one of the two or three most important ones in this country's history. In the space of just a few decades, the legalized suppression of a racial minority was ended, the public with trivial exceptions embraced an anti-racism ideology, and a large black middle class emerged. About one-third of all blacks now hold middle-class jobs, an even higher percentage think of themselves as middle class, the percentage of blacks living below the poverty line has declined, and the median income of black women is now about 90 percent that of white women.

But at the same time the percentage of single-parent black families has grown hugely, the advances that black women have made are not equaled by those of black men, and the rate of serious crime among blacks is much higher than it is for non-Hispanic whites and vastly greater than it is for Asian Americans. Everyone knows these facts but hardly anyone discusses them publicly. Instead, the veil of political correctness has descended on this topic, a veil much in evidence during the media's coverage of the effect of Hurricane Katrina on New Orleans. We have been repeatedly told that most New Orleans residents are "poor" and that it is the fault of the rest of us that they are poor. Clearly, something ought to be done.

What this argument lacks is any recognition of the extraordinary efforts that the government and private enterprise have made to help the poor: welfare payments, Medicaid, food stamps, public housing, affirmative action, and a compulsive search by firms and universities for any competent black who can be hired or educated. Moreover, the "need to help end poverty" usually lacks any attention to the extraordinary gains that many blacks have made, largely on their own.

What New Orleans should have told us is that many blacks living there have not made it on their own, or with the assistance of a long succession of black mayors and black police chiefs. In that city, 45 percent of black families with children under age 18 are headed by an unmarried mother and 96 percent of births to teenagers are to unmarried girls. Roughly 58 percent of the high-school students drop out before they graduate. The city has the highest homicide rate in the country, and—until recently—the city's police department had many incompetent officers. In 1994 a decorated black police officer ordered the murder of a black woman who had complained of police brutality. Between 1992 and 1995 about 60 New Orleans police officers were charged with crimes. One gang of cops guarded a warehouse that stored cocaine. Under a black reform chief, things began to improve; the recent incident of police brutality captured on videotape and broadcast nationwide is an exception to the rule.

New Orleans is not simply a city of poor people—it is a city that has left its black population untaught, unguarded, and unmarried. There is much talk about rebuilding the physical structure of New Orleans, but not much about creating a civil society there. President Bush in one speech said that poverty in that city was the result of racial discrimination and lack of opportunity, but that surely is an incomplete argument. The 2000 Census showed that 35 percent of blacks in New Orleans were

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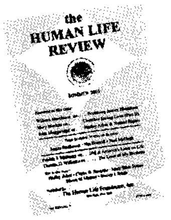
When, in 1973, the *Roe* v. *Wade* decision stripped protections from the innocent and voiceless unborn, J.P. responded by enlisting in the pro-life movement. He founded the *Human Life Review*, a quarterly journal devoted to defending life at *all* stages, giving pro-life Americans new hope that they were not alone.

J.P. knew that the war of ideas required intellectual vigor: "Good writing can win battles; great writing whole wars." And what great writing there has been: Malcolm Muggeridge, Clare Boothe Luce, Walker Percy, and William F. Buckley Jr., among others. In 1983, President Ronald Reagan chose the *Human Life Review* to publish his famous essay, *Abortion and the Conscience of the Nation.*

In recent years, contributors have included John T. Noonan, Henry Hyde, John Muggeridge, Michael M. Uhlmann, Ellen Wilson Fielding, William Murchison, Kathryn Jean Lopez, Nat Hentoff, Hadley Arkes, George McKenna, Elizabeth Fox Genovese, Richard John Neuhaus, Mary Ann Glendon, Mary Meehan, Maggie Gallagher, Robert H. Bork, Ramesh Ponnuru, William McGurn, Ann Coulter, Wesley J. Smith, and Joseph Bottum.



J.P. is now gone but the story of his fight for right causes continues in the pages of the *Human Life Review*, which provides an historical record of the struggle to defend life in America. You will find, as did Father Richard John Neuhaus, that the *Human Life Review* is "indispensable to anyone contending for the culture of life and against the culture of death." Visit **www.humanlifereview.com** today to receive a free issue.

There was no one J.P. admired more than his friend and mentor Bill Buckley: we congratulate him and our friends at *National Review*. May there be 50 more years and a continuing friendship with the *Human Life Review*.

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* Ellen Wilson Fielding in a tribute to James McFadden

poor, even though only 25 percent of blacks nationally are poor.

Discrimination did not produce what we see in New Orleans, where almost half the black families with children under 18 are headed by single women. They outnumber married black families with children by over 18,000. We do not know who the looters were, but among black thieves, I imagine that most came from single-parent families. As the nation's observance of civil rights has grown, the proportion of children living with unmarried mothers has also grown. There are many families with competent single moms, but they are outnumbered by the families that are harmed by the absence of a husband. From the ranks of the latter come high rates of crime and imprisonment, heavy rates of drug use, poor school performance, and a willingness to loot unguarded stores.

In this increasingly prosperous nation, these scarred youngsters are the source of our gravest social problems. To assume that these problems can be fixed by simply spending more money or creating more jobs reflects a mindless rejection of the evidence of the last half-century: We spent more and created more jobs, and the problems got worse.

The main domestic concern of policy-engaged intellectuals, liberal and conservative, ought to be to think hard about how to change these social weaknesses. Lower-class blacks are numerous and fill our prisons, and among all blacks the level of financial assets is lower than it is for whites. Many blacks have made rapid progress, but we are not certain how.

In my opinion, the condition of the black family is the key to the persistence of a large and criminal lower class. We have learned some things about how to improve what disadvantaged children learn and how to increase the earnings of public-housing residents. (The excellent studies by the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation are a fine source of information on these issues.) But we have learned next to nothing about how to develop two-parent families. We will not learn much until we talk about the matter candidly.

There are programs all over the country, many run by churches, designed to restore two-parent families and encourage education. With only a few exceptions, we do not know which of them really work. Developing and testing these programs will be much easier if black leaders endorse the effort. Many do, but these efforts are drowned out by the attention the media pay to Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton. I doubt that liberal public-policy magazines are likely to pay much attention to this problem; they seem determined to talk about giving everybody more money so that they can minimize work and indulge their fantasies. A conservative magazine, such as this one, can do better, but only if it makes the study of black culture—both its strengths and its weaknesses—a matter of deep concern. **NR**

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A Katrina scene

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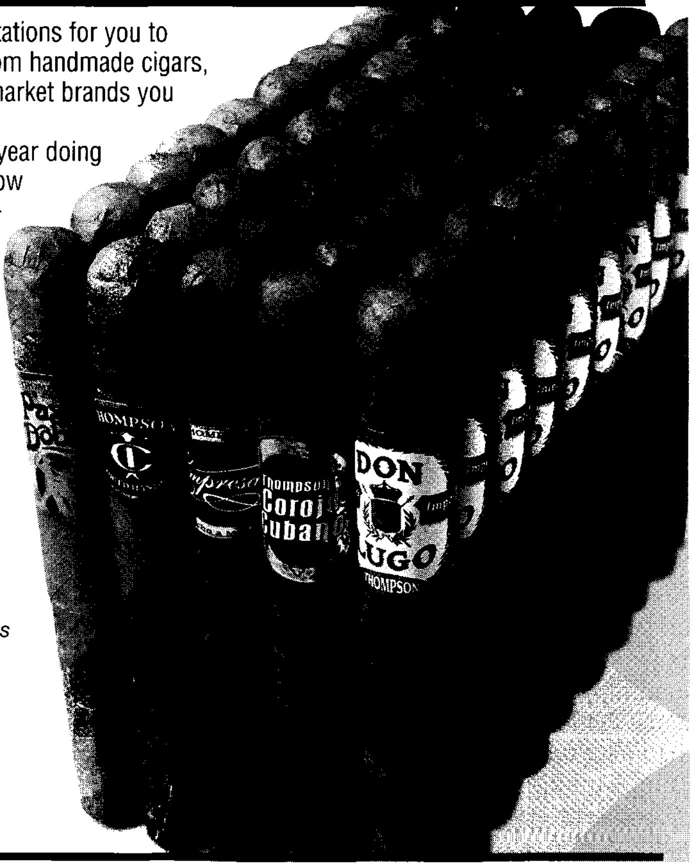

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What NR Has Meant to Me

Wherein a host of people testify

HALEY BARBOUR

One of my main goals as chairman of the Republican National Committee was to see the GOP regain its standing as the Party of Ideas. President Reagan had demonstrated that ideas matter more than anything in politics, for good policy is good politics. In the conservative movement no publication has stood for that proposition as strongly as National Review, and that is why I join many others in considering NR the intellectual benchmark of modern American conservatism.

Mr. Barbour is governor of Mississippi.

JEB BUSH

Like many conservative Americans, I value National Review's commitment to publish the common-sense principles at the core of the conservative restoration of America's founding ideals. In the last two decades, we have seen that this message is powerful enough to capture Congress, the presidency, state governorships, and legislatures.

Ideas matter, because they shape the public square. National Review was the first publication of its kind to challenge the liberal tax-first, over-regulate-second establishment. NR filled a void and provided a platform for conservatives to share our optimism, passion for reasonable reform, and belief in America and the entrepreneurial spirit.

From the first issue, Mr. Buckley and his team of talented writers have been arming conservative thinkers with bold ideas, baffling skeptics with penetrating analysis, and prompting a political sea change. I wish the team continued success and innovation in pursuit of those ideas at the heart of what makes ours the greatest nation on earth.

Mr. Bush is governor of Florida.

MONA CHAREN

In the little Siberian village where I grew up, a courageous few of us smuggled copies of National Review into our homes, hoping that the authorities would not get wind of our subversion. With trembling fingers, we opened each issue and devoured the forbidden words.

Well, okay, it wasn't that bad. I grew up in New Jersey, not Novosibirsk. Still, being a conservative in the 1970s did mark me as a bit of a freak. National Review therefore served as friend, ally, comforter, and, most important, ammunition. I recall debating my high-school history teacher about Vietnam. He got so angry that he swore he would never discuss the subject again. Score another victory for NR!

NR also gave me my first real job. They tried to kill me by giving me Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn to edit, but no luck: I survived. At NR, I learned more jokes in one year than I would in the following 20, formed lasting friendships, figured out how to operate a computer typesetter, and orchestrated the election of Ronald Reagan. It was a good year.

Mona Charen is a syndicated columnist and the author, most recently, of *Do-Gooders: How Liberals Hurt Those They Claim to Help (and the Rest of Us).*

DICK CHENEY

To fully appreciate National Review, one need only imagine the last 50 years without it.

Absent the fortnightly wisdom of William F. Buckley Jr. and his team, we might never have seen the unified, energetic conservative movement that materialized during the Cold War. And the world of ideas would be infinitely poorer today had there been no periodical that collected the insights of America's great conservatives.

When Bill Buckley presented the first issue of National Review, not many in the elite media saw any reason to take notice. Yet it's no exaggeration to say that NR has had greater influence on the last half-century of human events than any other journal of opinion. Its eloquence and intelligence have maintained conservatism's place as the dominant source of ideas in American politics. And the magazine's passion helped inspire some of the most memorable political events of the last 50 years: the draft-Goldwater movement and the heroic stand for principle that followed; the founding of the Conservative party of New York and the stunning election of Jim Buckley to the Senate; and, above all, the nomination and election of Ronald Reagan—the National Review charter subscriber who called the Evil Empire by that name and won the Cold War.

National Review represents the vision and lifelong commitment of its extraordinary founder. There is nothing so admirable as a man who goes into the fray and stays there; who is always willing to fight—alone, if necessary—for principle and right thinking; and who wages the battle of ideas with civility, wit, and grace. These qualities have made Bill Buckley one of the great Americans of our time, and have earned him the respect and affection of millions. National Review, at its best, embodies the intellectual gifts of the man, as well as his literary flair and good cheer. At 50, National Review remains a unique and irreplaceable feature of American life, worth reading and worth celebrating.

Mr. Cheney is vice president of the United States.

EDWIN J. FEULNER JR.

In January 1961, while working in my undergraduate library, I came across a magazine called NATIONAL REVIEW. It opened my eyes to the network of people who thought like me, and it examined models of conservative thought so often lost in that liberal undergraduate environment. Here was a periodical consistent with Russell Kirk's *Conservative Mind*, and one that updated Barry Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative*! My own political ideas could be reinforced on a regular basis thanks to William F. Buckley Jr. and his magazine.

As a devotee, I celebrated the 10th and the 25th anniversaries of my favorite publication in person. It was a pleasure then, as it is now, to celebrate your extraordinary legacy. That it has remained so vital a half-century after its creation speaks to its founder's wisdom and to its talented staff. NATIONAL REVIEW remains the central voice of conservative thought, and I salute you.

Mr. Feulner is president of the Heritage Foundation.

HENRY HYDE

NATIONAL REVIEW has meant reassurance that the conservative impulse driving my own philosophy of government has been correct, productive, and useful. People holding conservative views are made to feel isolated and intellectually barren—but for 50 years, NATIONAL REVIEW has provided a growing respectability to the idea of limited and accountable government. We are profoundly grateful.

Mr. Hyde is a Republican congressman from Illinois.

LAURA INGRAHAM

I think it was in 1983 that I walked into the offices of NATIONAL REVIEW for the first time, with Dinesh D'Souza and other fellow *Dartmouth Review* staffers, to meet Bill Buckley, the godfather of the conservative movement. Jeffrey Hart, an NR senior editor, was one of my English-literature professors, and he brought us in to meet "Mr. Buckley." "What trouble have you caused this week?" WFB asked us with a laugh, referring to our frequent battles against political correctness and the left-wing faculty at Dartmouth College.

For as long as I can remember, NR has been the most provocative, most principled, and wittiest force for conservatism. Its commentary and reporting helped put Ronald Reagan in the White House and helped inspire thousands of young conservatives in politics, the media, business, and the law. Happy Birthday, NR!

Laura Ingraham is the host of a syndicated radio show.

CHARLES R. KESLER

You only have one first love, and mine (journalistically speaking) was NATIONAL REVIEW. I became acquainted with NR in the late 1960s, early in the awful Nixon years, and we quickly became inseparable. Taking the editors' advice, I even backed John Ashbrook in the 1972 Republican primaries against the apostate Nixon, though I was not yet old enough to vote. In those days, and in the still darker days of the late 1970s, NR shone as a conservative beacon amid the gloom of America's paralysis and drift. And this lighthouse, to the libertarians' delight, was firmly in private hands! (Of course, it also lost money every year, proving that the public weal depends on more than the standard market forces.)

I interned at NR in 1978, during the summer between college and graduate school. My memory of that delightful experience remains vivid: the warren of offices at 150 East 35th Street; the congenial presence of Linda Bridges, Rick Brookhiser, Bill Rusher, and many others; the penury, relieved by the occasional office lunch at Paone's; and the radiant Priscilla Buckley,

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managing editor, who announced one day toward the end of the summer that she had read and liked my first effort at a signed piece for NR, an account of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's commencement speech at Harvard. With her blessing, it appeared a few issues later.

And, yes, the larceny. I lifted a copy (we had two) of Harry Jaffa's *How to Think About the American Revolution*, the first book of his I'd ever read. *How to Think* set me to thinking about America in ways that continue to influence my scholarship and conservatism—all thanks to NR.

Thanks most of all, of course, to Bill Buckley, without whom none of it would have been possible.

Mr. Kesler is editor of *Claremont Review of Books* and professor of government at Claremont McKenna College.

ROGER KIMBALL

What has NR meant to me? You might as well ask, What has the combination of sunshine and rain meant for those flowers in your back yard? For five decades, NR has performed a similarly tonic role, making so many things, so many writerly careers, possible. Now that the garden is large and thriving (though admittedly a little unruly in spots), we tend to forget how sparse and desiccated was its plot in the middle of the last century. Bill Buckley may have stood athwart history yelling Stop!, but his interdictions were instigations. From the beginning, NR has been an engine of possibility. Though never part of the official NR family, I know that I, like most of my conservative friends, have benefited enormously from its pioneering efforts. NR rescued conservatism from moral and political parochialism.

In 1955, the well-meaning, best-intentioned, anxiously self-righteous liberal establishment believed, as John Stuart Mill famously put it, that conservatives belonged to "the stupid party." Ergo a fortnightly journal of opinion that was both intelligent *and* conservative, feisty *and* tradition-minded, a champion of eccentricity *and* a defender of orthodoxy was simply impossible. NR arrived with the disquieting news that what the liberal consensus regarded as oxymoronic fantasy was a stark if often jovial reality. For 50 years, NR has been playing Hamlet to a changing cast of left-liberal Horatios, demonstrating again and again that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in their philosophy.

Mr. Kimball is co-editor and co-publisher of *The New Criterion*, and publisher of Encounter Books.

LARRY KUDLOW

When I think of NATIONAL REVIEW, I think of values. Conservative values. Ethical values. NR is a conservative lodestar, a compass.

NR also demonstrates the many virtues of a good discussion or debate on any issue—one that is conducted in a civilized manner, with beautifully crafted writing. For all these years and decades, NR has managed to keep its own voice. Not an easy thing to do, but the result is a wonder to read.

Having served on the staff during a difficult time in my life, in the early 1990s, I shall always be grateful for the experience. NR people—from top to bottom—were wonderful to me. And they taught me how to write—or at least they tried to. In some sense writing was the least of my problems in those days, but I still managed to learn a lot.

Then there is NRO, which has been a joy. Fortunately, I was there at the creation in the late 1990s, and it turned out to be a fabulous enterprise—a daily extension of the magazine that brings the conservative lodestar even closer to its readers.

I salute William F. Buckley and NR. You know what? I don't know what I would do without them.

Mr. Kudlow, National Review Online's economics editor, is host of CNBC's *Kudlow & Company*.

JON KYL

Clarence Duncan, a senior partner in the Phoenix law firm I joined, and a frequent correspondent with William F. Buckley Jr., gave NATIONAL REVIEW subscriptions to all new lawyers in the firm. Thus began, in 1966, my love affair with NR.

It continues to this day. While always providing a wise long-term perspective on politics and culture, the magazine has also managed to be immediately relevant. Witness its treatment these days of the most significant issue in my state: what to do about the problem of illegal immigration. I'm especially grateful to John O'Sullivan, a major writer on that topic and so many others.

I suspect I was not alone in my anxiety with each change in the magazine: in leadership, format, even print style! It always worked out, even as a new generation of writers replaced the irreplaceable. And, happily, the unmistakable influence of Bill Buckley is still evident. Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan, two of the three pillars of the modern American conservative movement, have gone to their reward. The third, Bill Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW, continues to shape and give voice to all parts of the movement. It serves both to discipline conservative thinking and to promote that thinking to others. Its importance to the nation cannot be overstated.

Congratulations to NATIONAL REVIEW for 50 years of publication. You have made a difference where it matters.

Mr. Kyl is a U.S. senator from Arizona.

WILFRED M. McCLAY

I tend to think about these things historically. Looking at the matter from that perspective, Bill Buckley and NATIONAL REVIEW accomplished something unprecedented in American history, something near-miraculous, something that was far from inevitable, and that would probably never have happened without them. They found a way to tap into the wild and contradictory expressions of a rising conservative mood in postwar America, channeled and refined those unruly energies, careful-

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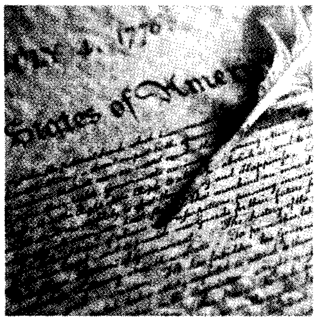

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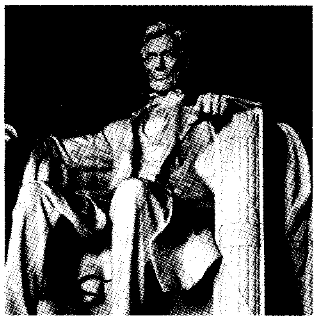

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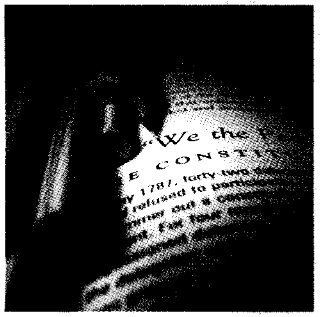

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ly trimming away the poisonous excesses and fashioning what was left into a coherent, fresh, consequential, and irresistibly jaunty organ of ideas. As with any great magazine, NATIONAL REVIEW did far more than register the intellectual currents of the day. It transformed them, issue by issue and year by year.

Who could imagine, for example, the jauntiness and moral clarity of Ronald Reagan without the prior influence of the magazine he so faithfully read, and in whose pages he learned so much about how an American conservative leader could be both charming and steely-determined? Like the life of Reagan himself, the career of NATIONAL REVIEW exemplifies one of the great principles of American conservatism, one against which all the great modern heresies of fatalism and reductionism and despair have failed: our belief in the God-given human ability to initiate, to deliberate, to act, and in so doing to transform the very conditions of our actions. NATIONAL REVIEW did more than stand athwart history. It changed it.

Mr. McClay is chairman of the humanities at the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga, and the author of *The Masterless: Self and Society in Modern America.*

PEGGY NOONAN

I think that in my generation of conservatives there's a common NR story. Or, as we now say in America, a narrative. It's this. You're a kid and it's the Sixties or Seventies and you're starting to have some thoughts that are at odds with what you've been taught nice people think. You start to wonder if taxes aren't too high; you start to rethink the idea that gun control may be the answer; you start to wonder if people aren't being burdened by the demands, rather than assisted by the benefits, of the federal government. At the point I was starting to think these things, as a teenager in the late Sixties, I saw a magazine on the coffee table in the living room in a friend's house. I picked it up. It was of course NR, and it spoke to me. It sang to me. It gave me information that backed up my growing views. It opened up a whole world of people who were thinking big thoughts, who were highly literate and had a historical perspective and historical knowledge. I didn't become a conservative overnight or because of NR, but it was one of the reasons, and it was an accompany-er on the journey, and it was a friend.

As I say, this is a common story among conservatives of my generation. In a way NATIONAL REVIEW was all we had, but it was plenty.

Peggy Noonan is a contributing editor of the *Wall Street Journal* and the author, most recently, of *John Paul the Great: Remembering a Spiritual Father.*

BILL OWENS

When I was a youngster, NATIONAL REVIEW was for me not just a magazine but a complete political education. Growing up in Fort Worth, Tex., I used to head down to the public library every few months to catch up on my NR reading. I'd sit in the stacks reading the back issues I'd missed since my last visit.

It was in those Fort Worth Public Library stacks that I first encountered the principles that have guided me throughout my life: limited government, individual freedom, and anti-utopianism.

My life has moved quickly since then—I pursued Russian studies, spent time in the private sector, and served Colorado as a legislator, treasurer, and governor—but one thing remains constant: Every two weeks, I turn to NATIONAL REVIEW for intellectual recalibration.

A few years ago I found myself seated for dinner at a gracious round table at the house of William F. Buckley Jr. and his lovely wife Pat. I was surrounded by senior editors, and of course the big man himself. I was so excited I almost drank out of my finger bowl. When I called WFB "Mr. Buckley," Pat admonished me, as only Pat can, "You call him 'Bill,' and he will call you 'Govnaaah.'"

Well, to Bill and all of the editors, fact-checkers, writers, secretaries, and friends of NATIONAL REVIEW: Congratulations on a golden anniversary. And please call me "Bill."

Mr. Owens is governor of Colorado.

PETER ROBINSON

Gstaad, Switzerland, 1988. In need of someone to help research a book, William F. Buckley Jr. had arranged for me to take a two-month leave of absence from my job as a White House speechwriter. During the two months I spent with him, I witnessed WFB's wit, his glamor, and his immense talent for friendship. But what impressed me most was the ceaselessness with which he worked. In the two months I spent in Gstaad, WFB composed 24 newspaper columns; wrote a play based on one of his novels; returned to New York to tape half a dozen episodes of *Firing Line*; completed the book on which we were collaborating; and edited four issues of NATIONAL REVIEW.

"Bill," I finally said one day, "you were born wealthy and you've been famous for thirty years. Why do you keep working so hard?"

WFB looked at me, surprised. "My father taught me that I owe it to my country," he replied. "It's how I pay my debt."

That's what NATIONAL REVIEW has meant to me. Twice a month, a payment on our debt to America.

Mr. Robinson is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution.

PAT SAJAK

As a kid growing up in a working-class Chicago neighborhood, I was much more interested in the Cubs and the Sox than I was in politics. But in 1964, I found myself attracted to a fellow named Goldwater, and I began wondering, for the first time, why the press was so obviously biased in its coverage.

By the time I joined the Army in 1968 and was sent to Vietnam, I was beginning to see the world in a way I couldn't quite explain. Something was wrong, but I couldn't focus on exactly what it was, and I was having difficulty voicing my concerns. It was like trying to speak another language without having learned the words.

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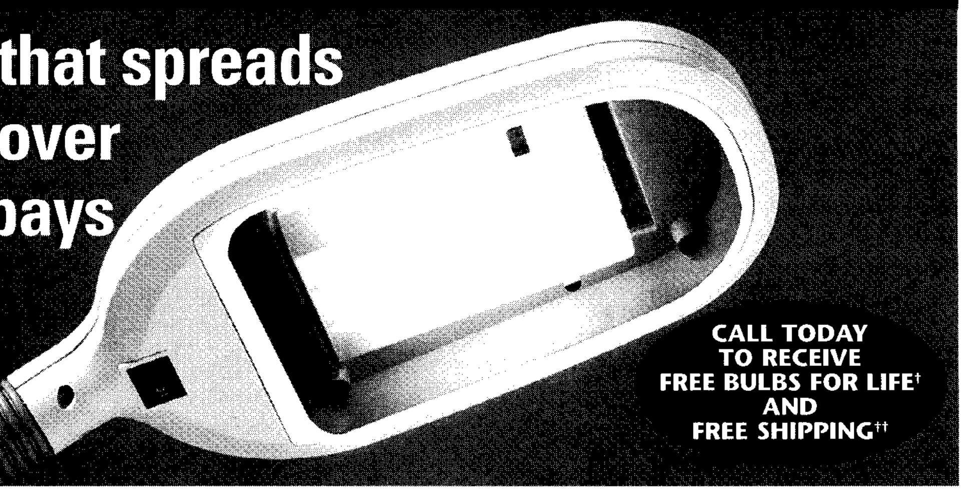

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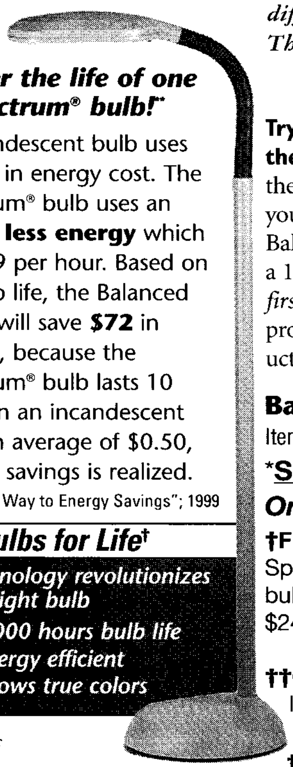

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Then I found NATIONAL REVIEW and, suddenly, the voice was there. It brought clarity of perspective and the intellectual ammunition to fight the battles that needed to be fought. It gave me strength in knowing that there were others who felt the way I did, and challenged me to learn and to read and to participate.

I've come to know Bill Buckley, and I've been privileged to share his company at occasions large and small, grand and simple, but I'm not sure I've ever thanked him fully for what NR has meant to me.

So, if I may: Thank you, Bill.

Mr. Sajak is host of television's *Wheel of Fortune* and of PatSajakGames.com.

LIZ SMITH

I must confess I started reading NATIONAL REVIEW because of an unrequited crush I had on the superior intellect of one William F. Buckley Jr. He and I had been on a talk show together and I tried to put him in his place in a discussion about Jimmy Carter's evangelical Christianity by asking, smartly: "But isn't it true, Mr. Buckley, that you too are a born-again Christian?" Mr. Buckley said smoothly: "I prefer, Liz, to think of myself as a congenital Christian." Well, who wouldn't want to sit at the knee of such a brain? So I added NR to a long list of liberal publications, thinking, "I just might learn something here."

NR is a great delight to me whether I agree with it or not. I have been highly entertained and had my mind and philosophy broadened by its drumbeat of conservatism and its frequent pertinent attacks on those of us slightly to the left. I felt bereft when Mr. Buckley stepped aside from the magazine, but I note no diminishment in this great, sincere, and elegant debating tool. Long may our disagreements wave! God bless the United States!

Liz Smith is a syndicated columnist and the author of *Natural Blonde: A Memoir.*

TOM SELLECK

I guess 1964 was my political coming of age. LBJ, the liberal "peace" candidate, was being Chicken Little, promising that the sky would fall if the other guy were elected. That other guy was the first Republican I'd heard say something other than, "I'll give you more of the same, but less." Barry Goldwater was offering "a choice, not an echo."

I was 18 and couldn't vote, but armed with my elephant lapel pin, my horn-rimmed glasses, and my AuH_2O 64 bumper sticker, I (like Hillary Clinton) went to work for Barry. (If in her heart Hillary knew he was right, what happened?)

My extraordinary parents had taught me that collectivism in all its manifestations had no more intellectual credibility than a chain letter: It duped lots of people but never fulfilled its promises. And before Barry, before Ronald Reagan, my parents had also given me what I affectionately call "the magazine."

Flannery O'Connor wrote, "You have to push as hard as the age that pushes against you." As a child of the Sixties, I felt my age pushing very hard against me—and when I became an actor, the age pushed even harder. In Hollywood, tolerance and reason were all too often replaced by moral vanity, but Bill Buckley and NATIONAL REVIEW were always there to remind me that my rejecting the chain letter did not require me to audition for the role of human being, and would not bring dire consequences. On the contrary, there might be dire consequences if I *did* pass the letter on.

If a magazine as smart, funny, and factual as NATIONAL REVIEW could "stand athwart history yelling stop," so could I.

Mr. Selleck is an actor and a producer.

JIM TALENT

The importance of NATIONAL REVIEW to conservatism is impossible to overstate. From the beginning, Bill Buckley instilled in his colleagues an understanding not only that ideas matter, but that how you argue and implement an idea matters as well. Movements must know first what they believe, then how to persuade others of what they believe. If they are successful with the persuasion, they have to be able to govern as well. In our lifetimes we have seen conservatism move successfully through this process, and NATIONAL REVIEW has lit the path every step of the way.

And here's another thing about NATIONAL REVIEW: The writing is really, really good. The magazine's style has always personified courage, crispness, and wit. Without that, NR could never have been the leader first in making conservatism acceptable to America, and then in making it dominant.

I have read NATIONAL REVIEW since I was in college. My 15-year-old son reads every issue as well. We both want to felicitate NR on the last 50 years; we are both confident that, God willing, my son and the magazine will be around to celebrate its centennial anniversary, in a country made more decent and free by its influence.

Mr. Talent is a U.S. senator from Missouri.

CASPAR W. WEINBERGER

NATIONAL REVIEW has meant to me the most effective way, and a most enjoyable way, to describe and define the modern conservative movement.

NATIONAL REVIEW has done this by demonstrating in every issue that conservatism can be discussed with wit, charm, and eloquence.

And by doing so, this remarkable magazine has of course strengthened conservatism's spokesmen and advocates as we go about the land pushing our goals. Long may it continue to survive—and its supporters with it.

Mr. Weinberger, a former secretary of defense, is the chairman of Forbes.

Fun ’n’ Games

NR has not been for the grim-minded

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

JOKES have always been a part of NATIONAL REVIEW. It was at one of our Wednesday-evening drinks sessions that the Swiss edition was born. Bill had departed a fortnight earlier for his annual six weeks in Switzerland to write that year’s book, *Four Reforms.* We missed the precision he demonstrated in editing our copy, and, in discussing his particular editorial likes and dislikes, my sister Carol, who was working for us as an editorial assistant, suggested that it would be fun to produce an entire page of editorial paragraphs, each carefully crafted to contain some element that would make Bill, the editor, curl up inside: a grammatical error, a stylistic aberration, exclamation points, a vulgarism, an overworked cliché, an inept foreign reference, a tinge of kookery, a mention of himself. What a splendid idea.

Elsie Meyer had come to work at NR as copy editor following the death of her husband, Frank, our longtime book editor. Elsie turned out a paragraph, one of the best, that managed to include three exclamation points (!!!) and the felicitous phrase “. . . before Britain, France, and the U.S. saw the oil painting on the wall, as it were.” There were mentions of Justice William O. Douglas’s “motorized old ticker,” of John-John Kennedy’s pondering that his uncle Ted never “seemed to have swim trunks when he needed them.” *“Quod licet Joves, non licent boves*, as Bill Buckley likes to say,” was the final sentence of a paragraph about Bill (“Let it grow!”) Proxmire. (Proxmire had recently undergone a hair transplant.) A pageful of these bogus paragraphs was chosen by the judges (Bill Rickenbacker, Elsie Meyer, and me) from entries by every member of the editorial staff. The result, a montage of awfulness, was pasted into two copies of the issue of March 15, 1974, by Jimmy O’Bryan, our art director, and dispatched to Switzerland. It arrived there just as I was about to return home after my annual two weeks’ vacation in Gstaad.

Back in New York the staff was on tenterhooks. What would be Peerless Leader’s reaction? Would he be taken in for even a moment? Or were our examples too crass to be believable? The reaction was: nothing. Bill, it turned out, had broken his Swiss vacation to tape segments *of Firing Line,* his weekly TV show, in a number of African capitals. So it took his memo on the Swiss edition two weeks to reach New York. Frances Bronson, Bill’s secretary, called me in a state of shock. Better brace yourself, she told me; a memorandum had come in from Bill like nothing she had ever seen. It was addressed to me and to Jim Burnham, who edited the editorial section in Bill’s absence. Jim had not been informed of the Swiss edition lest he veto the idea.

Bill’s memo was a *cri de coeur.* “I was terribly distressed on reading the editorial paragraphs in the March 15 issue,” Bill wrote.

> The paragraphs, or a lot of them, are truly appalling. . . . How coarse to refer to Proxmire’s operation. The concluding sentence is a rhetorical disaster. . . . Why on earth make fun of Douglas’s pacemaker? . . . I have implored everyone at NR not to use a Buckley joke or make a Buckley reference. . . . Is there a joke that escapes me in changing the nouns from dative to nominative? . . . I wish I could destroy every copy of this issue. To bring Chappaquiddick into a comment on John’s little-boy excitement over a prize fight would I should think be blue-penciled in *American Opinion* [the John Birch magazine]. . . . How is one supposed to know, his name not having been mentioned earlier, who is Yurii Arkadyevich Shikhanov? . . . And why, oh why “CFR-er David Rockefeller”? In a stroke we abolish the distinctions we have always made between us and the Dan Smoots [a right-wing demagogue] of this world. . . . The seizure of coyness in this section is quite impossible to understand. . . . The parenthetical remark is on the level of “Governor Malcolm Wilson (no relation to Harold!),” and makes me weep. . . . Why the exclamation point? By the way, the cumulative count on this page is now 5. . . . “the oil painting on the wall, as it were!” Oh no. . . . Henry makes it 6. . . . I am very sad. We should see on those weeks when two of the senior editors are away [in this case WFB and PLB] if other arrangements can be made, like having the paragraphs completed by noon Tuesday, or, judging from this batch, noon Sunday.

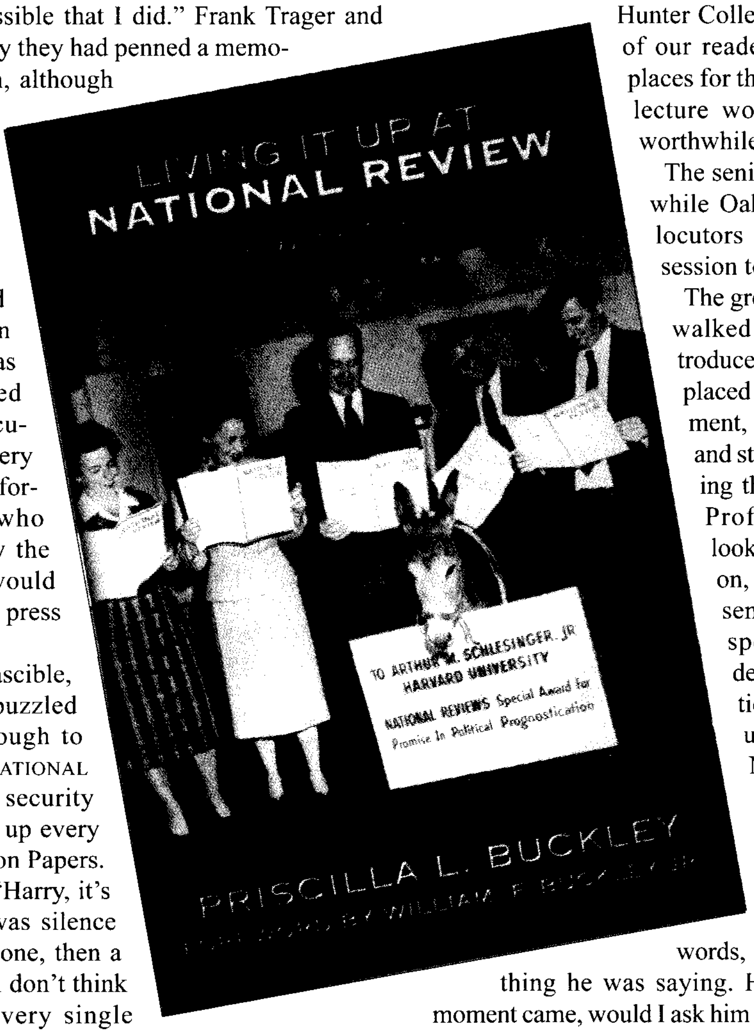
We had succeeded beyond all expectations, but we were not altogether pleased with ourselves. The hurt had been too deep, even though Bill was assured that he, and only he, had seen those particular paragraphs. But Bill himself was not above organizing a massive deception: NATIONAL REVIEW’s Pentagon Papers.

Richard Nixon didn’t know it at the time, but his world started to unravel that day in 1971 when Daniel Ellsberg gave Neil Sheehan of the *New York Times* the Pentagon Papers, and the *Times* and the *Washington Post* decided to publish them. Unwilling at any time to be outdone by the *New York Times*, NATIONAL REVIEW came up with its very own Pentagon Papers, *ex nihilo,* as the editor told a thoroughly outraged press corps a

Priscilla Buckley was managing editor of NR from 1958 to 1985. The above is an excerpt from her new book, *Living It Up with National Review: A Memoir.*

week or so later, after NR's phony papers had made front-page news in America and been sent out over the air waves by Voice of America in "Armenian, Burmese, Korean, Lao, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, Ukrainian, and Vietnamese" (*Washington Post*, July 24, 1971).

The day the story broke, WFB was in British Columbia, Bill Rusher in London, Jeff Hart in Austria, and Jim Burnham wandering about Rhode Island. Unable to reach any NR spokesman—I was hiding under my desk—the press checked with the VIPs mentioned as the authors of NR's papers. Our papers had been so well crafted that former secretary of state Dean Rusk said he was not sure that he had written a particular note but "it was quite possible that I did." Frank Trager and Douglas Pike couldn't deny they had penned a memorandum attributed to them, although Trager didn't specifically remember writing it. Young Jim Burnham (JB's son), who had recently been discharged after two years in naval intelligence, had provided NR with information on how naval intelligence was transmitted, which tended to authenticate those documents. It fooled almost every expert except one coony former U.S. ambassador, who phoned NR, delighted by the prank, to ask what we would like him to say when the press got to him.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NATIONAL REVIEW
TO ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
NATIONAL REVIEW'S Special Award for
Promise In Political Prognostication
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY
FOREWORD BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Harry Elmlark, Bill's irascible, lovable, and frequently puzzled syndicate agent, got through to me. I assured him that NATIONAL REVIEW had violated no security laws in that we had made up every single word of our Pentagon Papers. "It's a hoax," I told him. "Harry, it's a joke—j-o-k-e." There was silence at the other end of the phone, then a prolonged sputter. "Well, I don't think it's very funny to get every single editor in America mad at you. Now, Priscilla, admit it. That's not very funny." Nor did Bill Rusher, who arrived back from London that very day, think it funny. He was (1) horrified at the thought that his irresponsible colleagues might have committed treason in his absence by publishing classified government documents, and (2) far from mollified when he found that they had not.

Sometimes the joke was on us.

"Notes & Asides," November 7, 1975, carried the following notice: "The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW . . . are bringing to New York to deliver a special lecture composed for the occasion [NR's twentieth anniversary] Professor Michael Oakeshott of the London School of Economics. He is, roughly speaking, the most eloquent man in the world. . . . Don't—whatever you do—miss this one. In the years to come, it would be as sinful as having missed a public lecture by Thoreau or Emerson."

Well, not quite.

The senior editors had been suitably impressed when Bill reported that he had actually secured the services of the brilliant philosopher of political history as a highlight of our twentieth-anniversary festivities. Not only would Professor Oakeshott speak briefly at the anniversary dinner but he would write a special piece which we would publish in the following issue of the magazine, and he would read it that afternoon at the Hunter College auditorium. Several hundred of our readers would have come from far places for the celebration, and the Oakeshott lecture would make the trip even more worthwhile.

The senior editors would sit on the stage while Oakeshott spoke and be his interlocutors at a brief question-and-answer session to follow the talk.

The great day came. Michael Oakeshott walked out on the stage and was introduced by Bill, to great applause. He placed his essay, a rather massive document, it seemed to me, on the lectern and started the lecture. After first greeting the audience with a gentle smile, Professor Oakeshott never again looked up at them, but stolidly read on, and on. His British accent presented some difficulty, as did his speaking style, which could be described as low mumble. In addition, the acoustics in the auditorium were not particularly good. Nevertheless, after a few minutes the ear sorted out the difficulties in hearing what he was saying.

The problem that filled me with growing apprehension wasn't that I didn't hear his words, it was that I didn't understand a thing he was saying. How, oh how, when that awful moment came, would I ask him a question, when he might as well have been speaking Amharic? But as I glanced around at my fellow panelists—and I knew them all very very well—I could tell that they were equally baffled: Bill Rusher didn't know what the great Michael Oakeshott was talking about, and neither did Jim Burnham, Jeff Hart, or Bill Buckley. On and on he droned. When, at long last, he was through, Bill thanked him, and won the eternal gratitude of the panel by pronouncing that since the brilliant reading had taken a little longer than planned, we would, alas, be forced to forgo the question-and-answer period.

Jim McFadden later told me that he overheard a woman in the audience comment: "That was Buckley's greatest hoax. That was an actor playing the philosopher." To which her companion replied, "And it was never going to end!" **NR**

PHILIP HOLZER & ASSOCIATES, L.L.C.

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In a Reflective Mood

Five key players look back

LINDA BRIDGES

BEING asked for memories of NATIONAL REVIEW makes me feel like Wodehouse's Oldest Member: How ever to choose? But when I think of the early Seventies, I think first of Magazine Tuesday and Wednesday.

The basic routine was fixed. The out-of-town editors would filter in on Tuesday morning—Jim Burnham, Jeff Hart, sometimes George Will or Bill Rickenbacker. We junior editors enjoyed catching up with them while we finished our lists of topics for "The Week."

At 10:59 we trooped upstairs. In any space, WFB quickly finds his "*querencia*." In the conference room, his *querencia* was the end of the table nearest the door. Once, when he insisted on having the air conditioner on, someone suggested that he move down to the a/c end of the room. He just laughed.

A few more relaxed minutes, and then we whipped out our lists. Publisher Bill Rusher led off, followed by Jim, then Priscilla, and so on around the table. There would be discussion as we went along, with Jeff contributing a guffaw or two. The senior editors covered all the major topics, but the juniors could still vie to come up with clever offbeat nuggets—though the king of the offbeat was Tim Wheeler, working in absentia from his farm in Indiana.

Once, when I had been here five or six years, Jim asked the incumbent summer assistant for his impressions of NR. Jim then said, "Linda, what do you specially remember from your first summer here?"

I replied, schoolgirl-serious, "The way you baited Mr. Rusher over Rhodesia and South Africa." Jim laughed. Jim loved to tease, and WAR was a particular target because he so often rose to the bait.

After lunch we buckled down to our old Royal typewriters. The excitement of the approaching deadline was made audible by the CLUNK of the dumbwaiter that connected Priscilla's office with Bill's and the bells they used as signals. We were all anxious to see what Bill had done to our copy—and both abashed and admiring when we saw how he had improved it with a few flicks of his red pen.

Soon it was 4:30 Wednesday: closing time. After making the tough choices—this has to run; this can hold—Bill would triumphantly read out an offbeat opener and closer, and the lot would be taken downstairs for the printer's messenger. Then back upstairs for editorial drinks. Often there was a guest. It might be Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, our European correspondent; or Taki Theodoracopulos, tired of just being rich and wanting to become a journalist; or the producers of *Laugh-In*. Associate publisher Jim McFadden might come down and delight us with stories of the old days. Bill Rusher usually made an appearance; hand still on doorknob, he would intone, "Drinking again?"

We would need to work hard the next morning, correcting the final proofs. But for this moment we could just bask in the golden company and pity those poor liberals who didn't know how much fun we had.

EDWARD A. CAPANO

WHEN I graduated high school and told my father that I'd like to go to college, his reply was brief and noteworthy: "You can go to any college you like, under two conditions: 1) you can get there by subway; and 2) you can pay for it." As usual with my dad, it was to the point and concentrated the mind. I enrolled at St. John's (a half-hour subway ride away, in downtown Brooklyn) and, heeding my father's directive, made a beeline to the placement office on Day One. And there, pinned to the bulletin board, was a job offer for clerical help at a small magazine in midtown Manhattan. That little magazine was NR. The rest, as they say, is history.

I grew up at NATIONAL REVIEW. For 45 years, it has been as if I go from one home, in the morning, to another. A few weeks ago, Jay Nordlinger and I were talking golf and I mentioned to Jay what a great life golfers have—being paid to play a game. Jay said, "Ed, we don't have it so bad ourselves." He was absolutely right. Imagine doing something you love and being paid for it.

I've had a great run at NR. The epitome of the factotum, I've worked in the circulation, promotion, advertising, and editorial departments, and even did a brief stint in the mailroom. This circuitous route to chief-cook-and-bottle-washer enabled me to meet some unforgettable people. I won't attempt to mention them all, but I would like to mention a few who had an impact on my life.

The first was my mentor Jim McFadden, a jack-of-all-trades whose philosophy was, "There's no such thing as a sour note, because that note can always be used as the first note of a new symphony." Jim was responsible for keeping NR solvent through some tough years and I learned a great deal from him, not only about keeping the creditors away from the door, but about life as well. He was tough, realistic, and spiritual, and he loved to laugh.

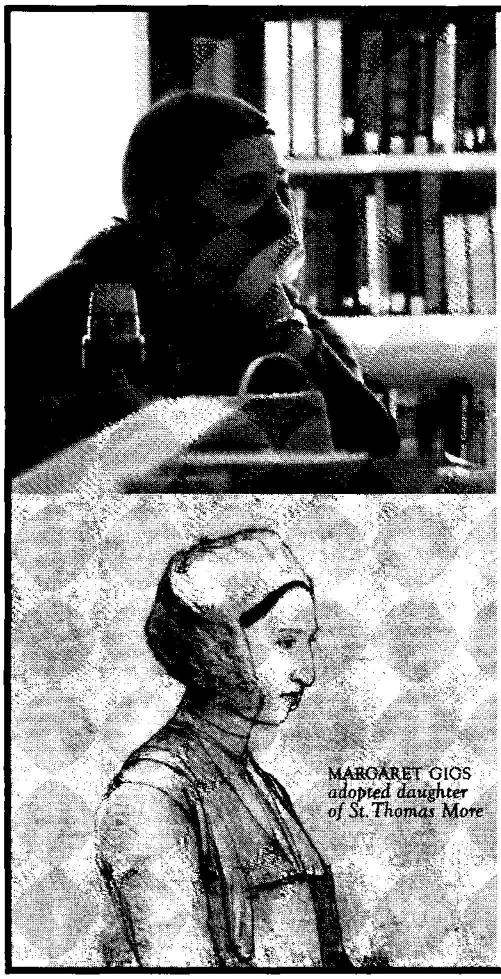
Then there was Priscilla Buckley, the godmother of NR, who not only guided the editorial ship through some rough waters but was den mother to the editorial Cub Scout pack. Brilliant, charming, with a wonderful sense of humor, she was unshakeable. No crisis, no matter how dire, ever seemed to get to her. Her treatment of people, with respect and dignity, is something that has always stuck with me. From the mail boy on up, everyone was treated equally and it had an effect on everyone.

Last, there is WFB, truly one of nature's noblemen. There is nothing I can say about Bill that hasn't been said already. However, I can adapt something Bill said about Ronald Reagan, and say it about Bill: He has been an enormous influence on my life, my politics, and my Christian faith. The greatest of all the virtues is charity, a virtue Bill has in abundance.

As we reach our 50th birthday, I can assure Bill that NR is in good hands. We have a brilliant young editor in Rich Lowry, who turns out an exceptional magazine issue after issue. He's ably assisted by a top-notch staff including the multi-talented Ramesh Ponnuru and Jay Nordlinger.

On the business side there is the incomparable Dusty Rhodes, whose counsel, wisdom, and friendship I treasure and respect. There is also Jack Fowler, Scott Budd, and Jim Kilbridge; their skills help feed the little engine that makes this operation go.

I know I won't be around for NR's 100th birthday, but I can assure you NR will.



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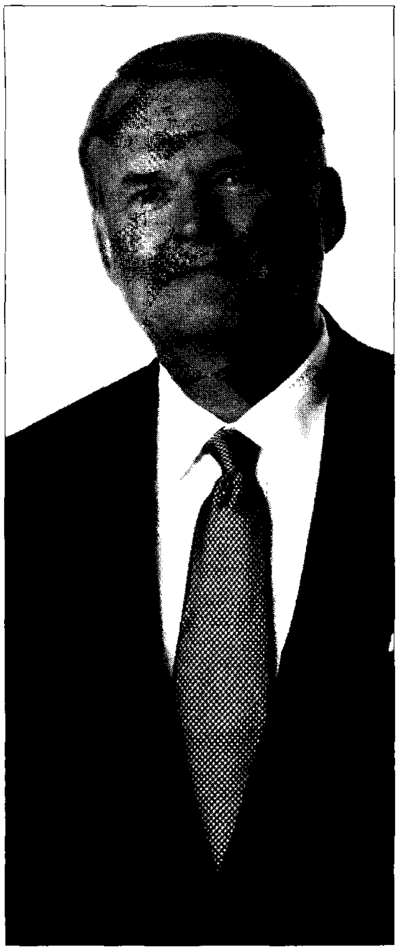
NEAL B. FREEMAN

What did I think on meeting Bill Buckley? My first impression, to be candid, was that he must be the guy standing next to Patsy Buckley, the luminiferous Mrs. Buckley, six feet of young womanhood so astonishing as to make your lungs walk off the job. For the balance of that first evening and for some decades thereafter I fixed her with what your tabloid press might call a stalker's stare. My second impression was that Bill Buckley was speaking a language with which I was familiar but somewhat insecurely so. Things seemed to approach other things only *asymptotically*. Grammatical barbarians, loosed on the streets, were apparently committing a wave of *litotes*. Certain things could be properly compared to other things only after checking with someone named *Mutatis Mutandis*.

My further impression was that Willmoore had been right. (Willmoore Kendall had pounded me into ideological shape at Yale a generation after he had done the same favor for Buckley.) It was Willmoore's opinion, rendered with the finality of Mosaic proscription, that among Buckley's many talents one was pre-eminent. He was the world's finest conversationalist. That's a heavy reputation to lug to any dinner table but Buckley flipped it around like a poker chip. He knew about art and boats and cities and history and Scripture and music. I was then working at Doubleday and he seemed to know more about the books I was working on than I did. He was plainly supercalifragilistic (okay, not a Buckley word but a gratifying eight syllables nonetheless) and I soon slipped into full-engagement mode. I don't know how late I stayed but it quickly became NR lore that Bill had offered the kid a job as the only way to get him out of the house.



I consulted two people on Bill's offer. The first was Jim McFadden, who had become NR's indispensable business-side executive after leaving a job in mainstream publishing. Mac's words stick with me: "Bill says he's going to change the world. I think he might do it and I'd like to help." I know, that sounds like rhetorical bump-and-tickle, just a wee bit of four-beer talk. All I can tell you is that the young Buckley was capable of making words like those sound plausible, almost modulated. The second consultant was my father. He had invested heavily in my white-shoe education and had been left unmoved by the ecumenical spirit of the day. He summed up the career move with a question: "You're going to leave one of the world's great publishing houses for an Irish Catholic rag?" Yes, sir!

What did the job entail, being Bill Buckley's right-hand man? Some of this, some of that, all of it in the Buckley style aimed at high purpose and pursued in high spirit. I was the political reporter and the Washington correspondent. (Now that Mark Felt has talked it can be revealed that, yes, I was Cato.) I ran the mayoralty campaign office and started his TV show. (It's true. Bill never forgave me for calling it *Firing Line*.) The most fun was selling his newspaper column city to city: For several seasons he was the hot cross bun of the syndicate business. But it was years before I realized that the most important part of the job may have been what I then regarded as a tiresome chore: handling Bill's correspondence. In those early days, at the dawn of the conservative era, he emboldened and guided and connected them all—from Ronnie and Barry to Phyllis and Brent to Clare and Roger to Dan and Kieran to almost 300 others. The first generation of the conservative movement can be identified neatly. They were the people who corresponded with Bill Buckley, a committee of correspondence that he built into a national political force. And along the way—it must have been either *inter alia* or *pari passu* or *in medias res*—he changed the world. Nice going, boss.

Mr. Freeman is chairman of The Blackwell Corporation.

DANIEL OLIVER

Forty-five years ago, while I was a college dropout studying Russian at the Army Language School in Monterey, Calif., I came across a small advertisement in *The New Republic*—which all good Harvard dropouts read regularly. The ad had a provocative paragraph about President Kennedy and invited the reader to send away for a free issue of another magazine, which I did, and in due course I received my first copy of National Review.

I learned only a few years ago that Bill Buckley and one of his top lieutenants had disagreed over the value of placing those ads in *The New Republic*. Fortunately for me, WFB prevailed.

I first met Bill Buckley in 1965 during his campaign for mayor of New York. He invited me for lunch one Saturday and I've been enjoying his generosity and Pat's culinary expertise ever since.

In the 1970s, while I was practicing law in Manhattan, I wrote occasional editorials for the magazine. In 1973, Bill judged the process unsatisfactory because I wasn't part of the discussions and debates at the fortnightly editorial meetings, and he asked me to join the magazine full time, which I did as executive editor.

What a ride! And what a joy to be with, and to be tutored by, WFB, Priscilla Buckley, Jim Burnham, and Jeff Hart. WFB assigned me the At Home column in the *National Review Bulletin*, which had been written by Stan Evans since Genesis. I remember WFB's telling me how to write a column: "Tell a story." Sure. How do you make a story out of the new unemployment statistics? Well, if you don't know, read any Bill Buckley column on unemployment statistics and you'll find out.

In 1974, I visited Vietnam and, thanks to an old friend, Charlie Whitehouse, who was the U.S. ambassador to Laos, I got a much-coveted opportunity to interview Graham Martin, the U.S. ambassador to South Vietnam. In my piece for NR I wrote something like, "Ambassador Martin thinks such-and-such about Senator Kennedy." Bill asked me, "How do you know Ambassador Martin thinks that about Senator Kennedy?" "Well," I said, "he said so." "Ohhhhhhh," said Bill: "'Ambassador Martin *said* he thinks such-and-such about Senator Kennedy.'" And so ended Lesson 143 at Bill Buckley's School for Young Conservative Journalists.

For 45 years, NATIONAL REVIEW has been central to my life, as has been Bill Buckley. We have worked together, played together, skied and sailed together. Bill is my best colleague, best mentor, best friend.

He doubles as the most important intellectual of the second half of the 20th century.

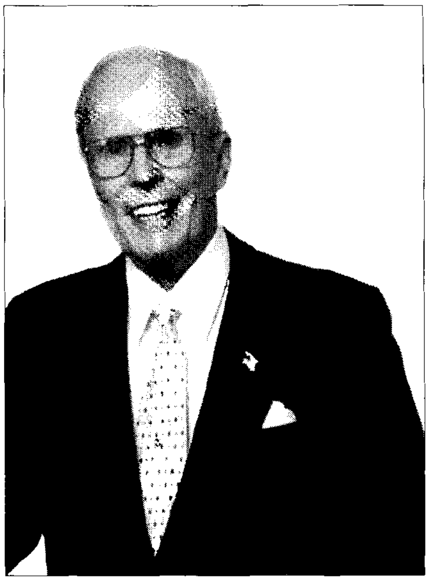
George Will, another NR graduate of my era—we used to have lunch together at a small medium-fast restaurant on 34th Street—described NATIONAL REVIEW, at one of its celebrations, as "the most consequential magazine of opinion, ever." I count it one of God's blessings that in my life I have had the chance to be part of NATIONAL REVIEW. For that, and for Bill Buckley's many kindnesses during more than forty years, I am most grateful.

Mr. Oliver is a senior director at White House Writers Group in Washington, D.C. He was chairman of the Federal Trade Commission from 1986 to 1989.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

When Bill Buckley invited me to become NATIONAL REVIEW's publisher in June 1957, I had been practicing law for seven and a half years—first as an associate in a Wall Street law firm, and then, for a little over a year, as associate counsel to the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee. I was a charter subscriber to the magazine, and powerfully tempted to throw in my lot with it, even though it was just 19 months old and boasted a circulation of only 16,000. I could sense the kinetic power of the ideas on which it was based, and believed in them firmly. I longed to become part of the effort to sell them to the American people. But leaving the career for which I had trained, and in which I had worked for nearly eight years, was obviously a big step. What if NATIONAL REVIEW folded in a year or two? What if the conservative movement, which was then just getting under way and to which it was dedicated, got nowhere and quietly died? Could I reestablish myself as a lawyer?

I was 33, and single, so I had no obligations to a wife or children, but it was still a daunting decision to make. I consulted various friends (who were divided in their counsel), and took six weeks to make up my mind. When I finally decided to accept Bill's invitation, I put down, in a little black book I always carried with me, the key consideration that had persuaded me. For many years I copied it, every year, into that year's new black book. Ultimately it fell by the wayside, along with the little books that contained it. But I remember it quite well enough to paraphrase it closely herewith:



"In following the course that you have chosen, remember that you chose it in the full awareness that it might not succeed. But you felt that it was eminently worthy of success, and that, if it failed, you need not reproach yourself for having made that choice."

By God's grace, our effort did not fail. But I still believe that, if it had, it would have been worth the attempt. Even in our wildest dreams, however, we never imagined the success that would ultimately crown the conservative movement. Which simply proves anew the wisdom of the old rule: Follow your heart. Follow your principles. And leave the rest to Providence.

Mr. Rusher is a syndicated columnist.

Cause(s) and Effect(s)

Throughout the half-century, NR has engaged in a variety of causes, some of them successful, some less so—all worthy. Below are summaries of six of them, written by associate editor Anthony Dick.

ENDING THE SOVIET UNION

The fall of the Soviet Union marked one of the greatest victories for human freedom in history. For NR, it was the culmination of a vigorous, nearly four-decade-long crusade against what Ronald Reagan rightly labeled "the evil empire." In January 1989, ten months before the Berlin Wall came down, the magazine's cover announced "The Coming Crack-up of Communism." Inside, Radek Sikorski wondered how long the USSR—the "sick man of Eurasia"—could stave off collapse.

The liberalizing reforms of glasnost had allowed the widespread discontent of the Soviet citizenry to ferment, shaking the very foundations of the USSR. Mikhail Gorbachev was stunned, as NR's editors wrote in February 1991, that "the new freedoms he had conceived as limited proved explosive." Uncertainty swirled, as various constituent republics declared sovereignty and made moves toward independence. In April of that year, David Satter could write in NR, "The Soviet Union is clearly at a turning point in its history, and what happens in the next few months will affect not only its own future shape but the shape of the world. Most Moscow intellectuals expect that there will be a crackdown."

An attempted crackdown of sorts came in the August coup of 1991, when an anti-Gorbachev faction placed the leader under house arrest and briefly seized control of the government. But the putsch ultimately failed after only three turbulent days, leaving Boris Yeltsin the leading man in Moscow. On September 23, NR's cover pictured a sullen, shrugging Gorbachev, along with the mischievous caption, "Vladimir Ilyich *Who*?" In The Week, NR quipped, "Lenin would never have believed this. And Walter Duranty wouldn't have reported it." By year's end, the brutal Bolshevik experiment would be officially consigned to the dustbin of history.

VERLASSEN
JETZT
WEST BERLIN

At the Berlin Wall, June 12, 1987

In his Notes & Asides of September 23, 1991, WFB reflected on the decline and fall of the Soviet empire: "In the first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, published on November 19, 1955, we announced that we were 'irrevocably' at war against Communism, and that we would oppose any substitute for victory. Thirty-six years later, Communism was banned within the Soviet Union. . . . [O]n bended knee, we give thanks to Providence for the transfiguration of Russia, thanks from those of us who lived to see it, and thanks to those, departed, who helped us to understand why it was right to struggle to sustain the cause of Western civilization."

Amen.

THE STRATEGIC DEFENSE INITIATIVE

On March 23, 1983, Ronald Reagan delivered his now-famous speech introducing the concept of the Strategic Defense Initiative. The logic behind the proposal was this: With thousands of Soviet ICBMs poised to annihilate our cities at the touch of a button, we ought to have some capability to protect ourselves—by intercepting and destroying incoming missiles—if that button were ever pressed.

But Reagan's political opponents were unmoved. In April 1983, NR's editors identified the strange public-relations plight faced by the SDI proposal: "It is difficult not to believe that if such a defensive effort had been proposed by, say, Kennedy or Mondale, it would have been received very respectfully—would indeed, quite probably, have been hailed as courageous, progressive, humane, pioneering. President Reagan's proposal that we pursue a serious nuclear-defense effort met, instead, with a chorus of instant rejection and ridicule."

This chorus quickly focused on two distinct anti-SDI themes that would resonate through the coming decades. Writing in an NR cover story in May 1983, Walter A. McDougall took up both of these objections and explained to Reagan's detractors why they couldn't have it both ways: "Either [SDI] is a huge waste of money, or it is a serious threat inviting attack, but not both."

As the years went by, NR was there to show how the case for SDI was only growing stronger—from both a technological and a strategic perspective. On February 22, 1999, NR devoted an issue

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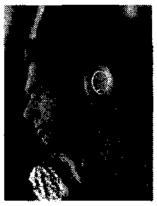

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to SDI, which nicely updated the situation: With the onset of the Information Age, computer-guidance technology had improved dramatically, making missile-defense systems more realizable than ever before. Additionally, with the Cold War over and the U.S. standing as the sole remaining superpower, there was no longer any argument for maintaining a "delicate strategic balance" with a powerful nuclear rival.

Post–Cold War, the remaining nuclear-missile threat comes from unpredictable rogue states, weakened old enemies, and emerging new powers. In that 1999 issue, Mark Helprin put it bracingly: "To the question of how the United States would deal with a desperate, accidental, or renegade Russian missile launch, or with a future Iranian or North Korean attack arising from inexplicable though not unexpected madness, or with nuclear brinksmanship from a confident and aggressive new China with fleet ballistic missile submarines and MIRV'd ICBMs, the answer is that it would do nothing because it could do nothing."

When George W. Bush took office in 2001, NR urged him to abandon the outdated Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty—a "dusty embarrassment to proponents of arms control," in the words of Richard Lowry. By the end of that year, the Bush administration had announced its intent to withdraw from the treaty, and would do so six months later. By July 2004, the first ground-based interceptor had been installed in Alaska, marking a concrete triumph for the supporters of missile defense.

As NR's editors wrote in 2001, a new era of national security has begun: "The task of defending the U.S. against possible missile attack becomes less an intellectual challenge and more an engineering and budgetary one. . . . The letters that missile-defense supporters have to fear now are not ABM, but OMB."

SUPPLY-SIDE TAX CUTS

AFTER Reagan's inauguration, the success of his agenda was anything but certain. NR's editors fretted that Beltway politics might "gum up the works" of the ambitious supply-side machine that was ready to roll through Washington. "Will supply-side economics be perverted into yet another rationale for increased government interference in the economy?" they asked. "Stay tuned."

But the magazine was determined not to let that happen. In May 1981, Michael Novak laid out "The Moral Case for Reaganomics." He wrote, "A politics of economic and moral vision trusts the intelligence and creativity of all its people, whether rich or poor, in the hope that all together will create goods and services never imagined, for the greater good not only of our own nation but of all mankind."

In August 1981, the Reagan tax cut happened. The top bracket fell from 70 to 50 percent, leading NR to trumpet "Reagan's tax-cut triumph"—and the triumphs would multiply.

Five years later, with the deficit mounting and pressure for higher taxes rising, NR's editors described the 1986 State of the Union address as a "pleasant refresher course in the radicalism of Ronald Reagan." The president had "built a wall of moral principle against tax increases," they wrote. "It can no longer be presumed . . . that in a conflict between the government's budget and the family's, the family must give way."

A break had appeared in the taxpayer-soaking storm clouds that lingered over Washington, allowing NR to call for yet another tax reduction in June 1986, in order to stoke the nation's wealth engines once more.

That fall, another round of tax reform did come, pushing the top individual tax rate down to 33 percent. In October, NR reviewed the overall reform as a "hardly perfect" measure, but one whose flaws were "more than offset by the sharp reductions in marginal tax rates, both individual and corporate." The editors pointed out that it marked a continuing trend from 1964, when the top bracket had been set at a veritably Swedish 90 percent. Thanks to Reagan, that number had plummeted farther and faster than anyone had expected.

As the Gipper himself might have said, not bad for government work.

WELFARE REFORM

THE drive for welfare reform has always sprung from the very core of conservative principle. In the pages of NR on September 14, 1992, Lance Izumi described just how dire the welfare situation had become: "The massive growth in welfare rolls suggests that more and more people have surrendered at a basic psychological and moral level, allowing government to relieve them of those responsibilities that come with adulthood and that buttress genuine maturity. Welfare reform is necessary not merely to ease the burden on taxpayers, but to make it less easy for those who don't need welfare to take it, at the cost of their self-respect."

Public support for serious welfare reform had reached such a height in the early 1990s that even Bill Clinton campaigned on the promise to "end welfare as we know it." After his election, conservatives did their best to hold him to that promise, keeping the idea of welfare reform alive in 1994's Contract with America. Writing in the May 6 issue in 1996, David T. Beito stipulated that any successful welfare-reform program must "create an environment in which Americans will once again be motivated to engage in mutual aid and self-help."

Clinton initially demurred, twice vetoing the welfare-reform bill sent to him by the Republican Congress. Some conservatives—including some of ours!—urged GOP congressmen to back off of the issue temporarily, so that Bob Dole could hammer Clinton in the presidential election for his inaction on welfare. But Congress forged ahead, and Clinton—spurred by Dick Morris's shrewd political advice—finally signed a welfare-reform bill in August 1996. There commenced a great wailing and gnashing of teeth from liberals, who prophesied Calcutta-like masses of poor people starving in the streets.

But in its February 21, 2000, issue, NR ran a story by Stephen Moore. It began, "The results are in: Welfare reform is one of the greatest public-policy successes of modern times. There are now only half as many families on welfare as there were in 1994. Some states, led by innovative GOP governors, have shrunk their rolls by

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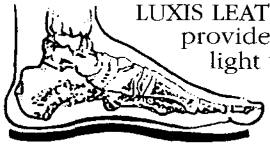

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more than 80 percent. And almost everyone now agrees that the former welfare recipients have moved upward into the labor force, not downward into bleaker poverty.” As vindications go, this was a big one.

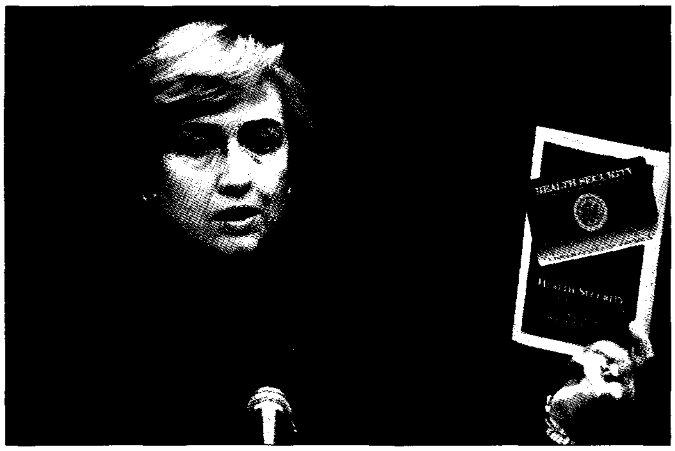
DEFEATING CLINTONCARE (ALTERNATIVELY, HILLARYCARE)

One of Bill Clinton’s first moves on taking office in 1993 was to appoint his wife head of the new Task Force on National Health Care Reform. By May of that year, the disturbing thrust of “HillaryCare” had become sufficiently clear to warrant a cover-feature rebuke from NR. By the September 6 issue, the shape of the plan had congealed enough for Grace-Marie Arnett to observe: “The carrot of health-care reform that President Clinton used to tantalize the electorate during the 1992 campaign now looks more like a stick that would be used to whip consumers, physicians, and businesses into shape.” In an October 4 editorial, NR blasted HillaryCare as “an underfunded, over-bureaucratic system, severing patients from doctors and offering a slush pile for the major insurance companies.”

After the plan was announced in its final form in the fall of 1993, NR devoted its November 1 cover to “Clinton’s Monster Health-Care Package.” Inside, John O’Sullivan portrayed the looming “disaster” that HillaryCare represented. It threatened to drive up costs, degrade the quality of treatment, flatten pharmaceutical research, and subject American citizens to a gauntlet of state-rationed health services.

Another NR cover feature on the Clinton proposal came on December 13. In that issue, former American Medical Association president Edward R. Annis argued that the president had “ignored the problem that most needs to be corrected”: “government policies that insulate patients from their health-care bills.” Stressing the need for free-market reforms instead of more bureaucracy, Annis concluded, “While the President promises more for less, the truth is we would all get less, and pay a whole lot more.”

The steady drumbeat of criticism took its toll. By June 1994, NR’s editors could write: “After a solid month of intense presidential glad-handing and speechifying, nine months of White House war-rooming and spin-doctoring, and almost two years of general Democratic chest-beating, the Clinton health plan has ebbed to 36 per cent support in the polls. Rarely have so many given so much for so little.”



A woman with a plan

On September 26, HillaryCare was finally pronounced dead by Democratic Senate majority leader George Mitchell. NR celebrated in the October 24 issue, writing: “By thwarting the attempted Clinton coup against the health-care system, the Republicans effected their most complete and significant (even if negative) legislative victory since the 1981 Reagan tax cuts.” Goodbye to HillaryCare . . . for now.

‘BUCKPAC KILLS!’

Lowell Weicker, the one-time Republican senator and perpetual liberal gasbag from the state of Connecticut, was first elected to the U.S. Senate in 1970. He met his Waterloo in 1988, when the September 2 issue of NR announced the formation of “Buckleys for Lieberman.” The impromptu association’s stated purpose was “to generate support for the defeat of Lowell Weicker” by endorsing his challenger, Joe Lieberman. Lieberman, it was explained, “is a moderate Democrat, and it is always possible that he will progress in the right direction.” There was, on the other hand, “no such hope for Lowell Weicker.”

The target

The group (which came to be known simply as “BuckPac”) contained several vital organs, such as the precisely named “Horse’s Ass Committee,” the purpose of which was “to document that Lowell Weicker is the Number One Horse’s Ass in the Senate.” This was accompanied by the “Degasification Committee,” which was “engaged in attempting to clean up the quality of public thought,” as well as in demonstrating that “the bombast, murk, and pomposity of Lowell Weicker’s public declarations are a threat to democratic ecology.” Every issue of NR leading up to the election featured a “Weicker Watch,” heralding the latest in the anti-Weicker crusade.

When BuckPac was first launched, Weicker held a 17-point lead over Lieberman in the polls. By November 2 that lead had vanished, and Weicker was toppled. “BuckPac Kills!” proclaimed the December 9, 1988, issue of NR. “By the mere act of pointing at the nudity of the emperor, the searing point was made. Namely that Mr. Weicker was an arrogant, bigoted bore and that the Republicans who, as galley slaves, had voted for him should feel free to vote for the Democratic alternative . . .” That alternative, Lieberman, still occupies Weicker’s Senate seat, attending our 50th-anniversary gala in October. We continue to regard him as a marked improvement over Mr. Weicker. **NR**

HILLARY CLINTON: TOBY TALBOT/AP   LOWELL WEICKER: REUTERS/CORBIS

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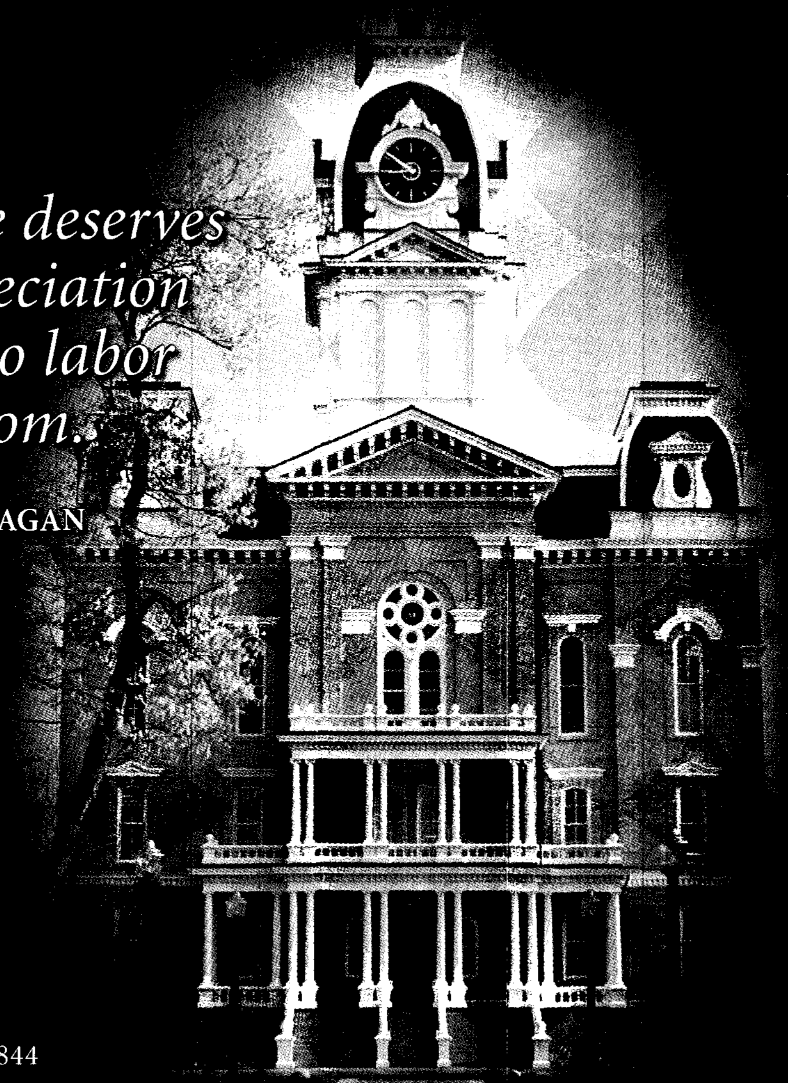

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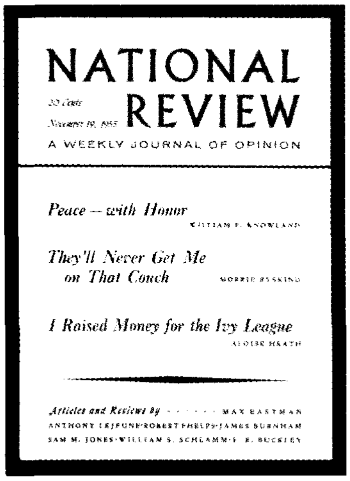

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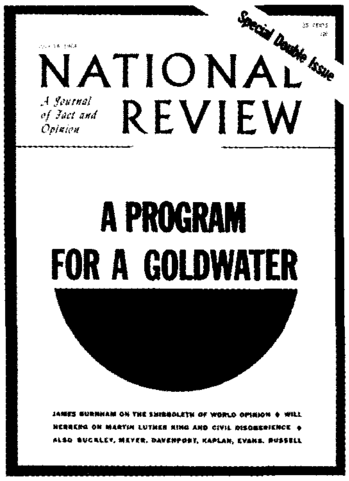

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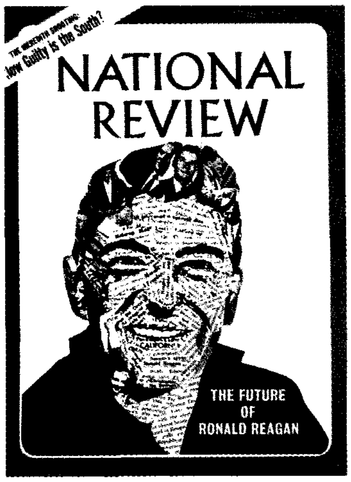
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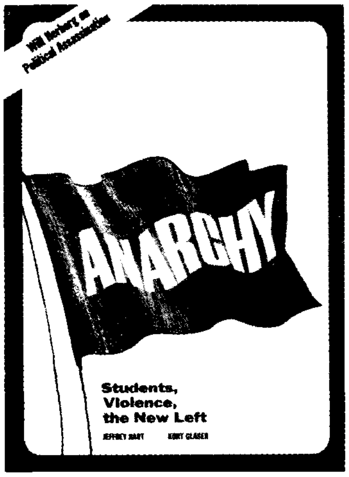
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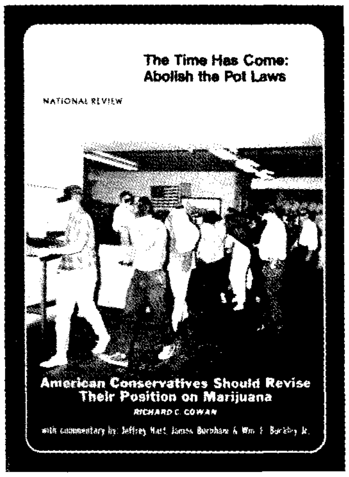
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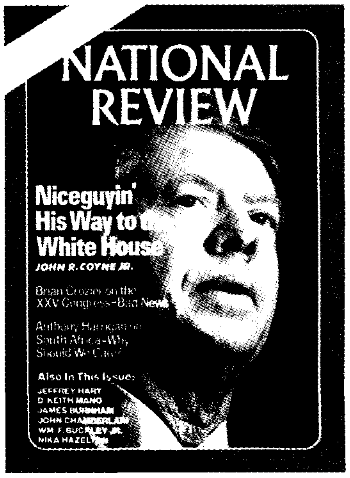
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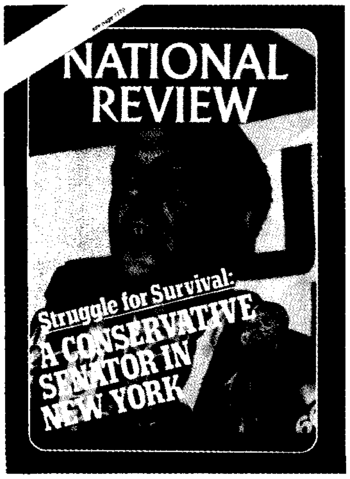
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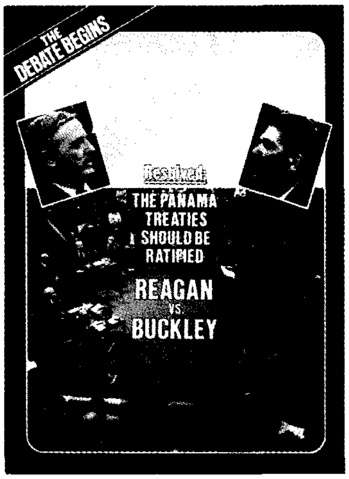
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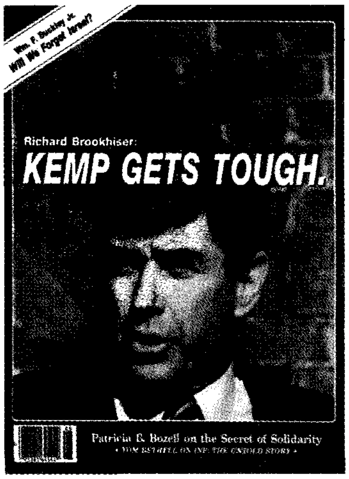
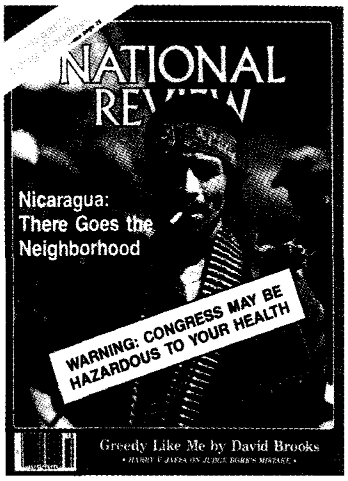
THE PANAMA TREATIES SHOULD BE RATIFIED
REAGAN VS. BUCKLEY

February 17, 1978


Wm. F. Buckley Jr.: Will We Forget Israel?
Richard Brookhiser:
KEMP GETS TOUGH.
Patricia B. Bozell on the Secret of Solidarity

February 19, 1988

. . . Then and Now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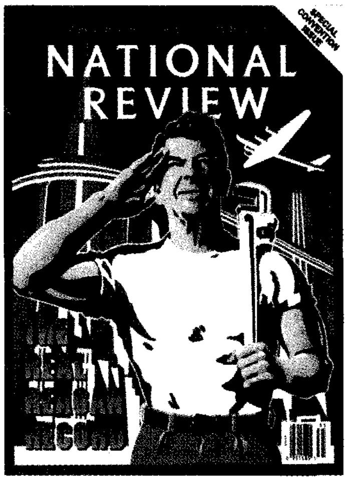
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"ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU STOP SAYING 'WE.'"

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December 11, 1995

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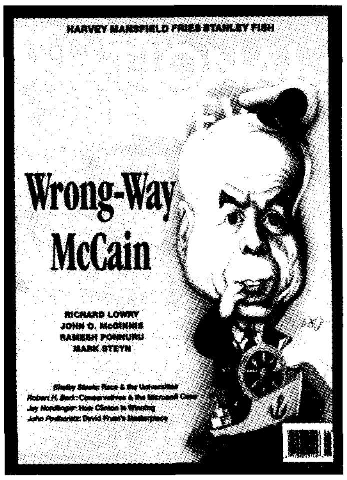
HARVEY MANSFIELD FRIES STANLEY FISH
Wrong-Way McCain
RICHARD LOWRY
JOHN O. McGINNIS
RAMESH PONNURU
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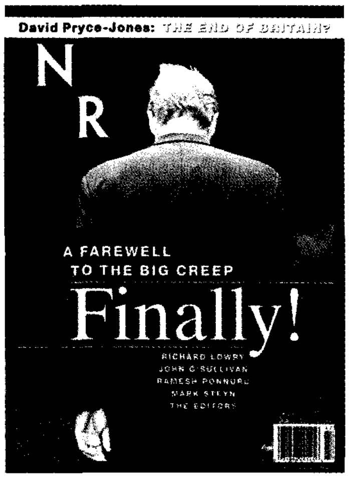
David Pryce-Jones: THE END OF BRITAIN?
N R
A FAREWELL TO THE BIG CREEP
Finally!
RICHARD LOWRY
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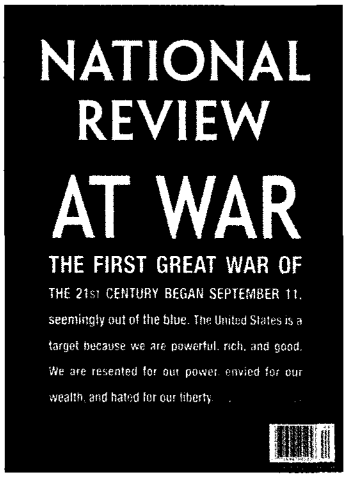
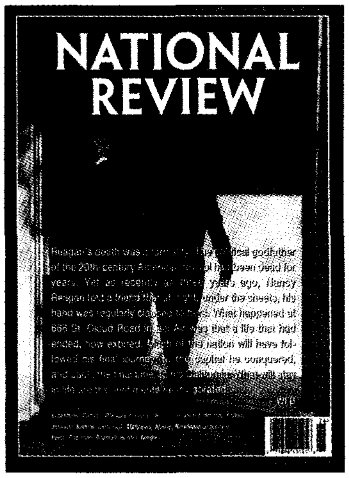
November 20, 2000


NATIONAL REVIEW
AT WAR
THE FIRST GREAT WAR OF
THE 21st CENTURY BEGAN SEPTEMBER 11, seemingly out of the blue. The United States is a target because we are powerful, rich, and good. We are resented for our power, envied for our wealth, and hated for our liberty.

October 1, 2001


NATIONAL REVIEW

June 28, 2004

A Man and His Mag

On the morning of October 6, the White House held an event in honor of William F. Buckley Jr. and the magazine he founded 50 years ago. Here is a sampling of the remarks made on that occasion, culminating in those of the president.

JAMES L. BUCKLEY

FORTUNATELY for Bill I have no anecdotal memory, so he will be spared the embarrassment of my reciting a litany of his youthful indiscretions. But what I can say is that being related to Bill is not an unmixed blessing. For example, shortly after I was elected to the Senate, Bill chose to appear on the television program *Laugh-In*, on which he asserted, among other things, that he would only fly on planes that had two right wings. Two days later, I received an angry letter from a lawyer in Buffalo who described himself as a former admirer. He went on to say that he was appalled to see my disgusting performance on *Laugh-In* in which I disgraced my office and embarrassed my constituents by acting the clown on that nauseating program. He acknowledged that some people might enjoy its indecencies, but trusted that they were in the minority.

Now, for someone in elective office, it's a worrisome thing to lose even one admirer. So by return mail, with copy to Bill, I advised him that it was Bill, not I, who had appeared on *Laugh-In*, but added that I couldn't help wondering why he had consented to watch a program of which he so strongly disapproved. I was rather pleased with my putdown until, three days later, I received my copy of the letter Bill sent my former admirer:

> Dear Mr. _____:
>
> It is typical of my brother to deceive his constituents. It was he, not I, who appeared on *Laugh-In*, just as you suspected. But his greatest deception remains undiscovered. It was I, not he, who was elected to the Senate.
>
> So you are represented in the Senate by an honest and truthful man.
>
> Yours sincerely,
>
> Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Bill published that exchange in NATIONAL REVIEW, and a Buffalo subscriber posted it on the bulletin board of a stuffy club to which my poor constituent belonged.

The question that people continually ask me is whether my other siblings and I knew, as we were growing up, that we had such a prodigy under our roof. The answer, of course, is no. We did realize that Bill was precocious (at age seven, for example, he wrote the King of England demanding that he repay England's war debt), and his older siblings would tease him about the mouth-filling words he would occasionally use and, at times, misuse. But as the years went by, our amusement turned to awe as three of Bill's signature qualities manifested themselves: an Olympian self-assurance, an unrestrained imagination, and the self-discipline required to accomplish whatever he set his mind to.

And when, with the self-assurance we have come to know, he decided the time had come to save the nation from liberalism, he had the imagination to see how this might be accomplished and the infinite self-discipline and determination required to bring it about. Bill proposed to save the Republic by founding a magazine that would lay the intellectual groundwork for a counter-revolution. And Bill proceeded to do precisely what he had set out to do: transform American politics. Not a bad accomplishment for a precocious younger brother.

Unfortunately, as the years went by, Bill developed the habit of commandeering his siblings' services. My sister Priscilla had a promising career in journalism until he yanked her home from the United Press bureau in Paris to become his managing editor and nanny to a cantankerous group of editors. And he has had the most direct impact on my own life, beginning with a telephone call in the spring of 1965 when he called to announce a) that he had decided to run for the position of mayor of New York City on the strict understanding that he could not win, and b) that he required my services as his campaign manager. Now it happens that at that time I had never been involved in a political campaign of any kind and I have never had any talents as a manager. So it would be an exercise in the blind leading the blind. What Bill wanted was a buffer to protect him from the New York Conservative party's amateur political strategists. And, as has always been the case, I yielded. It was a glorious campaign. As expected, Bill didn't win, but I had been introduced to the fathers of the Conservative party who would later conscript me for a run for the Senate. And it seems I have been on one government payroll or another ever since.

I have had many blessings in life, but few that match the pleasure and privilege of having Bill for a brother.

Mr. Buckley is a senior judge on the U.S. Court of Appeals and a former U.S. senator from New York.

ROGER KIMBALL

ONE question that many in this room will have asked themselves over the years is, How does he do it? He is graduated from college and instantly incites apoplexy with his book *God and Man at Yale*. He founds NATIONAL REVIEW and at one stroke rescues American conservatism from parochial irrelevance and provides a platform for generations of conservative commentators.

He may have advised us, in the first issue of NR, to stand

Frustrated with "Republicans"?—Join the Club!

Are you as frustrated with this Republican Congress as we are? Despite Republican majorities in both houses of Congress, and a Republican President, we still can't get federal spending under control or get the tax cuts that revitalized our economy made permanent.

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The Club for Growth exists to encourage, and make possible, the enactment of pro-growth economic policies by the Federal government. The primary tactic of the Club for Growth PAC has been to provide financial support from Club members to viable pro-growth candidates to Congress, particularly in Republican primaries.

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- Making the Bush tax cuts permanent
- Death tax repeal
- Cutting and limiting government spending
- Social Security reform with personal retirement accounts
- Expanding free trade
- Legal reform to end abusive lawsuits
- Replacing the current tax code
- School choice
- Regulatory reform and deregulation

Club for Growth at a Glance

- **$22 million raised** by the Club and its affiliates for issue advocacy, candidates, and operations in 2003-2004.
- **Nation's largest 527 political organization** of economic conservatives—National Journal magazine ranked the Club as one of the most effective political organizations in America.
- **22 candidates recommended** to Club members in the November 2004 election by the Club for Growth PAC, and 17 elected.
- **Thirty-nine members of Congress elected** with substantial support from Club for Growth members and Club for Growth PAC.
- Club for Growth PAC and Club members delivered more than **double the campaign funding** to Republican candidates than the top 2 special interest PACs combined. And we backed the candidates with principles!

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How much can your $100, $500, $1,000 or even $50,000 donation affect national policy debates or an election? Not much these days. Any single contribution is of little consequence in this era of multi-million dollar issue advertising campaigns.

But what if you could leverage your contributions so that they are matched by 1,000, 5,000 or even 30,000 like-minded economic conservatives, each contributing $100, $500, $1,000, $10,000 or even $50,000? What if your contributions are strategically coordinated to make a difference?

Now you can be part of an effort, led by former Congressman Pat Toomey, that moves the national debate in a pro-growth direction. Now you can also help elect genuine free-market conservatives. Participate in the Club for Growth and watch your donations help change the policies and politics in Washington.

> **"The organization is now poised to become perhaps the most powerful conservative interest group in the country."**
>
> —Carlos Watson,CNN, April 28, 2004

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Club for Growth salutes National Review for 50 years of fighting for freedom!

athwart history yelling Stop! But look how much he has instigated.

Recognizing the importance of debate to the health of our political culture, he starts *Firing Line* and for 30-odd years provides the most intelligent and entertaining forum for the exchange of ideas and exhibition of eccentricity in the history of television. He skis; he sails across the Atlantic, across the Pacific, to Canada, to Bermuda. He plays the piano and harpsichord, not just in the privacy of his living room but in concert halls. In his spare time, he runs for mayor of New York City—though not, I should point out, posthumously, as *The New York Times Magazine* seemed to imply last week when it ran the World's Most Ghastly Photograph of Bill on its cover.

In addition to these sundry avocations, there are the central employments of speaking and writing. For many years, Bill averaged 70 lectures a year. That's seven-zero. I pause to remind you that a year contains but 52 weeks.

And then there is the writing: the thrice-weekly column, the articles for NR and a galaxy of other magazines from—well, from *The New Criterion* to *Playboy*—how's that for range?

The sage of Ecclesiastes observed that of the making of books there is no end. Bill obviously absorbed that verse at a tender age and regarded it as a vocation. How many books has he written, edited, introduced, been midwife to? Political and social commentary; memoirs and travel writing; essays, polemics, and a shelf full of novels—the list is long and daunting.

But this catalogue of achievement, impressive though it is, forms merely the integument of Bill Buckley's activities. The core, I suspect, centers around a twofold conviction and an accident of temperament.

The conviction is, first, that liberty is essential to our humanity; but, second, that genuine liberty requires acknowledgment of what transcends and gives direction to our discretion—in other words, that genuine liberty requires faith and what one British jurist memorably called "obedience to the unenforceable."

Bill's embrace of liberty has made him, famously, the scourge of political tyrants who would trample upon freedom, and latitudinarian anarchists who would beguile us with counterfeit substitutes. Yet it is important, I think, to note that the withering lucidity of Bill's rhetoric has sometimes obscured the fact that, unlike many able polemicists, he is a profoundly non- or even anti-ideological character.

He is conservative, yes; he has assiduously followed St. Paul's directive to "speak thou the things which become sound doctrine."

But Bill's conservatism is fundamentally a creature of amplitude. Like Walter Bagehot, he knows that "the essence of Toryism is enjoyment." And this brings me to that accident of temperament I mentioned a moment ago. I daresay that everyone in this room is, in one way or another, a beneficiary of Bill Buckley—his insight, his admonition, his infectious enthusiasm and unstoppable generosity.

Let me say a word about the element of admonition. It transpired one day that I had never heard of the remarkable controversialist Westbrook Pegler. Bill's astonishment was profound—and unremitting. It was also effective. For I have since acquainted myself so closely with the works of Westbrook Pegler that I sometimes believe that I am Westbrook Pegler!

The author of Genesis tells us that God made the world and saw that it was good. To my mind, that is the imperative bulletin that Bill Buckley has been bringing us for decades. He has been graced with many talents; but he has been graced above all with a genius for friendship. I am immensely grateful for the benefactions of that genius. Thank you, Bill. Long may you flourish.

Mr. Kimball is co-editor and co-publisher of *The New Criterion*, and publisher of Encounter Books.

HENRY A. KISSINGER

For over 50 years, Bill Buckley has been a friend—a staunch support in every crisis and an inspiration amidst the political turmoil of the times.

It cannot be said that our relationship began auspiciously. What brought us together was a journal called *Confluence* that I—then a second-year graduate student—was editing. Its purpose was to reconcile European and American attitudes by inviting authors from both sides of the Atlantic to write essays on the same topic. Shortly after the publication of *God and Man at Yale*, I invited Bill to contribute. I cannot recall what possessed me to make this—in the Harvard context—foolhardy decision. I have no recollection of what I expected. In fact, there was no basis for forming any expectation because, in the 1950s, conservatives were an unknown species at Harvard. When I read Bill's draft, all ambiguity vanished. By Harvard standards, it was beyond unorthodox, verging on the sacrilegious. So we turned the article down, preserving our prospects for Harvard tenure. It is not an action of which I am proud—though no doubt we found an elevated justification at the time.

Bill gave me my comeuppance during the controversy over détente when he said—in my presence—on *Firing Line*: "Henry Kissinger reminds me of an athlete carried around the arena to the applause of the multitude while someone else is winning the race."

Despite unpromising beginnings, Bill and I became close friends. He has always been tolerant of deviant opinions, and his civilized urbanity that had vanquished such veterans of ideological struggle as Ken Galbraith found it easy to disarm a Rockefeller Republican—so much so that as time went on, Bill occasionally appointed himself my conscience. For example, he was part of the press corps accompanying President Nixon to China. While I was briefing the journalists on the Shanghai Communiqué, Bill respected our friendship too much to ask a hostile question. But he made sure to sit in the front row with a raised eyebrow that was not lowered once during an hour's briefing.

Bill could leave me defensive amidst general adulation because I cherished his integrity, his warmth, his serenity, and his values. Having escaped a totalitarian society, I appreciated his resistance to the politics of manipulation. When Bill first appeared on the scene, the dominant agenda tended toward the homogenization of societies, without regard to history, culture, and circumstance. Bill's message was that every society must tread a path partially charted in its past and that its future depends on the sustaining value it can draw from its roots. The dominant agenda treated society as a mechanism subject to continuous tinkering. Bill's conservatism saw society as an organism requiring its own special nurturing. This is why conservatives strive to replace the tyranny of programs with a respect for the unknowable and an acute sense of responsibility for the possibilities of unintended consequences. The insistence on imposing perfection in a finite time is a cause of much of humanity's suffering. Real conservatism believes in absolute values but is willing to reach them in imperfect stages. This humility—which in Bill's case could be described as flamboyant—is the prerequisite to achieving the ultimate liberation of man and societies to evoke the best within them.

The most difficult challenge for any society is to chart the path between its past and its future. To travel that road, courageous guides are needed, not afraid to stand alone and capable of both battles and reconciliations.

Bill has performed this service for our society.

Let me conclude with a quotation from Winston Churchill:

"What is the use of living, if it be not to strive for noble causes and to make this muddled world a better place for those who will live in it after we are gone? How else can we put ourselves in harmonious relation with the great verities and consolations of the infinite and the eternal?"

Bill always has recalled us to the great verities. It has been a privilege to be his contemporary, an honor to be his friend.

Mr. Kissinger was secretary of state from 1973 to 1977.

GEORGE F. WILL

In his 40th-anniversary toast to his Yale class of 1950, Bill Buckley said: "Some of us who wondered if we would ever be this old now wonder whether we were ever young." Those who were not young 40 years ago, in 1965, can have no inkling of what fun it was to be among Bill's disciples as he ran for mayor of New York vowing that, were he to win, his first act would be to demand a recount.

Murray Kempton, the wonderful liberal columnist who later joined Bill's eclectic legion of friends, wrote after Bill's first news conference as a candidate that Bill "had the kidney to decline the customary humiliation of soliciting the love of the voters, and read his statement of principles in a tone for all the world that of an Edwardian resident commissioner reading aloud the 39 articles of the Anglican establishment to a conscript assemblage of Zulus."

For conservatives, happy days were here again.

Back then, espousing conservatism was regarded by polite society, which was then soggy with that era's barely challenged liberalism, as a species of naughtiness, not nice but also not serious. Bill, representing New York's Conservative party, which was just three years old, won 13 percent of the vote. When the winner, John Lindsay, limped discredited from office eight years later, Bill's brother Jim had been elected, on the Conservative line, U.S. senator from New York.

Bill soon turns 80 and NATIONAL REVIEW, which he founded in the belly of the beast—in liberal Manhattan—soon turns 50. It is difficult to remember, and hence especially important to remember, the slough of despond conservatism was in in 1955.

Ohio's senator Robert Taft, for more than a decade the leading conservative in elective office, had died in 1953. Joseph McCarthy had tainted conservatism in the process of disgracing himself with bile and bourbon. President Eisenhower had so placidly come to terms with the flaccid consensus of the 1950s that the editor of *U.S. News & World Report*, the most conservative newsweekly, suggested that both parties nominate Eisenhower in 1956.

NATIONAL REVIEW demurred. When it nailed its colors to its mast and set sail upon the choppy seas of American controversy, one novel on the bestseller list was Sloan Wilson's *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*. It voiced the 1950s worry about "conformity."

NATIONAL REVIEW's premise was that conformity was especially egregious among the intellectuals, that herd of independent minds. NATIONAL REVIEW is one reason that the phrase "conservative intelligentsia" is no longer, as it was in 1955, an oxymoron.

In 1964, NATIONAL REVIEW (its circulation then was 100,000) did what the mighty Hearst press had often tried to do but had never done. NATIONAL REVIEW had determined a major party's presidential nomination.

Barry Goldwater's candidacy was essentially an emanation of NATIONAL REVIEW's cluttered offices on East 35th Street. Which is why an audience of young Goldwaterites took it so hard when, two months before the 1964 election, Buckley warned them that bliss would be a bit delayed. He said:

"The point of the present occasion is to win recruits whose attention we might never have attracted but for Barry Goldwater; to win them not only for November the third, but for future Novembers; to infuse the conservative spirit in enough people to entitle us to look about us on November fourth, not at the ashes of defeat, but at the well-planted seeds of hope, which will flower on a great November day in the future, if there is a future."

There was a future. It arrived 16 years later.

Bill is the author of more than 4,000 columns, and still adding two a week. He is the author of 47 books, 18 of them novels. He was the host of the *Firing Line* television program for 33 years. For 50 years he has been a public speaker, often making as many as 70 lectures and debates a year. He has been an ocean mariner, a concert harpsichordist—Bill's energy reproaches the rest of us.

He is married to a woman who matches his mettle. His proposal to her, made when he called her away from a card game, went like this:

He: "Patricia, would you consider marriage with me?"

She: "Bill, I've been asked this question many times. To others I've said no. To you I say yes. Now, may I please get back and finish my hand?"

In his memoir *Miles Gone By*, Bill recalls the story of an American GI who asked a caretaker at Windsor Castle to explain the secret of the Castle's splendid lawn. The caretaker replied: You make a very shallow furrow before planting the grass. Then you carefully water it—for 700 years.

Liberty is like that, and Bill, head caretaker of America's political lawn, understands the patience required for its cultivation.

Bill, so young at 80, was severely precocious at age seven when he wrote a starchy letter to the King of England demanding payment of Britain's World War I debts. Seventy-three years on, Bill's country is significantly different, and better, because of him. Of how many journalists, ever, can that be said? Only one.

Mr. Will is a syndicated columnist.

GEORGE W. BUSH

Editor's Note: Below is a transcript of the president's remarks, which were in part off the cuff.

I'm here to escort William F. Buckley Jr. to lunch. (Laughter.) But first I've got some things I want to say. It's an honor to celebrate the 50th anniversary of National Review, and soon to be the 80th birthday of our honoree. You probably think this is a—the Yale Scholars Association meeting. (Laughter.) Actually, Bill Buckley did have an influence on me when I followed him at Yale. You might remember one of his famous quotes—the job of conservatives was to stand athwart history, yelling Stop. That's the approach I took to most of my classes. (Laughter.)

WENN PHOTOS

I also do want to throw a little bouquet to him, and let him know that all I've learned about the English language . . . (Laughter.)

At any rate, it's good to welcome the Buckley family. Thank you all for coming. It's such an honor to have you all here. You've got a great family, and you're a family of public service and a family that has stood strong for what you believe, without wavering. I appreciate Dr. Kissinger, and Dusty Rhodes, and Ed Capano as well. It's good to see you all.

The interesting thing about Bill Buckley's career is he's a—obviously, not idle. He likes to do a lot of different things. He was an author, an editor, a spy, a novelist, a sailor. . . The most important thing he did was to contribute to the realm of ideas for America. He was an entrepreneur. He kind of gathered up some dreamers and decided to do something. A lot of times dreamers don't do anything, they just sit there and dream. He decided to do something, and he formed a magazine that helped move conservatism from the margins of American society into the Oval Office. That's a significant contribution.

The amazing thing is that sometimes it's hard to be a leader because you hear all kinds of voices. He certainly heard different voices when he formed National Review. He had an eclectic group of people. That's a Yale word. (Laughter.) He had voices that included ex-communists who knew better than most the threat posed to America by the Soviet Union. He had voices such as free-marketers who knew that markets could deliver better results than bureaucracies. He had voices from the traditionalists who understood that a government of and by and for the people could not stand unless it stood on moral ground. They were all different—represented a different strand of conservative thought. Yet, when they came together under the conductor's baton, they made beautiful music. Congratulations for being a leader. (Applause.)

I'm sure it's hard for some of the youngsters—unfortunately, that doesn't include me anymore (laughter)—to imagine the day when the only conservative game in Washington, D.C., was Bill Buckley and National Review. And today we've got, of course, an abundance of conservative columnists and radio hosts and television shows and think tanks and all kinds of organizations. I guess in an intellectual sense, you could say these are all Bill's children. And like children, they grow up and go their own way. But I'm confident that the faithful advocates of the free-enterprise system, like those at National Review, regard the competition they have created as a good thing. I certainly hope so.

It's hard to believe that in 1955, the Soviet Union was in full power, that Ronald Reagan was a Democrat—and the truth of the matter is, Bill, I was more interested in Willie Mays than I was in you. (Laughter.) But a lot has changed in a brief period of time, when you think about it. Many of the more important changes of the 20th century happened because National Review stood strong, and that's a fact—that's a fact of history.

I'm glad to know that the people of National Review aren't resting on their laurels. A sign of a good leader is somebody who can lay the foundation so that people are able to carry on. I think that's going to be a legacy of Bill Buckley. He didn't just show up and create something that cratered, he created something that stood the test of time and grew.

The people of National Review are determined to leave their mark on this new century, and we appreciate it. You got a lot of readers here in the West Wing. My admonition is to keep thinking, to keep writing, and keep working.

I found another Buckley quote interesting—when he wrote, with characteristic modesty, that did National Review not exist, no one would have invented it. (Laughter.) I think it's more accurate to say that only Bill Buckley could have invented National Review. And that's a tremendous influence on American life that can be explained only by the appeal of human freedom—this great understanding of the power of freedom to change societies and to lift up people's lives.

It is an honor to be here to thank you for your service. I want to thank you for leaving us a magazine and a group of thinkers that will help make the advance of liberty over the last 50 years look like a dress rehearsal for the next 50 years.

May God bless the Buckley family. Thank you for coming. **NR**

Galas Galore

NR's 50th-anniversary dinner, held this October 6, was the tenth anniversary dinner in our history. Let's look back at those marvelous affairs.

5TH ANNIVERSARY

Left: the scene at the Plaza; middle top: Frank Meyer; middle bottom: Brent Bozell; right (from l. to r.): Garry Wills, Frank Meyer, Elsie Meyer, Joan McCaffrey, Neil McCaffrey

10TH ANNIVERSARY

Left (from l. to r.): WFB, John Dos Passos, Henry Luce, James Burnham (obscured), Adm. Lewis Strauss; middle (from bottom, counterclockwise): Jim Buckley, his mother Aloïse Buckley, John Buckley, Ann Buckley; right: Teddy White makes a point.

15TH ANNIVERSARY

Top left: Nika Hazelton, Jim Buckley, Frank Shakespeare, WFB; bottom left: WFB, Nika Hazelton, Bill Rusher, Priscilla Buckley, Frank Meyer; middle: Clare Boothe Luce & J. Daniel Mahoney; right: Aloïse Buckley, Priscilla Buckley, Jim Buckley, WFB

20TH ANNIVERSARY

Left: Ronald Reagan & Bill Rusher; top right: Barry Goldwater, Ann Buckley, RR; bottom left: WFB, RR, Bill Rusher

25TH ANNIVERSARY

Top left: Priscilla Buckley, Jim Buckley, George Will; top right: Marcia and Jim Burnham; bottom right: three McFaddens—Faith, Maria, and Jim

30TH ANNIVERSARY

Directly above: George Will, Nancy Reagan, WFB; top of column: RR & Priscilla Buckley; next one down: Charlton Heston, flanked by Nancy Reagan & WFB; next one down: Tom Selleck; bottom of column: Van Galbraith, Louise Lehrman, and Lew Lehrman

35TH ANNIVERSARY

Top: Wick Allison; middle: Tom Wolfe; bottom: WFB waves as Jack Kemp applauds.

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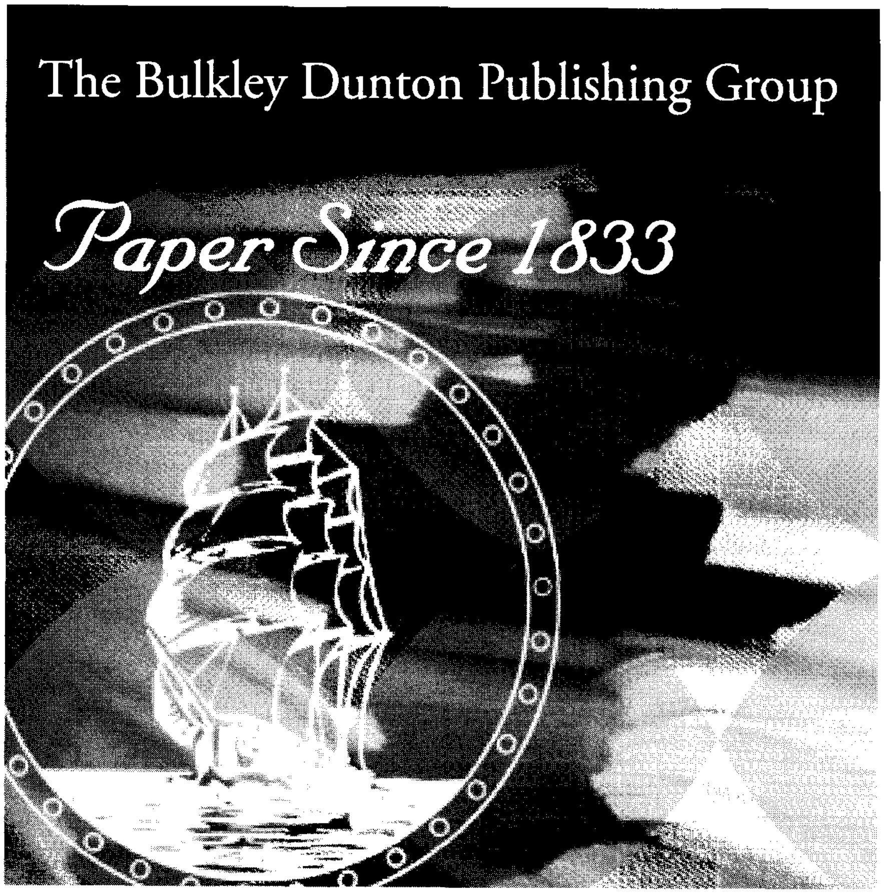
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Sailing May 4 -13, 200

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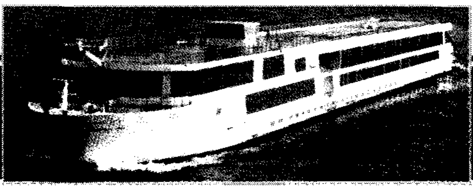
WITH MICHAEL NOVAK, CAL THOMAS, MONA CHAREN, JOHN O'NEIL
KATE O'BEIRNE, RICH LOWRY, JAY NORDLINGER, &



VISITING AMSTERDAM, DÜSSELDORF, COLOGNE, KOBLENZ, MAIN
RÜDESHEIM, HEIDELBERG, MANNHEIM, STRASBOURG, AND BASE

WE ARE PROUD to announce *National Review*'s next delightful adventure: our 2006 Rhine River Charter Cruise.

Featuring a line-up of all-star conservative speakers, and a gloriousfour-country Rhine River itinerary—Amsterdam in The Netherlands; Düsseldorf, Cologne, Koblenz, Rüdesheim, Mainz, Mannheim, and Gernsheim in Germany; Strasbourg in France; and Basel in Switzerland—this special trip (which includes two days "pre-cruise" in Amsterdam!) will take place May 4-13, 2006, aboard Viking River Cruises' new and luxurious 5-star *Helvetia II*.

You must join us for this thrilling charter trip—our *NR*-only contingentof congenial conservatives will enjoy a fabulous itinerary and inclusive excursions—a package that Viking River Cruises *specially* designed for us! We're certain this will be another intimate *NR* experience (the luxurious *Helvetia II*, which will launch in April, 2006, holds just 200 people) that you won't want to miss.

Joining us for all the unrivaled conservative revelry and discussionof major events, trends, and policies will be **Michael Novak**, t eminent scholar and author (the NRO Contributing Editor writ powerfully on theology, economics, and public policy); **John O'Nei** the Vietnam War hero who founded "Swift Boat Veterans for Truth which played a major role in the 2004 presidential elections, respec ed columnists and authors **Cal Thomas** and **Mona Charen**, and N all-stars **Rich Lowry**, **Kate O'Beirne**, and **Jay Nordlinger.**

And ace political columnist **Robert Novak**—who's cover Washington intrigue for four decades—has just confirmed that he t will join us, guaranteeing that *NR*'s 18th(!) cruise will be second none. The itinerary alone is worth the trip:

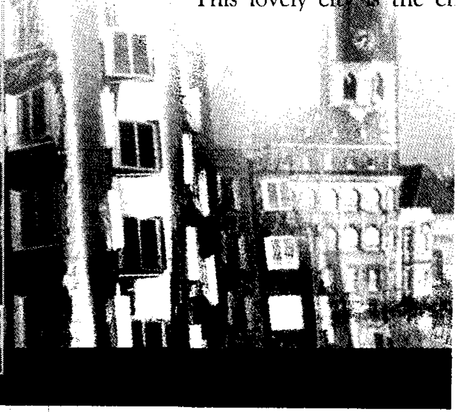
This 800-year-old city is renowned for its magni cent museums, colorful gardens, glorious architecture, and endl lattice of canals. During our pre-cruise stay, we'll enjoy a special to of the famous Keukenhof/Aalsmeer flower auction.

This major arts center, ho to numerous theaters, museums, and t German Opera House, is also a shopper's p adise (the Königsallee features many cla shops and pavement cafés). Our guided c tour will include a visit to Benrath Pala with its stunning rococo interior and massi beautiful gardens.

An intriguing mix of old a new, Cologne's Roman heritage is evide from the city's layout and many ancient rui Its modern plazas and the Hohe-Strasse, pedestrian-only retail zone, provide am shopping, lively bars and enticing restaura On our city tour, we'll visit the city's fam 14th century gothic Dom Cathedral (as w as a "Brauhaus" visit!).

Capturing traditional Germ charm, this city of cobblestone stree ancient market squares, and medie churches is home to the Ehrenbreitst (Europe's oldest fortress). From here we'll taking an exciting, extended, and guided t of the Mosel Valley!

This lovely city is the c



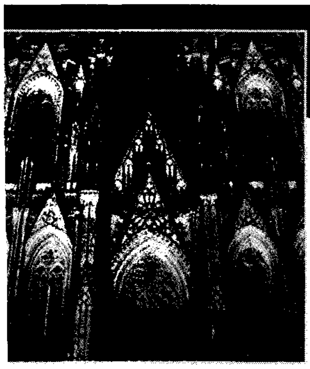
8 FREE TOURS, INCLUDING HEIDELBERG & MOSEL VALLEY!

DAY/DATE	PORT	ARRIVE	DEPART	SPECIAL EVENT
Thur/May 4	Amsterdam	Arrive morning		Transfer to hotel
Fri/May 5	Amsterdam			Keukenhof/Aalsmeer flower auction tour
Sat/May 6	Amsterdam		6:30pm	Afternoon panel session Evening cocktail reception
Sun/May 7	Düsseldorf	11:00am	(overnight)	Morning panel session City tour/Benrath Palace
Mon/May 8	Düsseldorf		4:30am	
	Cologne	9:00am	10:00pm	City Walk/Cathedral and Brauhaus Tour Late-night Smoker
Tue/May 9	Koblenz	6:00am	2:00pm	Mosel Valley excursion Afternoon panel session Evening cocktail reception
	Rüdesheim	7:30pm	(overnight)	Late-evening wine tasting
Wed/May 10	Rüdesheim		6:00am	
	Mainz	8:30am	12:00 noon	Gutenberg museum and City walking tour
	Gernsheim	2:30pm (drop off)		Heidelberg excursion
	Mannheim	6:00pm	(overnight)	
Thur/May 11	Mannheim		2:00am	Morning panel session
	Strasbourg	2:00pm	(overnight)	City tour Late-night smoker
Fri/May 12	Strasbourg		1:00pm	Alsace/Vosges excursion Afternoon panel session Evening cocktail party
Sat/May 13	Basel	12:00 midnight (arrive)		

n Viking River Cruises' new *Helvetia II*

ruise

REE TWO-DAY PRE-CRUISE
TAY IN HISTORIC AMSTERDAM!



center of the Rhine wine industry. Its famed Drosselgasse, a tavern-lined, cobblestone street, attracts locals and visitors alike. Half-timbered medieval houses, narrow streets, and old inns give the town the flavor of the Middle Ages.

This ancient Roman city and important Middle Ages' trade center is mous as the home to printing pioneer Johannes Gutenberg. *NR*'s contin: nt will be visiting the Gutenberg Museum, as part of a City Walking tour. :. Stephen's Cathedral, which features Chagall's glorious stained-glass indows, is a must-see!

From this charming port we'll take an *NR* group tour to eidelberg, famous for its esteemed university, charming Old Town, and vesome castle.

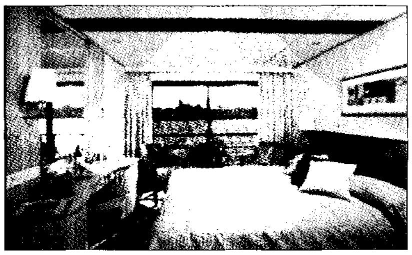
Renowned for its classical "chessboard" layout dating from the 'th century, Mannheim—featuring many elegant shops, cafés, and restau nts—is a haven for culture and the arts. You'll find the baroque Mannheim esidence, with its ornamental stucco knights' hall, of special interest.

This delightful border city exhibits both French and erman influences. The old streets of "Petit France"—we'll saunter down em on the *NR* guided City Walk tour—with wooden houses and picresque canals seem to make time stand still. We'll stay in this very special ace overnight, with our second "day" featuring an NR excursion to lightful Alsace and Vosges.

Our last port is located at the point where French, German and viss borders meet, historic Basel, with cobblestone streets, 18th century ildings and three surviving medieval gates, is the gateway to the Swiss ineland.

NR-ONLY LUXURY CRUISE LIMITED TO 170 GUESTS. PRICES START AT $3,999 P/P!

A relaxing journey down the glorious Rhine on the beautiful, new Viking *Helvetia II* is the best way to see Europe up close and in depth! Superior service, gourmet cuisine, elegant cabins, expert-led excursions—and the pleasure of traveling with an *NR*-only group—await you on our special trip. Prices are per-person, based on double occupancy, and include port fees, taxes, gratuities, group excursion, all meals, entertainment, and admittance to and participation in all *National Review* functions.



DELUXE SUITE All staterooms on the beautiful new *Helvetia II* are a comfortable 155 square feet, and include a private bathroom and shower, TV, safe, hairdryer, air-conditioning, and come with a variety of window selections:

CATEGORY A French Windows which open to small exterior river view landing, allowing you to stand outside and enjoy the lovely scenery (Upper Deck).

CATEGORY B Large window with river view opens to let in fresh breezes and magnificent vistas (Middle Deck).

CATEGORY D Small windows with river view (Main Deck).

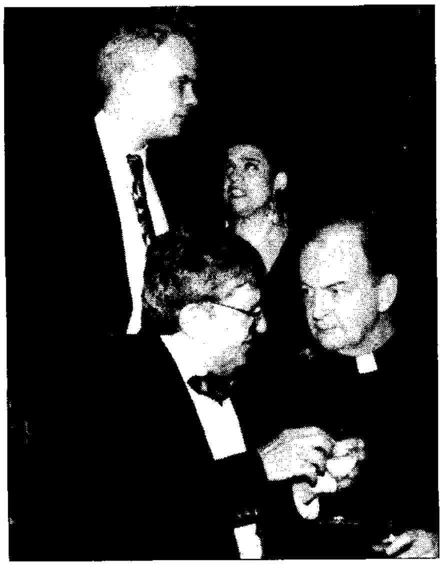
That phenomenal cruise will be made all the better by the many xtras" that are part of an *NR* experience: ***The National Review 2006 ine River Charter Cruise*** will feature six seminar sessions (each two urs!) where our guest speakers and editors candidly discuss today's most portant issues; three classy cocktail receptions and two delightful "smok;" featuring cigars (picture yourself on the Sun Deck, a lightful drink in hand, surrounded by new-found friends, as the luxuris *Helvetia II* gently sails past the most charming villages and vistas you ll ever see, in the company of friends old and new!); plus intimate din; on two nights with our editors and guest speakers!

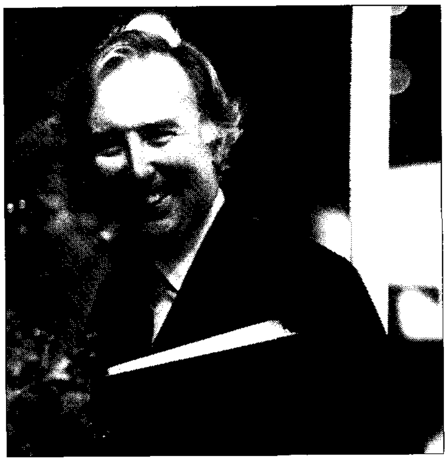
It's the trip of a lifetime—that's why 40 cabins (nearly half our available rooms!) are already booked. Don't miss out: Sign up today—call 1-800-707-1634 for a reservation kit, or get complete information (and sign up) right now at **www.nrcruise.com.**

Experience the trip of a lifetime: Join us in May—with Michael Novak, Robert Novak, Cal Thomas, Mona Charen, John O'Neill, Rich Lowry, Kate O'Beirne, and Jay Nordlinger—on the ***National Review 2006 Rhine River Charter Cruise.***

TO RESERVE YOR STATEROOM VISIT WWW.NRCRUISE.COM OR CALL 1-800-707-1634

40TH ANNIVERSARY





Directly above: Abe Rosenthal & Richard John Neuhaus are in the foreground, Rick Brookhiser & Jeanne Safer are in the background; top right: Dusty Rhodes, Ed Capano, Malcolm Wallop; bottom left: Pat Sajak; bottom right: John O'Sullivan

---

45TH ANNIVERSARY

Top left: Louise Oliver, Henry Kissinger, Dan Oliver; top right: Tom Wolfe; bottom right: Pat Buckley & Rush Limbaugh; bottom middle: Rich Lowry (extending greeting); bottom left: Jay Nordlinger, Jeanne Hauch Tyrrell, David Pryce-Jones

To the Battlefield

THOMAS SOWELL

IT is impossible to summarize, much less itemize, the many insightful writings that have appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW over the course of its long and distinguished history. Indeed, it would be impossible to do so for William F. Buckley alone. What we can do is consider the unique role of NATIONAL REVIEW as the pioneer conservative journal of opinion that challenged the prevailing liberal-left orthodoxy of the media and the academy.

It is hard to assess any achievement without knowing what the obstacles were or what the opposing forces were like. To fully appreciate what NATIONAL REVIEW has achieved would require recreating in our minds the intellectual and ideological world of the mid-1950s in which NATIONAL REVIEW stepped forth to do battle.

Today's intelligentsia may depict the 1950s as a decade of conformity to traditional ideas—the decade that twice gave us Eisenhower as president in a landslide. But while the American public in the 1950s still respected the traditions on which American society was founded, the intellectual world was already firmly in the hands of the political Left. It was not yet the hard Left, stridently anti-American as much of the Left would become in the next, explosive decade. But it was a world in which conservative ideas were simply not to be taken seriously by "thinking people" in the media or the academy.

Eisenhower won the votes of the country, but Adlai Stevenson won the hearts of the intelligentsia. John Kenneth Galbraith was the best-known economist, at least among non-economists, while Milton Friedman was considered a fringe figure, when he was considered at all. To doubt Keynesian economics in the 1950s would have been like doubting the sunrise.

This was the field of battle on which NATIONAL REVIEW appeared, to take on all comers.

It took them on largely alone. There was no Rush Limbaugh or the conservative talk-radio boom that he led. Fox News was not even on the horizon. Conservative think tanks were largely ignored. And there was no other distinguished conservative journal of opinion like NATIONAL REVIEW. It was as unique as Bill Buckley himself.

How much any given intellectual publication, or any given intellectual for that matter, contributes to the course of events in a society is at least unquantifiable, if not unknowable. But when one publication is the clear standard-bearer for a particular viewpoint during a given era, and that viewpoint makes visible inroads over the years, it would be hard to deny that publication—NATIONAL REVIEW—credit for putting that viewpoint on the map or restoring it to the map after liberal intellectuals had airbrushed it out over the years of their unchallenged ascendancy.

NATIONAL REVIEW became and remained an intellectual and ideological warrior—with logic, facts, and wit as its weapons.

The war of ideas was also part of a larger war of elections and policies. The leaders of that war—Ronald Reagan preeminently—are the ones whom the pages of history will record. But such political leaders would never have gotten the opportunity to play their historic roles without those who first changed the minds of those whose votes put them in power. While NATIONAL REVIEW's circulation was not large enough to reach directly the vast majority of the electorate, it reached opinion-makers who reached the public. No longer did the liberal vision of the welfare state or of the courts reign unchallenged as the only rational or humane view.

How much NATIONAL REVIEW directly influenced those whose hands were on the national levers of power in the White House, the Congress, or the courts cannot be known. Nor is that crucial. The whole world of ideas within which "practical" decision-makers act is crucial. Here is where NATIONAL REVIEW made its contribution.

There was a time when a man who reached the age of 50 was considered old, but today 50 is just middle-aged. For NATIONAL REVIEW, it is still the vigorous prime of youth.

Mr. Sowell is a syndicated columnist and the author, most recently, of *Black Rednecks and White Liberals.*

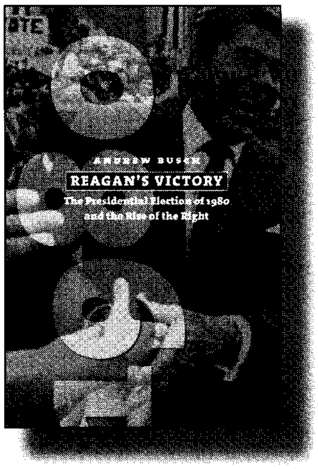
Reagan's Victory

The Presidential Election of 1980 and the Rise of the Right

Andrew E. Busch

"Busch tells an important story here about what he calls 'the Earthquake of 1980.' Well-organized, well-paced, and well-argued, this is a first-rate political history."—**Gil Troy**, author of *Morning in America: How Ronald Reagan Invented the 1980s*

"A meticulous, almost surgical, analysis of the 1980 election that emphasizes demographic, cultural, and political patterns, as well as individuals, in particular Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan."—**Burton I. Kaufman**, author of *The Presidency of James Earl Carter, Jr.*



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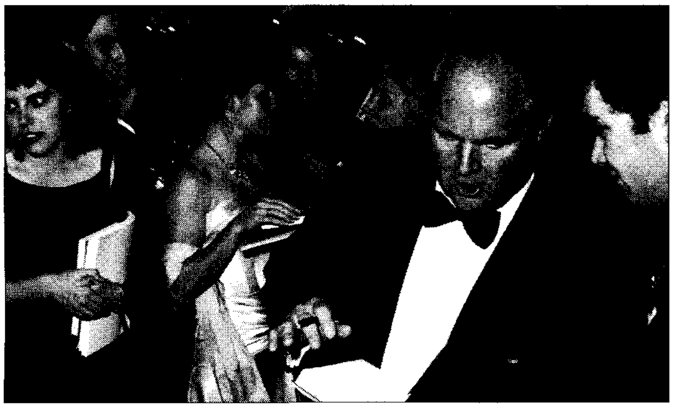
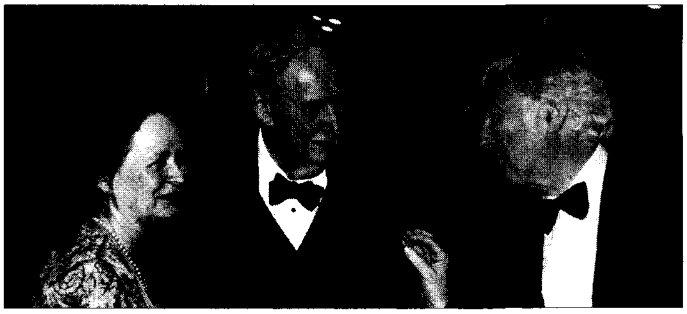




Top left: Rich Lowry; bottom left: El Rushbo; top middle: Rob Long & Kate O'Beirne; top right: Jack Fowler & Roman Genn; bottom right: Mary Ellen Bork, Bob Bork, John O'Sullivan

A Cross Before Werewolves . . .

TOM WOLFE

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, as I approached the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel for NATIONAL REVIEW's 25th-anniversary fête, a reporter beckoned me aside and asked, "Would you call this a reunion of the Neo-conservative clan?"

So I said, "How are you spelling *clan*?"

When he assured me it was with a *c*, not a *k*—given the level of intellectual wit in 1980, that was still a distinction you had to make—I gazed out over the crowd in the ballroom and said, "No . . . what I think you're looking at are 2500 people who in most cases never laid eyes on each other before but all of whom for one reason or another can't go along with the party line."

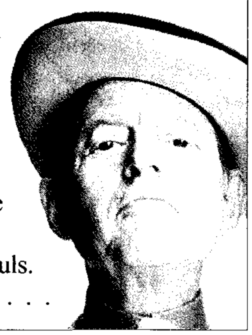
Now I had to assure him. No, I wasn't talking about *that* party. I was talking about the prevailing zeitgeist of the intellectuals—which, it probably won't surprise you to know, has not changed from that day to this.

I hasten to point out the difference between an intellectual and a person of intellectual achievement. An intellectual is a person knowledgeable in one field who speaks out only in others. When Noam Chomsky was merely the most original, arresting, and widely talked-about linguistic theorist in America, he was never referred to as a leading American intellectual. That came only after he expressed his outrage over American involvement in the war in Vietnam, about which he knew nothing, since he read *The Nation* instead of *Parade*. It was the outrage that gained him entry into that "charming aristocracy," to borrow the words of Catulle Mendès. Or as Marshall McLuhan once put it, "Moral indignation is a standard strategy for endowing the idiot with dignity."

NATIONAL REVIEW's great contribution to those 2500 mavericks at the Plaza a quarter of a century ago was to offer them a friendly—and illustrious—harbor on an otherwise hostile shore. Much of the luster was provided by Bill Buckley himself. The maestro's dauntingly aristocratic gift of periphrastic irony—just to attempt a luckily Buckley string of words—awes even his fiercest opponents. After all, they consider themselves charming aristocrats, too. They called his accent Mid-Atlantic. But they were wrong. Believe me, that accent had long ago disembarked at Southampton (Angleterre) and made its way to SW1. If you don't believe that Citizen Buckley and Prince Charles have precisely the same voice, I invite you to close your eyes before the telly next time.

In sum, NATIONAL REVIEW worked, probably even beyond the dreams of the young author of *God and Man at Yale*. It held up a cross before werewolves and a battle flag before heavy-laden and lost, all too lost, souls.

Keep 'em flyin' . . .



Mr. Wolfe's latest is I Am Charlotte Simmons.

trans-o-gram

KEM PUTNEY

Back in 1963 the genial Svend Petersen sent in samples of his Trans-O-Gram, and the editors were enchanted. This was just the sort of amenity we wanted to offer. On the rare occasions when we absolutely needed that extra page and bumped the puzzle, the barrage of letters from its fans was instantaneous and high-octane. Petersen and his successor, Kem Putney, continued Trans-O-Gram for more than 30 years. We here offer a return visit from Mr. Putney.

A.	A granite thumb would help here (2 wds)	105 156 111 15 171 73 152 131 84 61
B.	One way to fly	5 25 96 126 60 87 169 149 166 157
C.	Hypocrisy	7 22 95 62 158 88 72 145 170 43
D.	Visiting teams don't like this official cuisine	79 160 50 91 103 139 94 140 26 4 128
E.	Freedom, especially at sea	23 3 167 48 71 153 93 123
F.	That pixie-like quality	64 113 143 176 21 83 2 125 138 36
G.	Like some feminists	34 90 10 35 122 104 155 78
H.	Member of Queen Elizabeth's royal guard	45 162 102 12 63 115 146 127 99
I.	Religious turncoats	121 135 130 33 75 19 59 173 16
J.	Like the man on a deserted island	40 120 92 8 30 52 137 70
K.	Place for mother-in-law—be nice (2 wds)	165 56 133 154 17 54 86 39 44
L.	Devilishly determined	18 108 11 47 57 141 175 41
M.	Member of the hoi polloi	14 119 124 38 77 67 107
N.	It is found 70 to 400 kilometers above the Earth	1 129 148 98 116 85 159 110 29 177
O.	Dogs, informally	27 151 97 168 112 101 178
P.	The first born in a family	9 24 66 53 161 65
Q.	Some shout from here	163 134 13 150 82 46 114 49
R.	Former canine film star	37 58 74 80
S.	Makeup staple	136 118 132 69 6 32 89 100
T.	Repeat	147 81 68 109 174 20 76
U.	Andre's Monica	55 106 31 142 42
V.	Where you can see stars	172 51 144 164 28 117

DIRECTIONS

The object of Trans-O-Gram is to fill out the puzzle diagram (below) by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution (which can be found on page 117).

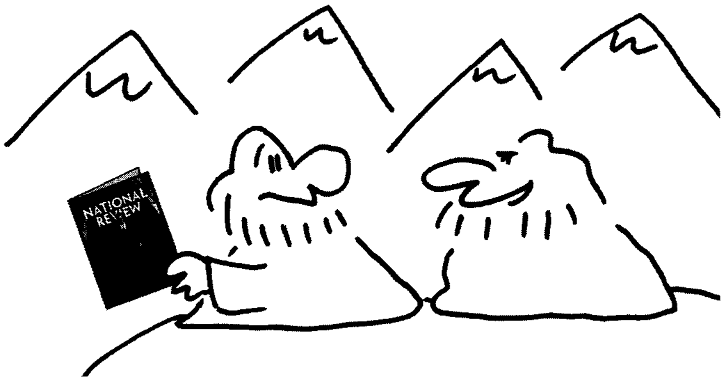
								1 N	2 F		3 E		4 D	5 B	6 S	7 C	8 J	9 P	10 G	11 L
	12 H	13 Q	14 M	15 A	16 I		17 K	18 L	19 I	20 T	21 F		22 C	23 E	24 P		25 B	26 D	27 O	28 V
29 N	30 J	31 U	32 S	33 I	34 G		35 G	36 F		37 R	38 M	39 K	40 J	41 L		42 U	43 C	44 K	45 H	46 Q
47 L	48 E	49 Q	50 D		51 V	52 J	53 P	54 K		55 U	56 K	57 L	58 R	59 I	60 B	61 A	62 C	63 H		64 F
65 P		66 P	67 M	68 T	69 S	70 J	71 E		72 C	73 A	74 R	75 I	76 T	77 M		78 G	79 D	80 R	81 T	
82 Q	83 F	84 A		85 N	86 K	87 B	88 C	89 S	90 G	91 D	92 J		93 E	94 D	95 C	96 B		97 O	98 N	99 H
100 S		101 O	102 H		103 D	104 G	105 A	106 U		107 M	108 L	109 T	110 N		111 A	112 O	113 F	114 Q	115 H	116 N
117 V	118 S	119 M	120 J	121 I	122 G	123 E		124 M	125 F	126 B	127 H		128 D	129 N	130 I	131 A		132 S	133 K	134 Q
135 I	136 S	137 J		138 F	139 D		140 D	141 L	142 U	143 F		144 V	145 C	146 H	147 T	148 N	149 B		150 Q	151 O
152 A		153 E	154 K		155 G	156 A	157 B		158 C	159 N	160 D	161 P	162 H		163 Q	164 V	165 K	166 B	167 E	
168 O	169 B	170 C	171 A		172 V	173 I	174 T	175 L	176 F	177 N	178 O									

HELP!!!!

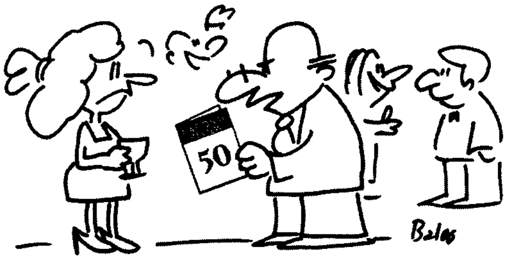
THE EARLY, EARLY YEARS

With FDR interred, but just,
And Eleanor's front teeth discussed
Malevolently only when
In some safehouse or marshy fen
(We're talking New York City), I
Would sometimes let an NR lie
Athwart a cocktail table to
Destabilize guests passing through.

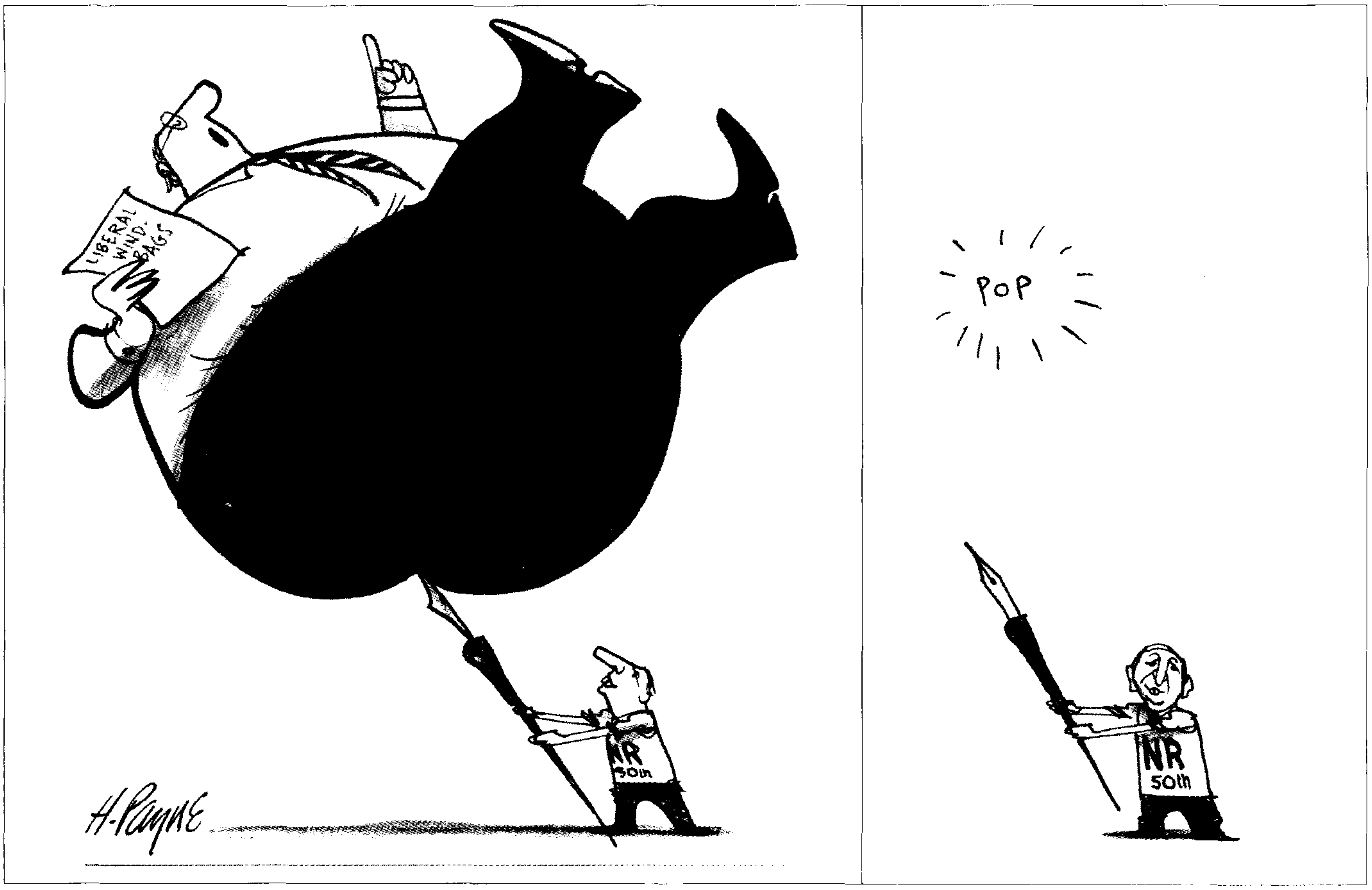
—W. H. VON DREELE


NATIONAL REVIEW

"So that's how you got enlightened!"



"For the 50th-anniversary issue, it seems like they could have at least had a centerfold."


LIBERAL WIND-BAGS
NR 50th
POP
NR 50th
H. Payne

the long view

ROB LONG

www.craigslist.org > baghdad > legal/paralegal jobs

[Tue, 6 Dec 09:04:42]

DEFENSE ATTORNEY(S) WANTED

Prominent former world leader, currently experiencing unlawful incarceration and absurd show trial, seeks EXPERIENCED and TOP-QUALITY legal counsel(s) for next several months. Candidates must have proven track record with trials of this kind (The Hague, Nuremberg, etc., etc.) and MUST have degree from TOP-TIER law school.

Duties include but not limited to: preparing defense arguments, researching trial motions, court and trial representation, hand/foot massages, occasional hair styling.

Applicant MUST HAVE experience with hand/foot massage. DO NOT apply for this position without the appropriate qualifications. Should the defendant beat the charges and GET OUT OF PRISON, he will REMEMBER who tried to trick him with a SUB-STANDARD HAND/FOOT MASSAGE and that will be that.

Pay scale based entirely on applicant's qualifications and DOCUMENTED university degree. Please note that a law degree from either Uday Hussein College of Law OR Qusay Hussein Institute of Legal Training WILL DISQUALIFY any applicant. Please also note that position has a life expectancy of five to five-and-a-half weeks.

Looking to hire anywhere from 25 to 100 TOP-QUALITY applicants for this position. Not all at once, obviously, but AS THE NEED ARISES.

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[Tue, 6 Dec 09:05:17]

ACTIVE MALE SEEKS GAL FRIDAY, ETC.

Prominent former world leader, currently married (wife travels) and living in Westchester area, seeks young gal Friday for help around the house, with files, appointments, heart medication, etc., etc.

Ideal applicant is young, energetic, WELL-ADJUSTED, with NO FATHER ISSUES, and NOT CLINGY. Also: proficient with Word and FileMakerPro. Must be able to relieve muscular tension and synch BlackBerry to main server. Etc.. etc., etc.

Hours are flexible, but count on overnights, afternoons, some late mornings, etc. Also: Applicant must be prepared to spend several hours sitting very still and quiet in the rear of the closet in the master bedroom, if certain situation arises re: wife's unexpected return.

Prefer COLLEGE EDUCATED and SECRETARIAL SKILLS, hair rising anywhere from four to six inches above the scalp, full-figure a plus. NO FATS.

Cooking skills a BIG PLUS.

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www.craigslist.org > paris > casual encounters > therapeutic > hair care

[Tue, 6 Dec 09:59:33]

POET/LEADER SEEKS FRAUGHT RELATIONSHIP WITH DEMOGRAPHIC EXPERT (m4w)

Relatively new DASHING, HANDSOME WITH A TRACE OF SADNESS world leader, currently STRUGGLING, METAPHYSICALLY, WITH THE FUTURE OF FRANCE seeks brave soul (female, d'un certain âge) to listen to my POETRY and GENTLY STROKE my hair, as she explains RECENT DEMOGRAPHIC TRENDS that have escaped my notice, until now.

A successful applicant will have an advanced degree in population dynamics, a working knowledge of Arabic and the Koran, inexplicable episodes of depression, an ambiguous smile, and nice legs.

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[Tue, 6 Dec 10:03:01]

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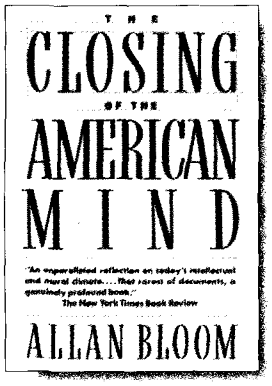
books, arts & manners

The last half-century has given us a libraryful of important books, ones that have advanced the cause of conservatism, and of freedom in general. We devote the following pages to appreciating ten of those books.

ALLAN BLOOM

Opening the American Mind

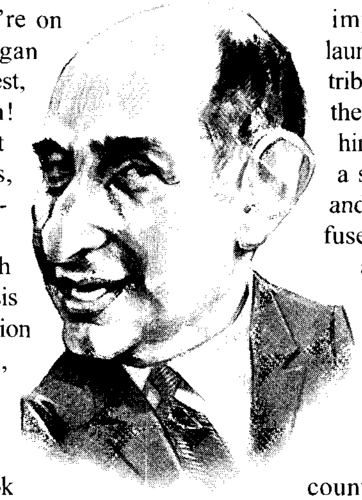

THE
CLOSING
OF THE
AMERICAN
MIND
“An unparalleled reflection on today’s intellectual and moral climate.... That rarest of documents, a genuinely profound book.”
The New York Times Book Review
ALLAN BLOOM

ADAM BELLOW

‘So, what do *you* think about Me?” asked Allan Bloom, audibly capitalizing the personal pronoun and laughing like a big delighted child at the hornet’s nest of trouble he’d stirred up. Since the publication of *The Closing of the American Mind* (1987) his name had been on everyone’s lips, and whether they had read it or not—and most people hadn’t—everyone was expected to have an opinion about it.

I was a graduate student at Columbia in 1987, but I had spent the previous year at Chicago, where I took courses with Bloom on Plato, Machiavelli, and Rousseau. A tall, top-heavy figure in an elegant double-breasted suit, he strode restlessly up and down the room, an open book in one hand and a smoldering Dunhill in the other. With his elbows high against his ribs like flightless wings and his spectacles clipped to the ridge of his prominent nose, he looked like Milton Berle incongruously cast as a character in a French drawing-room farce. He smoked continuously, talking and joking and waving his hands in the air, while his ash grew to perilous lengths. The students sat transfixed as much by the tension of waiting for the dangling ash to fall as by the brilliance of the lecture.

Bloom was a friend and colleague of my father’s and it was he who had encouraged me to continue my education at the Committee on Social Thought. I had gotten to know him pretty well over the years, and would often see him on my visits to Chicago. These occasions were always hilarious, though often unintentionally so. Once, as we were leaving a Greek restaurant, he became so immersed in his discourse that as he wrapped his Hermès scarf around his neck he knocked off the head of his cigarette. The ash ignited deep inside the folds, sending a plume of smoke into the air. “Allan, you’re on fire!” I said, and he began slapping wildly at his chest, exclaiming “Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!” and looking about with panic-stricken eyes, while at the same time dissolving with laughter.



Bloom had written much of his book about the crisis of American higher education in a blaze of inspiration, stoked by cigarettes and cups of strong espresso, at my father’s kitchen table in Vermont. I read the book in manuscript and found its arguments familiar from our classroom conversations. When I asked him how he thought it would be received, he said airily, “Oh, that’s easy. Like Socrates, I will be accused of disrespecting the gods and corrupting the youth.” I remember thinking, “Well, that’s a tad grandiose, there, isn’t it, Allan?” But his prediction turned out to be true. Within a week of publication, the book became the object of furious controversy. Bloom’s attack on relativism and multiculturalism and his defense of the Great Books were bitterly condemned as racist, sexist, Eurocentric, and elitist: the four horsemen of the PC apocalypse. People lined up to denounce him in print like immigrants jostling at the rail for a view of the Statue of Liberty. David Rieff compared him to disgraced superpatriot Oliver North and called *Closing* a book that “decent people would be ashamed of having written.” Ignoring the irrational content of these attacks, I found the passion behind them utterly fascinating. The Bloom I knew was not a partisan ideologue but a philosophical radical—in effect, a Jewish Socratic. Yet it seemed that Bloom’s radicalism could simply not be apprehended outside the context of modern cultural politics.

None of this seemed to harm the book’s sales, however. To the contrary, it sold a million copies, transforming its author from an obscure Midwestern academic into a wealthy international celebrity.

In the ensuing debates, Bloom’s well-honed pedagogical instincts were uniquely on display. When he spoke at the 92nd Street Y, a leading music critic stood up to challenge his assertion that rock ’n’ roll was a decadent art form. “I’m Jon Pareles of the *New York Times*,” he self-importantly declared, and launched into an adenoidal diatribe. Instead of being put on the defensive, Allan engaged him Socratically, asking him a series of leading questions and gently exposing his confused ideas and unexamined assumptions. He was clearly in his element, only now instead of addressing a small coterie of acolytes, the whole country was his classroom.

I’d had many such encounters with Allan over the years, and concluded that he was so secure in his views and had thought them through so thoroughly that he was able to take a genuine interest in the errors of other people. I always felt that he was learning from my ignorance.

What was it about Bloom’s book that had enraged so many people? Philosopher John Searle ascribed the hostility and

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Mr. Bellow, the author of *In Praise of Nepotism*, is executive editor at large for Doubleday.

ALL AUTHOR PORTRAITS BY DARREN GYGI

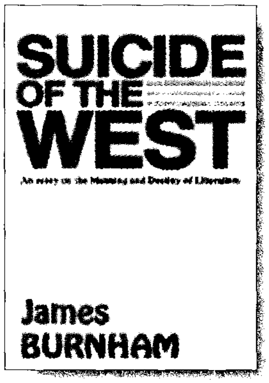
hatred it inspired among his fellow professors to simple envy of Bloom's success. Others thought it was his crotchety dismissal of the Sixties. (Much more than his abstruse discussions of Heidegger and Nietzsche, it was his attack on Mick Jagger that seemed to get people like Jon Pareles riled up.) Or maybe, as James Atlas has suggested, it was simply his tone. When I listened to the book on tape a few years later, the reader's voice positively oozed with smug Olympian pomposity—nothing like Bloom's actual voice, but no doubt an accurate reflection of how it had struck many readers. (This view of Bloom as a reactionary fusspot seemed to stick. When he died, the *New York Times* headline dismissed him as a "dyspeptic critic.") There may be something to this explanation—many times I had heard Allan explain that Socrates liked to attract promising young men by insulting them, and I had seen him use the technique himself.

But more than anything, the rage against his book was philosophical. The Theoretical Man remains aloof from the opinions of the tribe; he questions their assumptions, challenges their pieties, and exhumes the tangled roots of their ideas. Above all, he confronts them with their ignorance, and this is unavoidably insulting. As Heidegger put it, "To clarify means to offend." Bloom's prediction that he would be accused of impiety and corrupting the youth proved eerily correct. Only the god he had offended was not Zeus, but the god of Equality.

Though all great books are viciously attacked, not every book that gets attacked is therefore great. Some of these books are bad, and they deserve to be discredited. Whether Bloom's deserves the status of a classic is not my call to make. It was certainly significant for me, since it was really the hysterical reaction to *The Closing of the American Mind* that put me on the path to being an editor of conservative books. It also kicked off a decade of conservative assaults on the liberal opinion monopoly. But the book distills a lifetime of reflection on the philosophical roots of modernity, and is therefore indispensable to anyone who wants to map what Allan's former student Thomas Pangle calls, in one of my favorite phrases, "the moral continent we sleepily inhabit." For that reason alone, the book deserves to be re-read by each new generation of conservatives. **NR**

JAMES BURNHAM

Dissecting Modern Liberalism



RICHARD PIPES

Who is James Burnham? The question merits an answer, because Burnham, a best-selling author at mid-century, is now largely forgotten. He was a writer who made a full transition from Trotskyism to being one of the founders of NATIONAL REVIEW. He gained fame with the publication in 1941 of *The Managerial Revolution*, in which he drew attention to the fact that in the modern world the class of capitalists was being replaced by professional administrators. The book greatly influenced George Orwell and his vision of the world as expressed in *1984*.

Suicide of the West was first published in 1964: A second edition came out in 1975 and it has not been republished since. Yet it is an important work, even more relevant today than it was thirty years ago.

My only quarrel with it concerns its title. The book does not really deal with the "suicide of the West." True, at the beginning and at the end, Burnham claims that the West is destroying itself and for proof points at the shrinkage of the West's physical control of much of the globe, the consequence of decolonization. Toward the end of the book, he asserts that if Communism continues to advance at the rate at which it had been spreading since 1903, "it will achieve its goal of world power before the end of the [20th] century." Yet this prediction, by no means proven in the book, is qualified in an afterword added in 1975, eleven years after the book's original publication, that "it is too early to publish the West's obituary." Burnham died in 1987, four years before the Soviet Union committed suicide and the United States, far from dying, attained the peak of global power.

But the value of this work lies not in prediction. Its true subject is the phenomenon of modern liberalism: its ideology and its psychology. Burnham depicts liberalism as more than a set of ideas: It is a syndrome that holds its adherents in a tight grip and prevents them from understanding either reality or the mindsets of those who are not liberals.

In Burnham's view, the fundamental premise of liberalism holds that human nature is not fixed but "plastic" and hence capable of fundamental change. This premise means that people are perfectible:

> Through reason, freed from superstition, authority, custom and tradition, human beings can discover the truth and the road toward the betterment of society. There is nothing inherent in human nature that prevents the attainment of peace, freedom, justice, and well-being—of, that is, the good society. The obstacles are ignorance and faulty social institutions. Because both of these obstacles are extrinsic and remediable, historical optimism is justified. Social problems can be solved: the good society can be achieved, or at any rate approximated.

Such superficial thinking becomes axiomatic: "The judgments that liberals render on public issues, domestic and foreign, are as predictable as the salivation of Pavlovian dogs."

The liberal simply ignores the fact that men are chiefly "driven by profound

Mr. Pipes is professor of history emeritus at Harvard and the author, most recently, of *Russian Conservatism and Its Critics*.

non-rational, often anti-rational sentiments and impulses.” Burnham brilliantly demonstrates this assertion by taking, as an example, the proposition that today we are able to provide sufficient food for all mankind:

> *If* all men would act rationally, *if* they would make the getting enough food for all their highest priority, and *if* they would follow the advice of the best scientists and technicians in allocating resources and energy, etc., etc., *then* there would be, or could be, enough to eat. But every one of these hypothetical premises is manifestly so contrary to fact as to be absurd. Of course men do not act rationally, generally speaking. They don’t even consider food the matter of highest priority, whatever ideologues may imagine.

Liberal philosophy, which originated in the Enlightenment era, produces “ideological thinking,” the distinguishing quality of which is to regard those who oppose it as either stupid or malicious. For a liberal, if doctrine and reality clash, reality “must give way.” Hence no true dialogue with a liberal is possible: His thinking cannot be refuted either by logic or by evidence.

For all their democratic professions, liberals proved unreliable allies against the Communists, the main enemies of democracy in the post–World War II era, because they treated them as “liberals with guts.” They saw and see “no enemies on the left.” They virtually “invented” McCarthy and McCarthyism.

Who are the liberals? Most likely intellectuals, especially academics. This contention is supported by evidence indicating that university faculties are overwhelmingly Democratic. A recent survey of professors in the social sciences and humanities at 32 of America’s most prestigious institutions of higher learning, reported in the quarterly *Academic Questions*, shows that registered Democrats outnumber registered Republicans by a factor of more than 10 to 1. At Yale and Columbia the ratio is 14 to 1; at Brown it is 30 to 1.

Why this striking imbalance? Why are intellectuals so much more prone to become liberals than those in the military or business? Burnham does not address the question, and I would like to suggest my own answer.

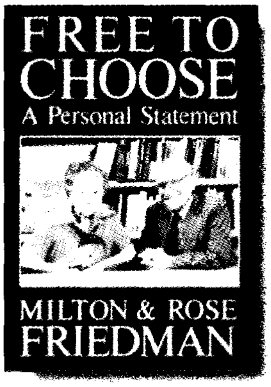
The historian of the Soviet Union Robert Conquest once formulated a principle that came to be known as “Conquest’s Law.” It reads, “Everyone is a reactionary about subjects he understands.” What he meant, I believe, is that we are aware of the complexities of matters with which we are thoroughly familiar, and hence we are immune to fantasies of fundamental change. Conversely, when it comes to subjects of which we have superficial knowledge, we are prone to succumb to doctrines that see change as natural and easy.

In a world that is ever more globalized not only economically but in all other respects as well, we increasingly confront issues with which we have but a superficial acquaintance and hence tend to treat superficially. What American two centuries ago gave any thought to famine in Africa or human rights in the Middle East? Yet these are issues that we encounter daily. They are also issues about which academics tend to be especially concerned. One response of the academics has been to reduce them to “problems”—and, as such, susceptible to easy “rational” solutions. And so liberal ways of thinking proliferate.

Burnham’s treatise exposes such fallacies and deserves republication and wide readership. It has not aged. **NR**

MILTON & ROSE FRIEDMAN

Liberty’s Couple

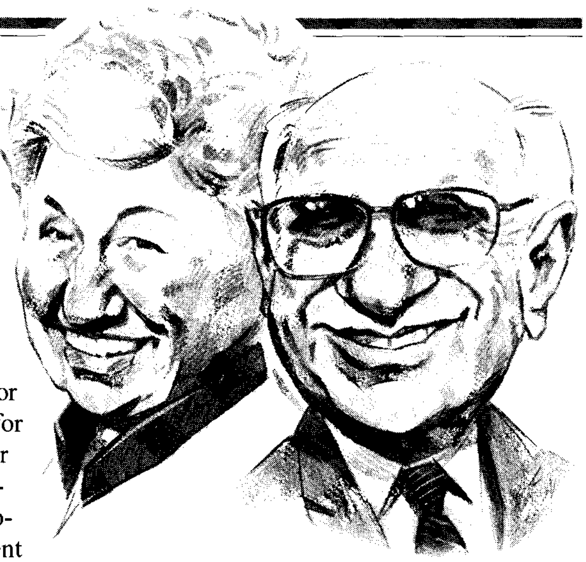


LAWRENCE B. LINDSEY

In the company of history’s great revolutionaries, Rose and Milton Friedman stand out as clear anomalies. Diminutive in stature, modest in speech and manner, they cannot easily be imagined manning the barricades or hectoring the crowds from a soapbox. Most important, unlike other visionaries who sought to change the world, the Friedmans did not say, “Put us in charge of the government and we will make your life better.” Rather, they argued that governments then in charge should get out of the way so that individuals could get on with the job of making their own lives better.

Their 1980 book *Free to Choose* successfully instigated a revolution in public policy because it offered conservatives both a rhetorical weapon and a legislative program. Until then, the Left had a clear advantage on both scores. Rhetorically, the Left promised compassion and equality and packaged them with programmatic action in the form of ever more government power. Those opposed to an ever larger and more intrusive state were thus

Mr. Lindsey, a former assistant to President George W. Bush for economic policy, is a visiting scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.



forced to defend hard-heartedness and inequality, and to oppose legislative change.

The Friedmans changed all this. First, they gave us the word "Choice," the rhetorical power of which is enormous in our consumer-driven society. The Left suddenly became Anti-Choice, at least after the point at which a child is born. They are against parental choice in where the child is educated. They are for limiting choice in what medical care the child may receive when he is sick, and philosophically opposed to the idea that his parents should be able to spend some of their hard-earned dollars on better care. More broadly, they are against giving the individual a choice in how to spend a significant portion of his earnings, preferring that the state make those choices. They are against choice in how most individuals invest the major source of their retirement savings, again believing that the choice should be made by government. Rhetorically, the Left no longer has an emotive advantage: Thanks to the Friedmans, the rhetorical cleavage on most issues becomes one between "pro-choice" and "pro-government."

But it is in the programmatic realm that *Free to Choose* is most empowering to those who support limited government. Conservatives in government had traditionally been the side opposing change. At a minimum this put us on the wrong side of the legislative ratchet. If we lost, individual freedom was further eroded by state power. If we won, all that happened was that things didn't get any worse. After *Free to Choose*, the Right became the agent of legislative change. In the quarter-century since its publication, the posture of the Left has become so defensive that the phrase "reactionary liberalism" is now in vogue.

The publication of *Free to Choose* coincided with the high-water mark of government power. The Friedmans prophetically titled their final chapter "The Tide Is Turning." In their modesty, Milton and Rose might say that all they were pointing out was that the Emperor—in this case the Welfare State—had no clothes. But it was they who pointed it out, and suffered widespread criticism from the intellectual establishment for doing so.

In 1980, the top marginal tax rate was 70 percent, and supposedly serious people were arguing that there would likely be little or no behavioral response if we let workers and entrepreneurs keep more than 30 cents of each dollar they earned. *Free to Choose* pointed to the experience of Sweden and the United Kingdom to show that these analyses were wrong.

Inflation was in double digits, and was believed to be caused not by excessive money creation by government, but by the greed of corporations for higher prices and workers for higher wages. The Left's answer was a government-driven "incomes policy." The 1980 Economic Report of the President even made a virtue of so-called bracket creep, arguing that the rise in the share of personal income taken in taxes would help control inflation—that putting more money into the hands of government would so increase our national frugality that inflation would fall!

The Friedmans' alternatives—monetary restraint and lower marginal tax rates—became the macroeconomic-policy centerpieces of incoming President Ronald Reagan. The policies were an obvious success—the proof of which, as Reagan later noted, was that "they don't call it Reaganomics any more." As successful as this change in macroeconomic focus was, however, it was the Friedmans' microeconomic agenda that would frame the long legislative battle of later years.

Free to Choose advocated a Negative Income Tax as an alternative to traditional welfare payments. This policy had been enacted in the Ford administration in the form of the Earned Income Tax Credit; Reagan expanded it significantly. Welfare reform, which sharply limited the programs the Friedmans criticized, was passed 16 years after their book was published; but the surest sign that the tide had really turned was the recent adoption of the concept of a Negative Income Tax by the British Labour party under Tony Blair and Gordon Brown.

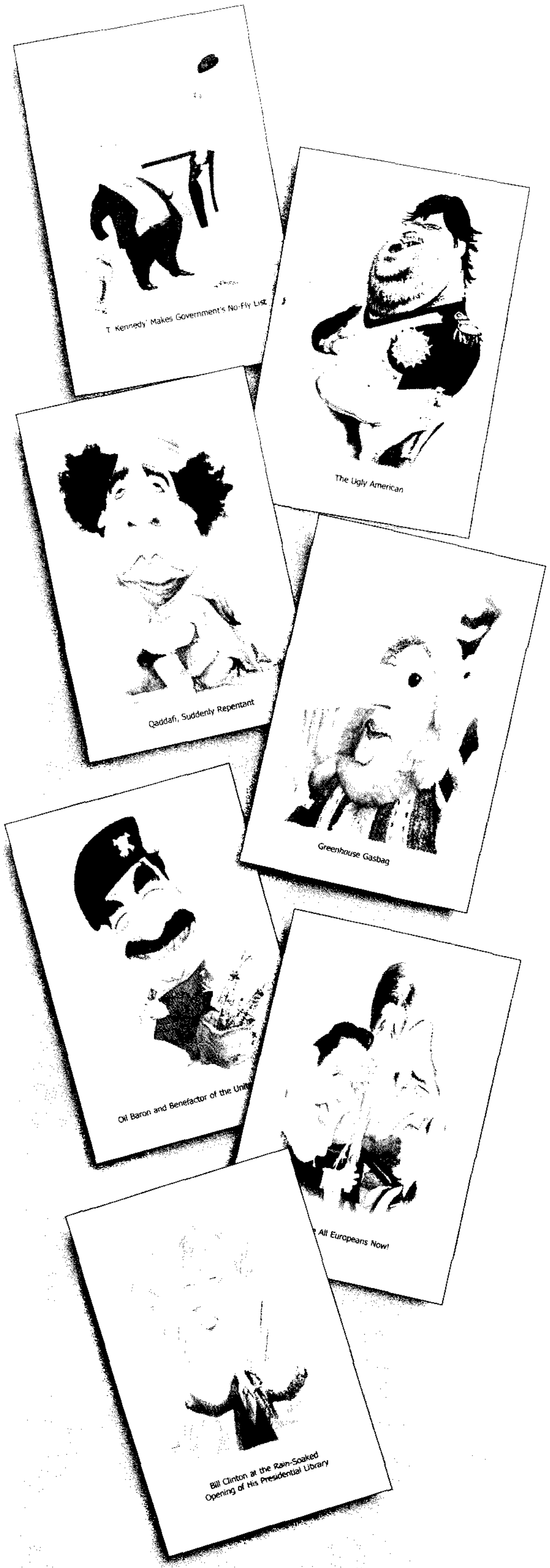
On education, the Friedmans noted that the public-school monopoly was especially harmful to poor children in the inner cities, and advocated that school vouchers be given to parents. This was then considered a revolutionary concept; today, most observers would agree that the Friedmans' position has won the intellectual debate. What prevents a full victory is exactly what Milton and Rose predicted would block reform: the entrenched interest of the education lobby.

Free to Choose also took on the inanity of price controls on oil and gas, pointing out the advantages of the price mechanism. While today some still wish for a return to the 1970s experience of a windfall-profit tax, it is a tribute to the acceptance of the price mechanism that we avoided long lines at gas stations during our recent experience with $3 gasoline.

There is still work to be done, on a variety of fronts. The Friedmans advocated a privatization of Social Security retirement accounts. In 2000 a believer in that cause touched the third rail of American politics and was elected president. George W. Bush again pushed for that cause after his reelection. Even though he has not succeeded to date, it is a testament to the Friedmans' writing that the ideas in *Free to Choose* are being advocated by a president a quarter-century later.

In 1980, the ideas the Friedmans advocated were considered radical. Today they are in the mainstream of the conservative agenda and many on the left have taken ownership of them—failing, naturally, to give Milton and Rose Friedman the credit they deserve. In *Free to Choose*, they argued that the most successful political group of the 20th century was the Socialist party: Even though it never won a national election, its platform of 1928 became, largely, the law of the land. Although Milton and Rose Friedman have never been elected to any office, and would probably be horrified at the thought of even running, it was actually their platform, not that of the Socialists, that ended the 20th century triumphant. **NR**

Great Gifts From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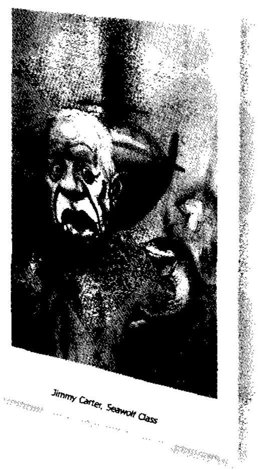
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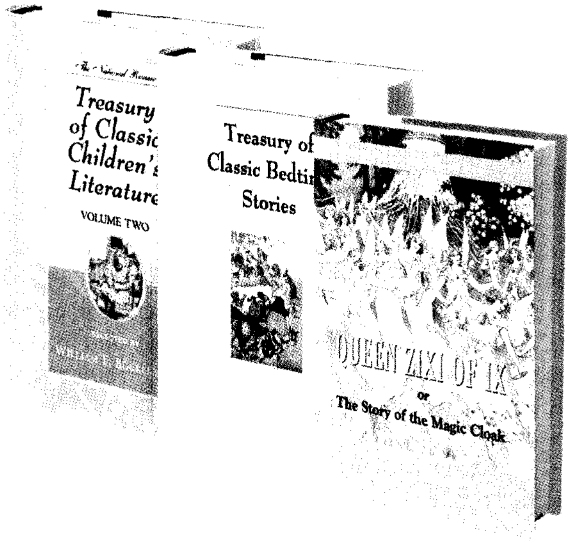
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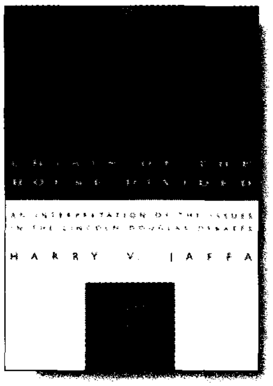


CHARLES R. KESLER

CONSERVATISM is a rather dreary thing if it can't distinguish between what's worth conserving and what's not. For all the conservative genius expended over the past 50 years in behalf of tradition and liberty, the crucial consideration remains how to separate good from bad strands of tradition, and moral from immoral uses of liberty. For that task, neither tradition nor liberty, by itself, is adequate. One needs the knowledge of right and wrong that political philosophy seeks, and that statesmanship and religion in various ways incorporate.

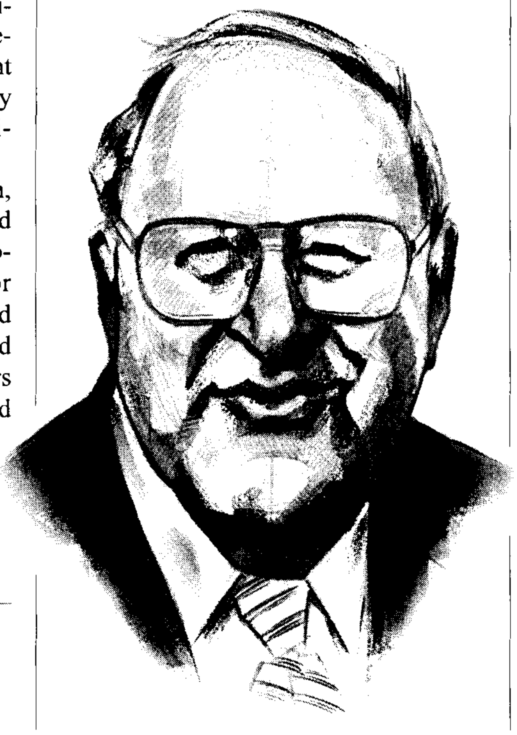
What's made American conservatism, in the best sense, possible is its great good fortune in being able to draw on a philosophical revival of the arguments for natural right and against relativism and nihilism. These arguments, advanced and deepened by several important thinkers but above all by Leo Strauss, provided conservatives with a place to stand, from which to move the modern world.

Strauss didn't write much on America, but his students did, especially Harry V. Jaffa, whose *Crisis of the House Divided: An Interpretation of the Issues in the Lincoln–Douglas Debates* is a classic study of American politics and of the moral principles that animate it. Published in 1959, *Crisis* treats the debates not only as the country's most famous forensic exchange but as a profound dispute about the nature of just government.

Mr. Kesler is editor of *Claremont Review of Books*, and director of the Henry Salvatori Center at Claremont McKenna College.

As Jaffa explained in the preface to the University of Chicago edition (1982), *Crisis* "was not meant to be a book about American history, except incidentally. It is in the form of a disputed question, itself a form of the Socratic dialogue. It was born in my mind when I discovered . . . that the issue between Douglas and Lincoln was in substance, and very nearly in form, identical with the issue between Socrates and Thrasymachus." Douglas's doctrine of popular sovereignty meant that "justice is the interest of the majority, which is 'the stronger.'" By contrast, writes Jaffa, Lincoln held that democracy depended on "a standard of right and wrong independent of mere opinion," one not justified "merely by the counting of heads." Such a case for popular government "was inherently proof against that degradation of the democratic dogma which transforms democracy into 'permissive egalitarianism.'"

Though not written for conservatives, *Crisis* soon found an audience among the nascent American Right. Its appeal was twofold. In the first place, it pointed conservatives to Lincoln's principles, to his defense of human equality, liberty, and natural-rights-based constitutionalism. It didn't hurt, to be sure, that these were the principles of the original Republican party, and that conservatives were then eager to wrest control of the GOP from its liberal wing. More important, Lincoln's principles energized moral resistance to the new slavery threatening America in the Cold War, and exposed the moral and political bankruptcy of acquiescing to a world permanently half-slave and half-free.



Yet Lincoln's principles, as interpreted by Jaffa, quickly ran into significant conservative resistance. To many right-wingers, equality was a bugbear; tradition was a better guide than reason; and, always assuming that the vast majority of Americans were (somehow) inherently conservative, crude majoritarianism had its advantages. NATIONAL REVIEW was not immune to these impulses. In his review of *Crisis* for NR, Willmoore Kendall lauded the book as a masterpiece but lodged every one of these objections against it. To make matters worse, the magazine and significant parts of the movement embraced a pinched, almost neo-Confederate view of American constitutionalism that on the momentous question of civil rights ceded the moral and political high ground to the Left.

In time, however, *Crisis* came to have greater influence. Jaffa extended and applied its arguments to contemporary political concerns in several of his subsequent books, especially *How to Think About the American Revolution* and *American Conservatism and the American Founding*. But *Crisis* dug deepest, showing that equality did not have to be a mean, leveling dogma, but that as a truth about human nature it provided an ontological ground for freedom. Because human beings are equally human, no one has a right to rule another without his consent, as though he were an inferior being; their equality is the basis of their liberty, just as Lincoln had contended. Nor can anyone rightfully consent to absolute or unlimited government. The political authority that arises when free and equal men consent to join together in a civil government is necessarily limited to securing their safety and happiness in the light of their equal and mutual rights.

Rather than the engine of unlimited government, equality properly understood is a conservative principle, essential to liberty and to a limited Constitution. But it is here that *Crisis* flexed its second appeal to modern American conservatism: Lincoln's model of democratic statesmanship. For the book emphasized Lincoln's magnanimity, his nature as a great-souled man. Although dedicated to the principle "that all men are created equal," this nation depends for its survival and flourishing on a few, highly unequal men—on political founders like George Washington, and political saviors like Lincoln. According to Jaffa, the willingness of great men to enlist in the cause of the common man showed that the former recognize the limits of their own humanity. They won't play God to their fellow men, except insofar as their own heroic virtues may serve the common good.

Of course, in serving it, their virtues also dignify it. In *Crisis*, this thought led Jaffa to conclude that Lincoln "transforms and transcends" the American Founders' understanding of natural rights and the social contract. Willmoore Kendall wondered if this uplift promised an "apostolic succession" of high-minded presidents, each eager to raise his benighted fellow citizens up to his level. Jaffa answered the criticism in several places, most fully in *A New Birth of Freedom* (2000), his long-awaited sequel to *Crisis*, in which he argued that Lincoln had served and fulfilled the Founders' purposes: He didn't have to elevate or overcome them. The principles of the Declaration of Independence are inherently high-minded.

Crisis of the House Divided brought to sight Lincoln's greatness. It reminded conservatives that noble political actions are possible within democracy, and that democracy itself sometimes demands them, from statesmen, soldiers, and ordinary citizens alike. In other words, citizens seeking something worth conserving didn't have to pine for long-ago, far-away aristocracy, or for transplanted truths. Cogent, compelling, and beautifully written, the book demonstrated the American sources of American greatness. Its reward is to have become one of those sources. **NR**

PAUL JOHNSON

The All-Explainer

MODERN
TIMES

ROGER KIMBALL

I FORGET the name of the sage who observed that some of the most pleasurable, the most productive, the most illuminating reading is rereading. Whoever it was, my recent experience re-reading Paul Johnson's magisterial book *Modern Times* served to corroborate his wisdom. What a treat! What vistas of learning, of anecdote, of human folly, triumph, cruelty, and compassion.

I first read *Modern Times* shortly after it was published in 1983, and it is still both invigorating and horrifying. It is invigorating because Paul Johnson, a man incapable of writing a dull page, makes the political, cultural, and moral itinerary of the 20th century crackle with interest. It is horrifying because the century he surveys was the bloodiest in history.

There's an oddity about the horror for people like me and, I suspect, most readers of NATIONAL REVIEW. Having been born and brought up in the United States, too young to have fought in any of the century's major wars, I knew the horrors only at second hand. The slaughter of the Great War; Hitler's obliteration of European Jewry; Stalin's famines, purges, and camps; the Japanese in Nanking; Mao Tse-tung's homicidal mania; Pol Pot; Castro; Saddam Hussein—the 20th century is far and away the bloodiest, cruelest, most barbaric century on record. How to reckon the horror?

It is beyond reckoning. But here's the oddity, the dissonance. Horrible as the century was—the worst ever—it was also the best ever: the most enlightened, the most prosperous, the most humane (where it wasn't nastiest), the most technologically advanced. Like Dickens's tale about the French Revolution, the 20th century, our century, was—it is—the best of times, it was—it is—the worst of times.

The wheel turns: Where do we let our eye linger, our allegiance catch? One of the great triumphs of *Modern Times* is Johnson's capaciousness: His embrace is Whitmanian in its generosity (though not in its sobriety and judicious wisdom). *Modern Times* is a book with a theme and a moral.

The theme revolves around relativism—moral, epistemological, metaphysical. The Modern World, Johnson writes in his opening flourish, began on May 29, 1919, when Einstein's theory of relativity was experimentally confirmed, thus shattering the complacent confidence of the Newtonian worldview. Of

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course, the theory of relativity is not the same thing as relativism. Johnson acknowledges this. And yet, like the second law of thermodynamics (which popularized the term "entropy") or Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, the theory of relativity was science that cast a large metaphorical shadow. Was it misunderstood—even un-understood? It didn't matter. Johnson is right that the popular appropriation of Einstein's theory is a good illustration of the "dual impact" of scientific innovators: Their theories change our understanding of the physical world; "but they also change our ideas. The second effect is often more radical than the first."

The embrace of relativism was a harbinger, a symptom of a seismic shift in the way people view the world. People? Well, educated people, anyway, of which we have a greater and greater supply. (I say "educated": I mean "schooled.") It is often said that relativism is the conviction that, when it comes to morals, there is no such thing as absolute values and, when it comes to knowledge, there is no such thing as absolute truth. It is worth meditating on the use of the word "absolute" here. Someone should contact OSHA about its being unfairly overworked. What a relativist really believes (or believes he believes) is that 1) there is no such thing as value, and 2) there is no such thing as truth. The word "absolute" is merely an emollient, a verbal sedative intended to forestall unhappiness. What after all is the difference between saying, "There is no such thing as absolute truth," and saying, "There is no such thing as truth"? Take your time.

The first upsurge of relativism can seem like fun. It's a Cole Porter–ish, Jazz Age tipsiness: a moral holiday from the stuffy concerns of . . . well, of everything that nailed things down and inhibited one.

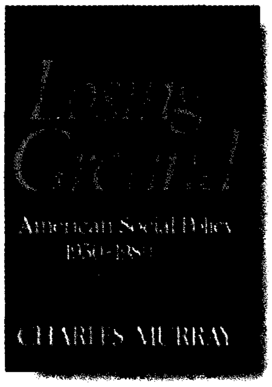
The hangover is not long in coming. At bottom, relativism is a religious problem. "God is dead," Nietzsche proclaimed in the 1880s. What he observed was an emotional, not an historical, fact. The unspoken allegiance to something transcending the vicissitudes of human desire had been (among the elites, anyway) shattered. "If there is no God," Dostoyevsky said, "everything is permissible." Meaning what? Johnson's long book is in part an illustration of and a commentary on those pronouncements of Nietzsche and Dostoyevsky. "Among the advanced races," Johnson notes, "the decline and ultimately the collapse of the religious impulse would leave a huge vacuum. The history of modern times is in great part the history of how that vacuum has been filled."

Relativism is the theme; the moral of *Modern Times* might be indexed thus: "Utopianism, dangers of. See Communism, ideology, professional politicians, socialism." It is a sobering thought that Lenin (for example) was a committed humanitarian—Johnson speaks of his "burning humanitarianism, akin to the love of the saints for God." But here's the rub: "His humanitarianism was a very abstract passion. It embraced humanity in general but he seems to have had little love for, or even interest in, humanity in particular. He saw the people with whom he dealt, his comrades, not as individuals but as receptacles for his ideas." The paterfamilias of this brand of sentimental humanitarian was Jean-Jacques Rousseau: "I think I know man," Rousseau said mournfully toward the end of his life, "but as for men, I know them not." It's a short step from Rousseau and his emotions of virtue to Robespierre and his candid talk about "virtue and its emanation, terror." Lenin was a utopian. Hitler was a utopian. Ditto Stalin, Pol Pot, and . . . you can complete the list. All were adept practitioners of what Johnson calls the 20th century's "most radical vice: social engineering—the notion that human beings can be shovelled around like bags of cement."

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. The irony is that modern times have been at their best not when aiming openly at making the world a paradise but by inadvertence. How many "innovations designed to increase human happiness ended by diminishing it"? There are many lessons to be taken away from this wonderful book. Here are two: 1) "The experience of the twentieth century shows emphatically that Utopianism is never far from gangsterism." 2) "There is no such person as History. It is human beings who decree." Anyone who really absorbs those lessons has learned a great deal indeed. **NR**

CHARLES MURRAY

Ending Welfare As We Knew It



MYRON MAGNET

THERE'S no better proof of the adage that ideas have consequences than Charles Murray's *Losing Ground: American Social Policy, 1950–1980.* The magisterial 1984 classic provides a double measure of evidence: in its argument, and in the fact that it changed the world.

Murray's case is this: During the mid-1960s, elite opinion about the causes of poverty suddenly altered, with the radical abruptness of a scientific-paradigm shift and the arbitrariness of a change in fashion. Whereas once everyone had agreed that America was a land of opportunity for all, and that poverty could result only from indolence or vice (or, in a few cases, from misfortune that merited succor), the elites had come to believe that "poverty was not the fault of the individual but of the system," as Murray says. In particular, pervasive white racism was to blame for black poverty (blacks making up a disproportional part of the poor), and racism was equally to blame for the kind of black vice and dysfunction so explosively on display

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in the inner-city riots of the mid-Sixties. Whites therefore had to make amends by providing blacks not with equality of opportunity, which deforming racism had made a cruel impossibility, but with equality of results. And so a revolution in social policy followed a revolution in belief.

Massive income transfers ensued, as welfare benefits mushroomed and eligibility requirements loosened, and as a number of programs—Medicaid, SSI, food stamps, subsidized housing—ramped up. Punishment for crime became more lax, because (the new orthodoxy held) "crime is a response to exploitation and poverty." Public education was dumbed down, and school discipline evaporated, because traditional standards of study and behavior were deemed an imposition of white middle-class values and a violation of students' due-process rights.

The result of these mutually reinforcing developments was catastrophic: Poverty became engrained and intergenerational among the "underclass"—a predominantly black subgroup of the poor, among whom the rates of welfare dependency, crime, illegitimacy, school dropout, and non-work skyrocketed. The explanation for these pathologies, Murray argued, had nothing to do with the zeitgeist or a breakdown in the work ethic or racial differences. "All were results that could have been predicted . . . from the changes that social policy made in the rewards and penalties . . . that govern human behavior. All were rational responses to changes in the rules of the game. . . ." In particular, Murray said, illegitimacy and non-work soared because the total package of welfare benefits paid to women for having an out-of-wedlock child came to be greater than the take-home pay from a minimum-wage job. "From an economic point of view, getting married is dumb." In the same vein, crime went up because the risks it entailed went down, and school failure rose because the disincentives to slacking off and acting up shrank to a vanishing point.

Clearly, Murray argued, we should stop doing what makes things worse. And the quickest, surest, biggest step we could take in that direction would be "scrapping the entire federal welfare and income-support structure for working-aged persons. . . ."

Murray set forth his case in prose of elegant lucidity and modest reasonableness, buttressed with rigorous social-scientific evidence (including a multiplicity of graphs and an appendix of 26 tables of data). At every point, he frankly acknowledged the limitations of the data, and he entertained other possible interpretations of the numbers. He understood very well that data are not self-explanatory, that correlation is not causation, and that in complex matters data make sense only if an organizing intelligence constructs a persuasive narrative to explain them. The power of his account, relentlessly logical and faithful to the facts, changed the conversation on welfare. Americans began to consider the once unthinkable possibility that welfare was grievously harming the very people it was supposed to help.

Within a decade, national opinion had reversed, and Murray's idea had become the new orthodoxy, though of course welfare's advocates fought (and continue to fight) a rearguard action every inch of the way. But in 1996, after twice vetoing welfare reform, President Clinton gave way to overwhelming national sentiment in favor of it, signing into law a workfare program that made welfare support temporary rather than perpetual, and no longer an entitlement.

Not only did *Losing Ground* have the distinction of being the "book that many people believe begat welfare reform," as the *New York Times* described it when the momentous bill passed, but Murray's argument also had the virtue of being right, as subsequent experience proved. Since the bill became law, the national welfare rolls have declined by half. Though even so distinguished an observer as Daniel Patrick Moynihan had warned that reform would mean millions of children starving on the streets, exactly the opposite has occurred: The child-poverty rate has fallen to its lowest level in recorded history, with 2.3 million fewer kids in poverty today than in 1996. Welfare clients have been going to work, and they have been earning a living.

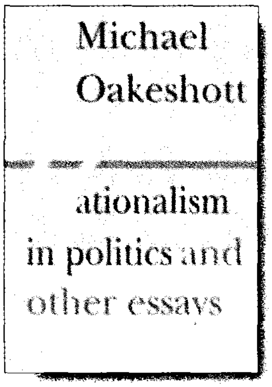
But one key implication of Murray's argument proved false. If welfare really were an "incentive" for women to have out-of-wedlock babies, welfare reform should have produced a decline in illegitimacy. It didn't, however: Almost 70 percent of black children continue to be born out of wedlock.

And this stubborn and startling fact points to *Losing Ground*'s one weakness. Murray's social-scientific thinking makes human behavior a matter only of incentives and disincentives, rather than of values and beliefs. Like Skinnerian psychology, which treats behavior as no more than a phenomenon of stimulus and response—and which displays no curiosity about the organism that converts these inputs into outputs, or how and why it does so—social scientists don't inquire deeply into the nature of the human beings whose behavior is their subject. People aren't pigeons or protozoa: Their actions spring from a worldview, a set of beliefs or attitudes about what is right or praiseworthy or meaningful. The reason women did not have illegitimate children in such numbers before the mid-Sixties was not that welfare was stingier, though it was, but that out-of-wedlock childbearing (along with out-of-wedlock sex) carried a stigma, and nice girls—poor as well as rich—didn't want their families and neighbors to think ill of them, and didn't want to think ill of themselves. It took a broad cultural change, emphasizing sexual liberation and downplaying the stigma of single-parent childrearing, to bring about the explosion in underclass illegitimacy, and it will take a broad cultural change—a change in the zeitgeist—to reverse the trend.

It turns out that ideas have consequences in an even more profound sense than Murray's splendid book imagined. **NR**

MICHAEL OAKESHOTT

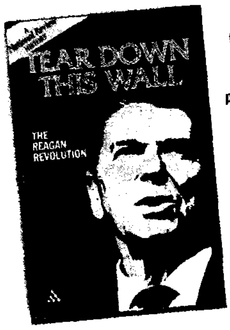
The Anti-Rationalist



KENNETH MINOGUE

MICHAEL OAKESHOTT's book *Rationalism in Politics* was a long time in the making. It grew from several essays Oakeshott wrote in the 1940s for *The Cambridge Journal*, which he was editing at the time. Other essays (including the famous 1951 lecture inaugurating his chairmanship at the London School of Economics) were added to compose the book that first appeared in 1962. But Oakeshott was always rather insouciant about which of his writings turned up in print and which didn't. One obvious candidate was an essay called "The Masses in Representative Democracy." Why, I once asked him, was that essay not included? "I just forgot," he said. That is why we can accept as the definitive version only the augmented collection edited by Timothy Fuller for Liberty Fund. It came out in 1991, just after the author's death.

Mr. Minogue is a professor of government at the London School of Economics.



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continuum
NEW YORK • LONDON

Oakeshott's interpretation of rationalism changed the landscape of Western thought on politics, but it certainly hasn't stopped rationalism in its tracks, nor did Oakeshott imagine that it would. What he called "rationalism" was any political project based on some abstract doctrine that purported to apply to human beings as such. Take Jefferson's famous remark about the self-evident character of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness: It is both the foundation of American civilization, and also complete nonsense. Even in its own time, it hardly referred to much south of the Mason-Dixon line. If you had in those days used it as a conversational gambit with a Chinese mandarin, a Hindu, a tribesman in the Sahara, or anyone else outside one particular area of Western Christendom, you would have been thought deranged. That is still pretty much true. Consider the problem America and its allies have in bringing the Western thing called "democracy" to Iraq.

Rights may well be, as Jeremy Bentham said about natural rights, "nonsense on stilts," but they certainly play an important role in Western politics. What in fact are they? After all, you can't see, touch, or feel them. Historically speaking, they have been derived from the free traditions of English politics, as evolved in a set of famous episodes, such as Magna Carta and the Revolution of 1688. The American Revolution was itself one more event in the same tradition, though it was also powerfully affected by the rationalist ideas of the time. The English political way of doing things had already been turned into a theory by John Locke and later writers. Here in Jefferson, then, was a tradition that had been codified as a bit of wisdom that could be "applied" to solving a range of political problems. The French revolutionaries were using some of the same ideas, but the French and the Americans were different kinds of people, so the outcome was different.

Oakeshott called such codifications of a tradition "abridgements," and the metaphor needs to be taken seriously. An abridgement recounts the plot of what is abridged, but it leaves out detail, atmosphere, elaboration, character (above all character!), and a good deal else. Mistaking an abridgement for the full story sounds like a pretty trivial mistake, but in politics, mistakes can kill, and the famous ideologies or abridgements of the last century showed how you can begin with a mistake and end with a bloodbath.

Rationalism, then, is an active drive in our civilization leading us to construe politics (and much else) as an activity of solving problems by applying to them the latest in expert knowledge. The problems are identified by rather grand abstractions, such as war, conflict, poverty, underdevelopment, and the rest. "The problem of poverty," however, makes sense only if one imagines a set of puppets with nothing in common except the lack of a square meal. If that were the problem, the solution would indeed be obvious. In fact, of course, "the poor" are a highly miscellaneous set of people with thoughts, emotions, projects, and habits of their own. When rationalist benevolence collides with the actual inclinations of the poor, the result is frustration

and disappointment at best. No matter: The bright-eyed rationalist will soon have another analysis, and another project, and off we go again in hot pursuit of a perfect world.

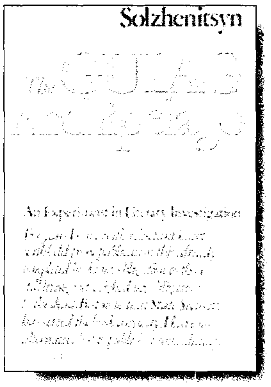
Oakeshott found the source of rationalism in a false theory about knowledge. If I am engaging in some activity—such as cooking a meal, driving a car, or learning the rules of Scrabble—I can find out quite a lot from a book telling me the appropriate rules, quantities, and moves to be made. This is what Oakeshott called "technical" knowledge, and the essence of rationalism was the belief that nothing more was needed to succeed than an open mind and a grasp of this technical knowledge. And what a rationalist means by an "open mind" is thought that has been purged of prejudice, superstition, habit, or any other component of the real world.

In that real world, however, something more is needed to succeed, something much harder to define. Oakeshott called this thing "practical knowledge"; it is often what we refer to as "common sense." The dominant form taken by rationalism today can be studied in the American vogue for practical handbooks explaining how to succeed, which is perilous unless the reader has some "feel" for the skill in question. One of the great rationalist masterpieces of earlier times was Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends & Influence People*. Marvelous! What more do you need in life? All you have to do is follow Carnegie's rules. But beware: If you lack common sense in following these rules, you come across as some dreadful kind of creep or sycophant. Modern politics often replays this cycle of bright idea followed by disappointment.

Rationalism in Politics is a profound and witty account of Oakeshott's thought in the form of essays written when his work (never actually obscure) was at its most accessible. He has remarkable things to say about the character of education, the history of political philosophy, the human condition, and much else. None of this will change the world, because Oakeshott held, on impeccable logical grounds, that philosophy never entails a practical conclusion. We can, however, learn a saving skepticism toward much of the nonsense of the world. **NR**

ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN

Empire-Slayer



DANIEL J. MAHONEY

SOLZHENITSYN's massive *Gulag Archipelago* was published in English in three volumes between 1974 and 1978. It is one of the indispensable books of the last fifty years not least because it undermined the moral and political legitimacy of the entire Communist enterprise. This unique "experiment in literary investigation" brilliantly wove together Solzhenitsyn's personal experience and the testimony of 256 former prisoners with historical research and spiritual reflection. It allowed readers on both sides of the Iron Curtain to encounter totalitarian oppression as though for the first time, "to hear and see what it was all like: search, arrest, interrogation, prison, deportation, transit camp, prison camp . . . hunger, beatings, labor, corpses," to cite the words of the Russian writer Lydia Chukovskaya. Moreover, Solzhenitsyn's multifaceted, often sardonic authorial voice served as a powerful instrument for indicting Communism and all its works.

Mr. Mahoney is a professor of political science at Assumption College in Worcester, Mass. He is the author of *Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn: The Ascent from Ideology* and of *Bertrand de Jouvenel: The Conservative Liberal and the Illusions of Modernity*.

At their root was mankind's and Solzhenitsyn's nemesis: ideology. Unlike the conventional analyses of academic historians and political scientists, Solzhenitsyn's understanding never treated the Soviet Union as merely one tyranny among others. Rather, it was an *ideological regime* built upon the twin pillars of violence and lies. It was "thanks to ideology" that the 20th century experienced "evildoing on a scale calculated in the millions." Ideology allowed tyrants and intellectuals alike to justify the unjustifiable and to amplify violence to nearly unimaginable levels.

This central focus of Solzhenitsyn's work made it much more difficult to blame the Soviet tragedy on Stalin's "cult of personality" or on local conditions that were somehow peculiar to an "authoritarian" Russia. As the late Martin Malia argued in an analysis profoundly indebted to Solzhenitsyn, every Communist regime has manifested a nearly identical "genetic code." Despite important cultural differences between Russian, Asian, and Caribbean Communism, every Communist experiment has been marked by a single-party regime based on a mendacious ideology that demonizes real or imagined enemies of socialism. Solzhenitsyn's insight was to highlight the insidious nature of ideology, and to make its absurdities fully visible to the Western imagination.

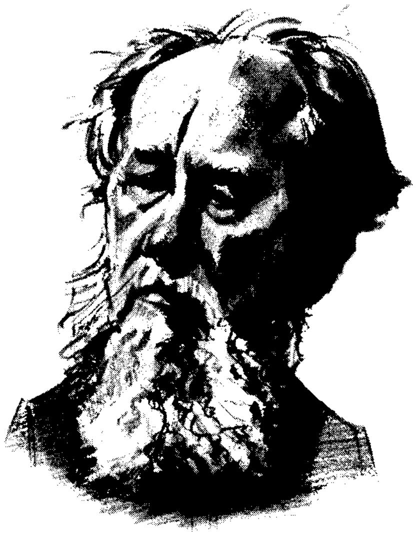
Gulag takes aim at the Manicheanism inherent in every project for the revolutionary transformation of man and society. The ideologist denies the permanence of the imperfection inherent in the human condition. Using the full force of his artistry Solzhenitsyn defends the timeless distinction between good and evil against its pernicious replacement by the ideological dichotomy between Progress and Reaction. The bitter experience of the Soviet camps led Solzhenitsyn to recover the age-old insight that "the line between good and evil passes not through states, nor between classes, nor between political parties either—but right through every human heart." More broadly, Solzhenitsyn returned to the wisdom of philosophical Christianity through reflection on his personal experience of human nature *in extremis*.

The Gulag Archipelago established beyond any doubt that 20th-century totalitarianism originated with Lenin, the founding father and spiritual icon of the Bolshevik party-state. Faithful to his Marxist inspiration, Lenin initiated a nihilistic project for (in his words) "purging Russia of all sorts of harmful insects." In this, he was faithfully followed by Stalin. In *Gulag* Solzhenitsyn shifts the attention away from the high-profile Communists who were victims of Stalin's purges and terror to those ordinary Russians and Ukrainians who perished by the millions as a result of the insane effort to create a new man and a new society. Solzhenitsyn provides a riveting account of the "metastasization" of Soviet terror from its beginnings in Lenin's "Red Terror" and the first concentration camps on the Arctic Solovetsky islands. He rightly deems collectivization and the war against the independent Russian and Ukrainian peasantry to be the most terrible crime of the Soviet regime. The targeting of the "kulaks" was the first experiment in mass totalitarian democide—"one that was repeated by Hitler with the Jews and again by Stalin with nationalities that were disloyal to him or suspected by him."

The second and third volumes of *Gulag* are animated by an invigorating and instructive tension between Solzhenitsyn's appreciation of the prospects for spiritual "ascent," even amidst the degradation of prison and the camps, and his equally profound recognition that ideological tyranny mutilates the bodies *and* souls of most human beings. Solzhenitsyn does justice to both the rare experience of spiritual growth through redemptive suffering and the pressing need to defend human dignity against every device of soul-destroying tyranny. Political liberty is by no means the most important thing for Solzhenitsyn. But, in his view, it is a crucial precondition for the moral development of human beings.

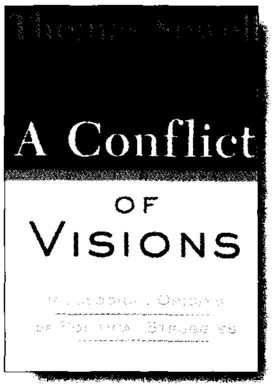
For this reason, *Gulag* has an indestructible place in our political, moral, and human self-understanding. To be sure, from the early 1920s through the late 1960s, there had been no shortage of books written about totalitarianism or the Soviet camp system. But none had come close to moving hearts and minds the way *The Gulag Archipelago* did upon its publication. *Gulag* is replete with facts and contains many instructive passages of historical, legal, and philosophical import related to the rise of the Soviet "sewage-disposal system." But it took a great work of art to capture precisely what was entailed in the ideological deformation of reality.

There is every reason to welcome new works of historical scholarship that draw on previously inaccessible material from the Soviet archives. Solzhenitsyn has certainly done everything to encourage and support such endeavors. But an excellent work of recent scholarship such as Anne Applebaum's *Gulag: A History* (2003) will never displace *The Gulag Archipelago* because they serve different, if complementary, purposes. Because Solzhenitsyn brought beauty as well as philosophical reflection to bear upon the truth, *The Gulag Archipelago* was able to convey the monstrousness of the ideological Lie. It illumined the truth about "the soul and barbed wire" precisely because it transcended the concerns of historical scholarship, narrowly understood. To his great credit, Solzhenitsyn understood that the elaborate ideological fictions that defined Soviet Communism were vulnerable to a truly artful rendering of "the soul of man under socialism." With the publication of *The Gulag Archipelago* on December 30, 1973, Solzhenitsyn could plausibly maintain that this was the moment foretold by the "foul midnight hags" of *Macbeth*, the fateful moment "when Birnam Wood shall walk." Having done its initial work, *Gulag* continues to be of much more than historical interest since it illumines enduring truths and serves as our best antidote against the recurrence of the totalitarian temptation. **NR**



THOMAS SOWELL

Seeing Clearly



A Conflict

OF

VISIONS

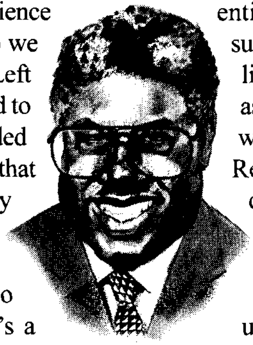
CHARLES MURRAY

One mark of a great book is a thesis so powerful that after a few years people take it for granted. Thomas Sowell's *A Conflict of Visions* (1987) is such a book. Its thesis: The policy arguments between liberals and conservatives, socialists and libertarians, do not arise just from differences in priorities regarding freedom, equality, and security. At root, they draw from different conceptions of the nature of man. The Left holds an unconstrained vision: Given the right political and economic arrangements, human beings can be improved, even perfected. Success is defined by what people have the potential of becoming, not by people as they are. The Right holds a constrained vision: People come to society with innate characteristics that cannot be reshaped and must instead be accommodated. Success in political and economic policy must be defined in light of those innate characteristics.

Once you have this framework in your head, the history of the great political debates of the 20th century coheres in a new way. The expansion of the welfare state, how to deal with crime, how to conduct the Cold War, the feminist revolution, color-blind policies versus affirmative action, who should control the schools—whatever the topic, the positions held by Left and Right make sense in terms of each side's underlying vision of the nature of man.

Mr. Murray is a scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

A second mark of a great book is that it clarifies events that occur after its publication. Sowell wrote *A Conflict of Visions* during the 1980s, when the modern-liberal vision still had life and the influence of the classical-liberal vision was at its height. People on both sides still knew *why* they were so passionate about their political beliefs. Now we have the passion, but no why. The political climate is more partisan and bitter than ever, but what are we fighting over? Sowell's thesis is useful in understanding this new environment.



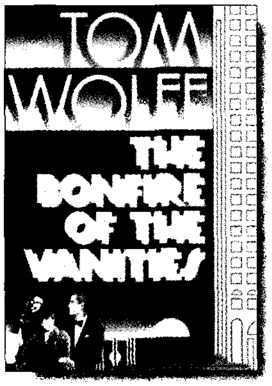
Start with the Left. The difference between the Left of the 1960s and that of 2005 is that the politicians of the Left no longer believe in human malleability. The last two decades have refuted every basis for that belief, from the failure of Communism to the accumulating science of innate human nature. And so we end up with a politics of the Left stripped of the idealism that used to dignify even its most wrongheaded positions. The Left used to say that people were driven to crime by poverty and that the real crime was to punish them. Now the Left complains about too many people in prison, but it's a cost/efficiency issue. The Left used to say that greater equality of income would lead to a happier society for everyone. Now the Left tries to play the envy card, but without the egalitarian idealism. On issue after issue, mainstream politicians of the Left no longer even try to appeal to the prospect of changing human beings for the better. Liberalism has become reactionary, trying to hold on to terrain it occupied in the Thirties and Sixties. Using Sowell's language, we are watching what happens when Democrats have lost faith in the unconstrained vision of the nature of man and have not found anything to replace it.

Now apply Sowell's explanatory template to the Right. From the founding of NATIONAL REVIEW—an opening date that I nominate without fear or favor—through the presidency of Ronald Reagan, the intellectual vigor of the constrained vision grew. Then, during the 1990s, we discovered how much the vigor of the constrained vision depended on competition. With the Left intellectually moribund, politicians of the Right began to take the easy way out. It is understandable, because advocating the policies of limited government is psychologically uncomfortable. It requires a politician to say he wants to do things that will cause pain—cut benefits for young women with babies, scrub regulations that putatively protect the environment, or end affirmative action. A decent person can endorse such actions only if he believes that they are essential for the ultimate good, and that means being steeped in the wisdom of the constrained vision of the nature of man. In the aftermath of the Reagan ascendancy, when running and winning as a Republican became so much easier, we got more and more Republicans who wanted to be nice guys. George W. Bush is their leader. And so we have watched a Republican-controlled government take a giant step toward federalizing public education through the No Child Left Behind Act; add a major new unfunded entitlement to Medicare; and, last summer, demonstrate that Republicans in power love pork as much as the Democrats ever did. We are watching what happens when Republicans have forgotten the constrained vision of the nature of man and replaced it with a fuzzy desire to do good.

A Conflict of Visions gives us an intellectual framework that must shape an attentive reader's way of looking at the political world forever after. But I cannot celebrate it without pointing out that this is just one of over 30 Sowell books to date, and not necessarily the one that his biographers will designate his most important. I used to think that first place went to *Knowledge and Decisions* (1980), a statement of classical-liberal thought that is clearer than von Mises and more comprehensive than any single book by Hayek. But then I worked on projects for which *Ethnic America* (1981), crammed full of material one could find nowhere else, was an essential source. Or there is Sowell's trilogy on the interaction of ethnicity, culture, and politics—*Race and Culture* (1994), *Migrations and Cultures* (1996), and *Affirmative Action Around the World* (2004)—an international empirical exploration that it is hard to imagine anyone else's even attempting. Or choose one of the 29 books I haven't mentioned, ranging in topic from technical economics to the phenomenon of late-talking children. Happily, Sowell is still at work, but his intellectual legacy is already staggering in its combination of breadth and depth. He is a national treasure. **NR**

TOM WOLFE

Telling New York



TERRY TEACHOUT

So, what *are* these ten great books of the past half-century, anyway? Reading from top to bottom, I find that NATIONAL REVIEW has chosen nine heavyweight works of history, philosophy, economics, sociology . . . and, er, a blockbuster novel by a high-flying ex-newspaperman who wears ice-cream suits, hangs out with bikers and astronauts, and throws exclamation points around like birdseed in an aviary. What's wrong with this picture?

Mr. Teachout is the drama critic of the *Wall Street Journal* and the music critic of Commentary. He blogs about the arts at www.TerryTeachout.com.

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT

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Not a thing—though it might well have come as a surprise to the first readers of Tom Wolfe's first novel that *The Bonfire of the Vanities* would be hailed 18 years later as a conservative masterpiece. In 1987 Wolfe wasn't yet widely viewed as a man of the Right, though those with eyes to see had already figured out that his politics were at least a little bit heterodox, if not in any overtly ideological way. Nor has he become an ideologue in the ensuing years (though his ex-admirers on the left insist he's done just that).

This, of course, is the very thing that makes him a conservative, idiosyncratic and unpredictable but nonetheless recognizably One of Us. For just as true conservatism is an anti-ideology, an attempt to see human nature and the world as they are rather than as we might wish them to be, so has Tom Wolfe always been a card-carrying member of the Grand Old Party of Reality, a journalist whose only loyalty is to the facts painstakingly gathered by hand and scribbled down in his reporter's notebook. What they tell him is what he believes, however unpalatable or unfashionable it may seem at first glance, and if that puts him in the sack with Bill Buckley . . . well, so be it.

***The Bonfire of the Vanities*, fictional though it be, is Wolfe's greatest work of journalism.**

Which brings us to *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, an old-fashioned book written in a newfangled style, one that still sounds electrically fresh nearly two decades after the fact. It is the brash, noisy voice of Wolfe's Sixties journalism bent to the iron will of a novelist's imagination—but a novelist who has pledged allegiance to the visible world. *The Bonfire of the Vanities* is *The Way We Live Now*, only devoid of the Victorian moralist's anger, amused instead of outraged by the proliferating follies of New York City in the late Eighties: a Trollope *de nos jours*, disillusioned and proud of it, determined above all things to tell the truth.

And what was that truth? In retrospect, it seems clearer than ever that *Bonfire* had two things to tell its readers about New York. First, that it was a city of classes, rigidly stratified and riven with envy and fear; second, that it was no less deeply divided by ethnicity. Nothing else mattered. To understand a New Yorker, Wolfe declared, you needed only to plot two points on that pair of intersecting axes, and you could do it without inquiring about his interior life. Was he black or Jewish? Did he wear sneakers or British hand-lasted shoes? That was all you knew and all you needed to know. Thus *Bonfire*, a novel of shadowless surfaces whose animating premise is that caricature is reality, a notion which may or may not be universally valid but which most definitely makes for exciting reading.

All this goes a long way toward explaining the colossal impact *Bonfire* had back in 1987. I remember reading it with the same sense of bedazzled revelation with which George Orwell's Winston Smith read *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism*. It was as though the veil of euphemism had been pulled back—no, ripped down—and for the first time I saw New York as it was:

> Cattle! Birdbrains! Rosebuds! *Goyim!* You don't even know, do you? Do you really think this is your city any longer? Open your eyes! The greatest city of the twentieth century! Do you think *money* will keep it yours? . . . You don't think the future knows how to cross a *bridge?* And you, you Wasp charity-ballers sitting on your mounds of inherited money up in your co-ops with the twelve-foot ceilings and the two wings, one for you and one for the help, do you really think you're impregnable? And you German-Jewish financiers who have finally made it into the same buildings, the better to insulate yourselves from the *shtetl* hordes, do you really think you're insulated from the *Third World?*

Were people talking like that in 1987? Sure—but they didn't *publish* that kind of talk, which is what made *Bonfire* so thrilling. What's more, the iron curtain of political correctness had already started to descend on our public discourse. As I wrote in *The New Criterion* on the fifth anniversary of the book's publication, "Rereading *Bonfire*, I found myself thinking, over and over again, *Nobody would print* that *today*. . . . Without access to a realism of this degree of specificity and honesty, it is impossible for a writer to describe New York, or America, as it really is. Yet who can imagine any New York editor allowing such things to get into print nowadays?"

Things are different now—the new media have made them so—and New York City is different, too. It was transformed in two fell swoops, first by Rudolph Giuliani and then by 9/11. As I write these words, Mike Bloomberg has just been elected to a second term as mayor, proving that even liberals have their limits, and France is in flames, proving that it isn't easy to reach them. Yet *Bonfire* remains in many, perhaps most ways as pointed and pertinent as it was in 1987 B.G.—Before Giuliani. The *New York Post* is still running headlines like SCALP GRANDMA, THEN ROB HER. The *Times* is still looking for Sherman McCoys to scapegoat. Expense-account restaurants are still serving dishes as absurd as (if healthier than) veal boogie-woogie, and lemon tarts and social X-rays (though we don't call them that now) still walk the earth, or at least the Upper East Side.

And Tom Wolfe? He's still writing blockbuster novels based on the facts scribbled down in his notebook, and still in the sack with Bill Buckley. No longer fashionable, he remains a steadfast believer in the gospel of things as they are. After H. L. Mencken, he is America's greatest journalist, and *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, fictional though it be, is his greatest work of journalism, a book in which the truth about America in the Eighties is encased as colorfully and vividly as a prehistoric fly trapped in gorgeous yellow amber. It is the way we lived then—and the way we live now. **NR**

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Rush Limbaugh [on] Liberalism
[from *See, I Told You So*]

In a nutshell, folks, that's all liberalism is about: symbolism over substance. It doesn't matter that the policies don't work. "We care. We're compassionate. We're good people. So keep on voting for us, not those right-wing meanies."

PERSONALS

MERRY CHRISTMAS DAD!

To Arthur J. VanSuetendael, III. Thanks for sharing your conservative values through the generations.
Love, Art and Colleen and grandchildren, A.J. V, Aidan, Tiernan and Riley

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on the right

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

On the Other Hand...

THE headlines today—"Iraqi Factions Seek Timetable For U.S. Pullout"—encourage another look at the Iraq situation, focused not on the desolation of the enterprise, but on the planks of despair. Is it really true that the Sunni and the Shiites are making common cause? Indeed, the report in the *New York Times* tells of 100 Sunni, Shiite, and Kurdish leaders who have signed a statement in which "a withdrawal of foreign troops" is demanded "on a specified timetable, dependent on an immediate national program for rebuilding the security forces."

A learned observer writes about that which he classifies as "increasingly surreal." "I find, about discussions of Iraq, two universes of discourse, parallel but not contiguous. When I talk to one set of friends and acquaintances or read what they write, I get one version of what is going on. When I talk with another set, or read what they write, I get an entirely different and incompatible assessment. If you talk to military affairs specialists like Victor Davis Hanson, or political analysts like David Pryce-Jones, you get the sense that immense progress has been and is being made both in getting rid of the terrorists and in establishing a workable society in Iraq."

It is certainly true that we do not read much about, or ponder at all, the importance of terrorist plots discovered and disrupted. We are not told how many senior al-Qaeda agents are in custody.

We are reminded of the Iraqi constitution and know, of course, of the great election only a few weeks away. Is there a corresponding explosion of municipal and business infrastructure? Sanitation and communications systems, schools, oil pipelines, local and national business initiatives? Does the eye of reason see in the frenzies of the terrorists desperation of the kind insurgents feel who see defeat ahead, not victory?

Critics talk of "racing for the exits" in Iraq. But—most emphatically, by a vote of 403–3—Congress recently rejected with fervor exits of the type associated with despair.

The *New York Post* assembled a comparison of what Messrs. Reid, Clinton, Dean, Biden, Kennedy, Kerry, Gore, and Byrd had to say about going into Iraq, the threat of Iraq, the dangers in ignoring the threat of Iraq, the advantages, strategic and moral, in asserting ourselves there, the need to enforce the resolutions of the U.N. being ignored by Saddam. The *Post* set these comments over against the language being used today by the summer soldiers. It is illuminating and casts a long shadow over the future of the U.S., the security of the commander in chief, and the longevity of the national will.

My correspondent concludes, "You told me that your friend predicted that within six months of the election, it would be clear to all that the country was on its feet. Is he correct? I do not know. I note that many people assured me that a constitution would never be ratified in Iraq. They were, by and large, the same people who assured me that were the U.S. to invade Iraq, the Arab street would erupt in a world jihad.

"The supposedly impossible thing in fact happened, and the dead certainty failed to take place. Even more curious is how little difference that has made in the—is the word appropriate?—debate. Reality—what actually happened or seemed to happen—somehow hasn't counted for much when it comes to informing opinion on Iraq. Six months from the election takes us to 15 June. It would be interesting to step back and specify some milestones by which we could judge the campaign: What developments, were they accomplished, would lead us to judge the venture a success? What are some alternative eventualities that would compel us to acknowledge failure?

"We could scribble a few such criteria on a sheet of paper now and seal it in an envelope marked, 'Do not open until June 15, 2006.' Then, on a balmy summer eve, we could have an envelope-opening ceremony and see where things stood. I suspect the backers of Mr. Bush would have something to celebrate."

Wild Hits on Jordan

NOT everyone has come up with a formula for ending U.S. occupation of Iraq, but many have done so. The play is on the theme of announcing dates of partial—or contingent—or unmodifiable—withdrawal. They are all lacking, of course, complementary roles for the insurgents. One plan calls for withdrawal of one-half of our forces by the end of 2006, the remaining half by the end of 2007. The author of that plan left out only a commitment by the insurgents to reduce their activity by one-half in 2006, and what's left over in 2007.

But there is unprogrammed good news on the scene, which is the hyperactivity of the terrorists in areas of little direct concern to the U.S. We can crank up a good snort of disapproval over the bombing of nightclubs in Bali. Commuter trains blown up in Madrid are practically good enough to go to the U.N. to complain about. The costly bombings in Jordan are so deranged in terms of acceptable strategic arrangements as to cause great, opportunistic glee in Washington.

To bomb Jordan while everything else is going on would seem imbecile in design. The dangerous attractiveness of the insurgency in Iraq has been its anti-American vector. Much of the world has become progressively more anti-American in the last two years and the hostility has been fanned by our involvement in Iraq.

Hold that analysis!

We are in Iraq, the president has several times said, because we are engaged in a war against terrorism, and Iraq is the epicenter of terrorism, or at least one of the epicenters. Critics have from almost the beginning pounced on that proposition as simply false. They began by a fierce ex parte proceeding to separate Saddam Hussein from al-Qaeda. The two were—are—unrelated. True, Saddam used terrorist weapons and indeed weapons of mass destruction against various people. But it was al-Qaeda, unrelated to Saddam Hussein, that flew the killer missions into the

World Trade Center and the Pentagon.

So, let us cede that they are distinct entities. But ask then a question that commends itself as relevant, namely, do they have a common purpose? Dillinger, Inc., and Barker, Inc., can be correctly set down as distinct entities, but they were also entities that robbed banks. And when the time came for the FBI to coordinate their efforts, and for Congress to enact appropriate legislation, it was their common activity, rather than any organizational unity, that mobilized our defenses. If an organized body is bent upon engaging in terrorism, the U.S. is the main target because ours is the outstanding pillar of organized strength. But the purity of the terrorist soul is evidenced by the willingness to take on a country which isn't regarded as a U.S. colony. Jordan is as free as any country in the entire Mideast of subordination to U.S. interests, indeed conspicuously so since it is Jordan, lying alongside Israel, which most resents U.S. single-mindedness on the matter of Israeli survival.

The upshot is that the terrorists' attack on Jordan has the effect of lending credence to President Bush's major proposition that the war we are engaged in is against the genus terror, not the species, Iraq. The violation of Jordan presents grave problems to polemicists who argue that the U.S. is stumbling along in a confused war with Iraq affecting to be concerned with terrorism, but actually concerned only with its private war against insurgents who want the United States out of the Mideast.

We don't know how the terrorist command units connect with one another, but there has to be a lot of resentment being generated by terrorists who feel that much has been lost, and nothing gained, by the attack on Jordan. They run also the risk that some, viewing the strategic scene, will dare to think that maybe President Bush is on to something.

Alito's Ordeal

In the opinion of some of us, Judge Alito ran away a little too fast from his letter of 1985. That was the letter in which Mr. Alito disclosed his views on a couple of questions being hotly debated. One of these had to do with affirmative action. Mr. Alito wrote in that letter, addressed to Attorney General Edwin Meese, that he opposed the use of race and ethnicity as qualifiers for college admission. That was a vote against affirmative action. But—important to note—also a vote against the proposition that ethnic preference is an expression of constitutional order. Mr. Alito would probably not have argued that a college exercising racial preferences was violating constitutional precepts: Samuel Alito was a conservative, opposed to the aggrandizement of pleasant laws into constitutional precepts simply because they are pleasant. And the other point of vibrant contact in the letter to Mr. Meese was that Mr. Alito did not see anything in the Constitution that ordained the right to an abortion. This is the torch that has inflamed professional liberal critics, like Ralph Neas of People for the American Way, who is determined to keep Judge Alito away from the Supreme Court.

Now Mr. Alito has faced the two points, touching on affirmative action and abortion, by saying that back when he wrote that letter, he was applying for a job and took the opportunity to point out a couple of congruities between his positions as a lawyer and Ed Meese's. When Mr. Alito went on to serve as a judge, he would be guided by other factors than his own policy predilections. His backers have pointed out that while serving as a federal appellate judge, as he has done for 15 years, he has four times ruled on cases having to do with abortion. In three of these, he ruled on what would be called the pro-abortion side. Alito would describe that differently. He would say that he was governed by the arguments he had heard, and by precedents that bore on the questions being raised.

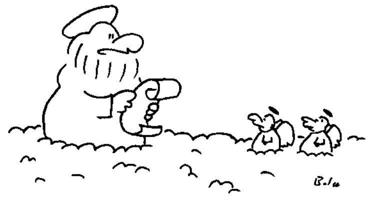
That didn't satisfy Mr. Neas. On the other hand, nothing will satisfy People for the American Way except total immersion by everyone who has opposed abortion in a river of repentance. There is no way Mr. Alito can satisfy such as Mr. Neas. After all, Alito wrote in the 1985 letter under examination, "I am and always have been a conservative. I am a lifelong registered Republican." His views on political philosophy, he said, had been shaped by the writings of William F. Buckley Jr. and by the position papers of Barry Goldwater when Mr. Goldwater ran for president. Toward the end of his life Mr. Goldwater altered some of his views, especially in the license he came to give to the Supreme Court, as exercising definitive authority. My own views haven't changed; on the other hand, I have not quite yet reached the end of my life.

What disappoints is the quite general assumption that *Roe* v. *Wade* came down on the correct side of the question. It is one thing to say (as I, for example, would admit) that *Roe* is indeed what they now call a "superprecedent." It is not going to be repealed.

But it is something else to say that the Court reasoned correctly in *Roe*. The constitutional scholar can with intellectual honesty take simultaneously two positions on *Roe*. The first, that it is the law of the land and will continue to be that for the foreseeable future. The second, that whatever one feels about the right of a woman to put in for an abortion, that right is not asserted in the Constitution, nor is it implicit in any reasonably argued defense of individual privacy. It must be very exasperating, for such as Samuel Alito, to confront the need to forswear intellectual probity, by sort of nodding his head when someone asks him to comment on *Roe*. He has the option, which almost certainly he will take, of saying that he declines to answer any such question on the grounds that future judicial decisions that bear on it will have to be made, and that therefore he is not free to discourse in advance.

Samuel Alito, to judge by his career, and by his decorum at Princeton and Yale, is a man of singular thoughtfulness. Yes, when he wrote in 1985, he was doing so as an advocate seeking preference with a Republican administration. But those who are persuaded that Mr. Alito is a profound lawyer with an important career ahead of him on the Supreme Court would benefit from knowing that he hadn't, in 1985, been flippant in stating his convictions on the matters of abortion and affirmative action.

—Universal Press Syndicate



"What do you guys think?—Predestination or the Uncertainty Principle?"

happy warrior

MARK STEYN

Coalition of The Shilling

MY enemy's enemy is my friend. But America has so many enemies they must occasionally feel they've got way too many friends. Consider, for example, Bashar al-Assad, Syria's President-for-Life, at least for another week or two. Back in his dad's day, Syria got the kid-glove treatment from the world's A-list suck-ups: When Hafez al-Assad expired, President Clinton said he was "saddened" by it, and offered his "condolences" to "the Syrian people." At least he didn't go to the funeral—Jacques Chirac did.

Alas, things have changed since Pop Assad's day. Baby Assad, before his present eminence, was a London eye doctor, but you don't have to be an ophthalmologist to see the writing on the wall. Instead of Clinton, Chirac, et al., he attracts George Galloway, British Member of Parliament and Saddamite shill. Speaking at the Assad National Library in Damascus in July, the British MP did his best to perk Junior up. In an interview afterward, Galloway said, "Syria is lucky to have Bashar al-Assad as her president." All this went down so well they asked him back last month. And, speaking this time at Damascus University, he cooed, "All dignified people in the world, whether Arabs or Muslims or others with dignity, are very proud of the speech made by President Bashar al-Assad a few days ago here in Damascus." I guess I missed that one.

But look who was also in town: my old friend David Duke. When I say "my old friend," I don't mean I've ever met the chap. But for some years I had several e-mail correspondents of a lefty persuasion who began with the assumption that I and other notorious right-wing extremists—John Ashcroft, Rush Limbaugh, George Bush the Elder, Olympia Snowe, David Gergen—were all buddies of David Duke's, if not attached to him in a somewhat more vigorous manner.

Au contraire, he seems to have gone over to the Harold Pinter/Michael Moore side of things. In Damascus, speaking at the "Nation's Tent" in Rawda Square, he took the line that any gush Galloway can get away with, he can gush away even better. "I have come to Syria to express my support to the Syrian people and their just stances," he roared. "It's the duty of every free man to reject the conspiracies and threats Syria is exposed to." The free men of Syria would have risen to their feet, if there were any. Anyway, he was soon chattering away about America's "Zionist-controlled mass media."

George Galloway & David Duke: a lovely convergence

Ever since September 11th, there's been a grand harmonic convergence of all the world's loser ideologies, from Islamic fundamentalism to Gallic condescension. By rights, a coalition that embraces hardline British socialists, American white supremacists, sophisticated European secularists, Neanderthal European fascists, misogynist Muslim theocrats, militant gay Canadians (really—he's a guy named Svend Robinson, who for years has been the gay mascot of the Palestinian Authority) . . . by rights this crowd should be as fractious as they come. But apparently they all get along swimmingly.

As you know, because the media parrot it incessantly, there were no links between al-Qaeda and Saddam, because he's a scrupulously secular Baathist and they're Islamists. Good thing those pro-gay pro-feminist Eurolefties making common cause with honor-killing sodomite-beheaders don't demand the same level of intellectual coherence from their own coalition that they do from the terrorists. Does George Galloway feel even a wee bit squeamish that his speeches are indistinguishable from David Duke's?

Yet even in a coalition that looks like one massive malfunction at a computer-dating agency not all wackos are equal. *Vanity Fair*'s James Wolcott is happy to hail George Galloway as "A Hero For Our Time," yet he's unlikely ever to accord the same status to David Duke for saying exactly the same things. History repeats itself: The pass the Western Left got for supporting the tragedy of Communism is extended effortlessly to their support for the farce of Islamofascism—an enemy lacking even the dubious theoretical virtues of the Reds. But what does that matter? The Galloway-Duke alliance is the Little League version of the Hitler-Stalin pact, and they've got even bigger plans. As Galloway told his Syrian hosts:

"What your lives would be if from the Atlantic to the Gulf we had one Arab union—all this land, 300 million people, all this oil and gas and water, occupied by a people who speak the same language, follow the same religions, listen to the same Umm Kulthum. . . . The Arabs would be a superpower in the world if they had this unity, instead of the shameful situation in which the Arabs find themselves today. . . . Hundreds of thousands are ready to fight the Americans in the Middle East, and in Latin America there is revolution everywhere. Fidel Castro is feeling young again. Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Bolivia, Ecuador, Chile are all electing left-wing governments that are challenging American domination. And in Venezuela, the hero Hugo Chávez has stood against them over and over and over again."

Hey, and don't forget Cindy Sheehan.

In the last 15 years we on the right were somehow prevailed upon to be awfully sporting about our friends on the left siding with the murderers and enslavers of half the world. Big mistake. **NR**

GALLOWAY: MATTHEW CAVANAUGH/EPA DUKE: REUTERS/CORBIS

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